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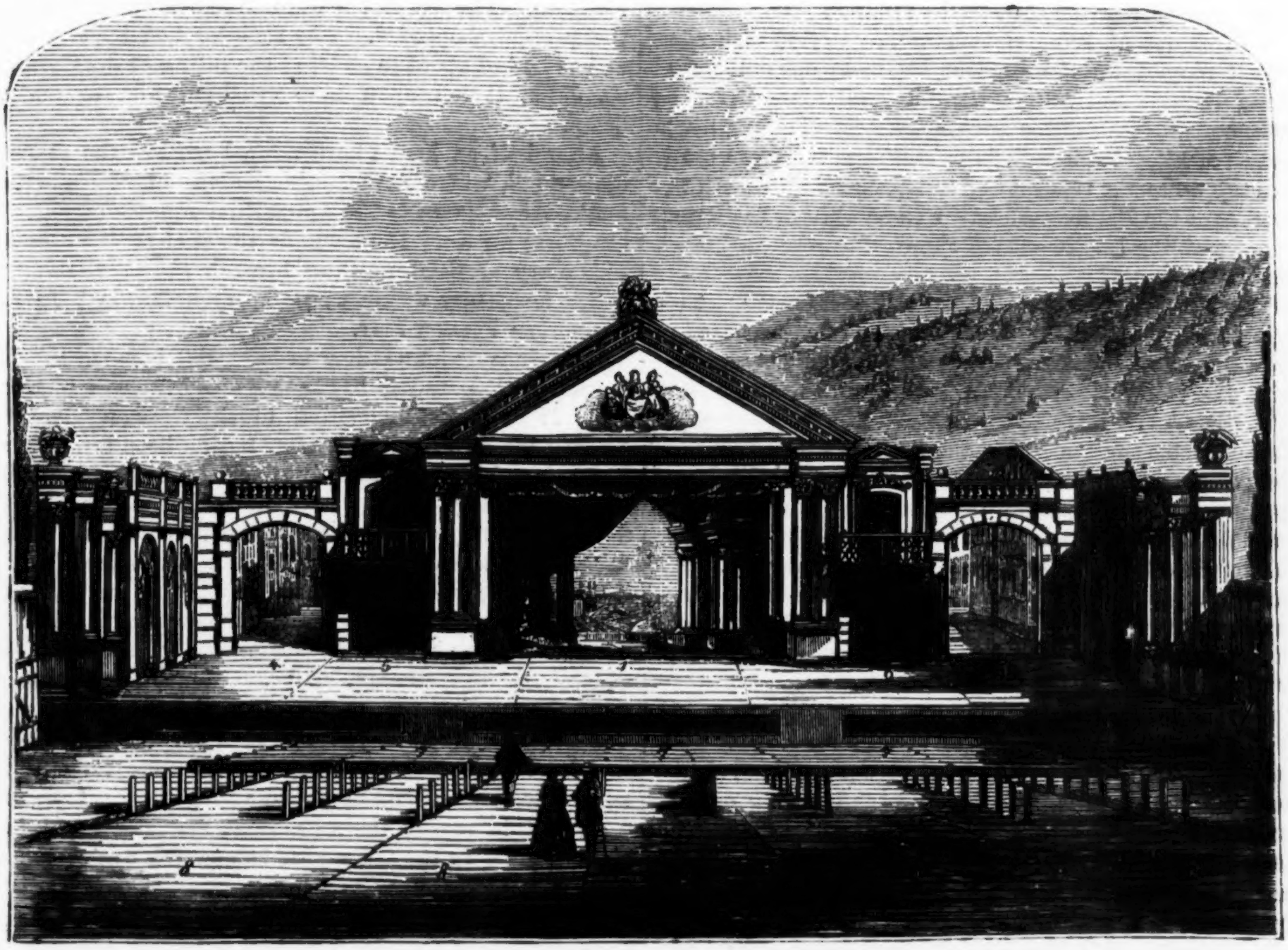
THE PASSION PLAY IN 1880.

OBERAMMERGAU AND ITS ATTRACTIONS—THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, ETC.

By N. Robinson.

The curtain has descended upon the awful realism of the piteous Passion Play, *the* tragedy of tragedies, and I feel as though I had just returned from "the blood-stained Hill of the Cross," outside the walls of Jerusalem. I am awed, bewildered, dazed! Have I gone back eighteen hundred years, and has my life with its paltry gleanings been but a dream? Am I now only awakened? Do Mary, and Magdalene, and St. John, and the disciples mourn beside me? Is the blood shed for the redemption of man not yet dry upon the wood of that ghastly cross? Are the footsteps of Christ, as He staggered beneath the weight of His unendurable burden, still fresh on the Via Dolorosa? I ask myself all these things as I sit pondering over the strangest, most marvelous, and the most awe-inspiring and most gruesome sight it is possible for man to gaze upon. I have been to Calvary. *Satis est!*

Before describing the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the first representation of which I have this day witnessed, I shall briefly state that I left New York on the 30th of April in the good ship *Herder*, of the Hamburg Line, in command of the lynx-eyed Captain Brandt; that, owing to a boisterous passage, we were one day late, but as the *cuisine* was so admirable, we would fain have made it two; that we struck at Hamburg on Wednesday, the 12th of May having touched at Plymouth and at Cherbourg on Monday; that after a capital dinner at the Kron Prinz on the



THE STAGE OF THE PASSION THEATRE AT OBERAMMERGAU.

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picturesque Alster, I took the train at 10 o'clock P.M. for Dresden, *via* Berlin, where I arrived at 6 A.M.; that I breakfasted Unter den Linden, and left for Dresden at nine; that I spent two hours before Raphael's starry-eyed Madonna San Sisto, in the glorious gallery; and that I quitted Dresden at 3 P.M. for Munich, reaching that city at nine o'clock upon the following morning, Friday, the 14th. How I missed our palatial sleeping-cars! How I relegated directors and officials to the infernal gods, as, cramped and wearied, I wooed the drowsy god in as many positions as there are Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and all in vain!

At Munich I beheld the first evidences of the forthcoming Passion Play. Enormous posters at street-corners announced special trains, and extra special excursions. These posters, tame enough in their way—how we would have illustrated the play in New York!—were surrounded by gossiping groups, notably English, the ladies of the "tight little island" in the shortest of skirts and the clumsiest of low-heeled, thick-soled boots. Photographs of the leading characters in the drama appeared in the windows of the quaint little stores, while colored daubs representing scenes familiar in Scripture history gayly bedecked numerous open-air booths in odd and out-of-the-way corners.

Leaving the Bavarian capital, the traveler has the choice of several routes—one of them, and that which I selected, is by rail to Murnau, the latter being the nearest railway station to Oberammergau, which can be reached in a four hours' carriage drive. Those who prefer crossing the beautiful Lake Starnberg can take the steamer from Starnberg to Seechauft, and thence by conveyance to Ammergau. In the journey by railroad every mile is a mine of wealth of legendary lore, from the celebrated Virgin's Oak, with its image of the Madonna, at Planegg, to the birthplace of Charlemagne in the Mülthal.

The shores of Lake Starnberg are dotted with villas which fling down the gage of battle to our cottages at Long Branch and Newport. Here is Schloss Berg, the Summer residence of the King of Bavaria, standing like a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley in a great bank of green moss, and opposite the Garden of Roses, wherein dwelleth the mother of the Empress of Austria, and whither that cross-country-riding lady loveth to sojourn when the sun baketh the Prater to a white heat.

The Passion pilgrims take the rail to Murnau. This little town, with its dainty hooded-roofed houses painted in light greens and pinks and yellows, was originally named, with the valley it overlooks, Wurmeau, *i.e.*, the Valley of the Dragon. It, too, had its Passion Play in the olden time. A charming mirror is the Staffelsee, the lake near the village, on one of the tiny islands of which St. Boniface, the great apostle of the Germans, consecrated a small *kapelle*, or chapel. I reached Murnau at ten o'clock, and repaired to the hostelry of Herr Kotmüller. Here I had my first *krügel* of the famous Bavarian beer, and my first *bed* since I quitted the land of the stars and stripes. I recommend this *gasthof* to all Passion pilgrims. It is deliciously clean, wholesome and cheap.

On Saturday morning, in company with two old chums on the English press, I started for Oberammergau. The road for a little way lay between rows of shady trees and beside a stream that "rippled a song of welcome." Past this screen of greenery, what a glorious sight burst upon me, causing my heart to leap in a very ecstasy! Rising majestically in front were the peaks of the mountains, sublimed with snow; to the right, the Ettaler range, with the Etaller-Mandl, over 5,000 feet high; to the left, the Herzogenstand and the Krotten Kopf, over 6,000 feet, while directly in front, barring the end of the gorge, stood the Zugspite, 10,000 feet, cameo-cut against the keen, full-blue sky. The sunlight flashed amongst those Titanic crags, laying bars of gold across dark pine-woods, and illuminating patches of vegetation till they shone in gilded green; while delicate shades of pink passed over the face of the virgin snow, like the first blush in the heart of the bud of the moss-rose. The road was enlivened by vehicles of all sorts, shapes, sizes and descriptions, either *en route* to, or returning from, Ammergau. At every few hundred yards, a tiny shrine, with its rude representation of the Passion, pointed to the path that all of us, sooner or later, are destined to travel; and high up, on jutting crags, stood miniature Calvarys, telling the great story, the representation of which awaited us on the morrow. It somewhat jarred upon my sense of chivalry to behold women scavengering the roads; but this feeling became considerably blunted when, in the fields and farmyards, I perceived that the ladies wore the —— no; I will *not* mention them! I shall call them bifurcated overalls of leather, and admirably adapted to the situation.

At the little village of Oberau, we dismissed our carriage, preferring to do the remaining five miles on foot. And what a climb that was! Up the steep hill, the road enshrined in trees, the wayside a fringe of ferns and mosses, the clear little river like a silver thread a thousand feet below, on our left; the pine-clad mountain, sheer 2,000 feet above us, on our right. Votive tablets are erected in many places—one tells the story of Alois Pfaulsen, who here met his sudden death from apoplexy, in July, 1866, the result of his exertion in climbing the hill; another chronicles the tragic death of a sculptor of Munich, which occurred in this wise: There stood a life-size marble group on the roadside, representing the Christ, the Madonna and St. John. The sculptor urged its removal to Ammergau; the peasantry opposed. The sculptor had his own way, and as he was about to assist at the lifting of the statue of St. John, it fell upon him, crushing him to instant death.

After half an hour's hard work, I reached the summit of the hill, where the surprising scene of beauty which marks the entrance to the Ammerthal unfolded its serene loveliness for me. Here stands the ancient Benedictine Monastery of Ettal, nestling beneath the Ettaler-Mandl—that monastery within whose hoary walls was born the Ammergau Passion Play.

Ever since its foundation, in 1330, this home of the followers of St. Benedict has been a noted place of pilgrimage. It owes its foundation to the German Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, who, after having been crowned in Rome, found himself suddenly attacked near Milan. While in the monastery of St. Victor, imploring aid in his distress, a monk appeared, and placing in his hands a beautiful image of the Virgin, promised him the divine blessing if he would pledge himself, on arriving in the Valley of the Ammer, to found a Benedictine monastery. This he promised to do; and as he was riding up the steep hill which leads from Oberau, his horse dropped on its knees three times. This was interpreted as a sign from heaven, and the Emperor selected this spot for the monastery. In 1744 the abbey, church and library were reduced to ashes by a single stroke of lightning; the prior, however, succeeded in saving the miraculous statue at the risk of his own life. In the same year the church was restored. In 1803, Ettal was involved in the common holocaust of monastic institutions, and its inmates sought sanctuary elsewhere. The monastery is now noted, in addition to its Madonna, for its splendid organ and its beer—for it has

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been converted—*O tempora! O mores!*—into a brewery! This, after four hundred years!

Opposite the fortress-like gate stands the house formerly the quarters of the Lord Abbot, his arms and mitre sculptured on the keystone over the entrance, in bold relief. A smiling, rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired Bavarian maiden, plump as an October quail, greeted me with, "*Grüs Gott*"—"God be good to you," as I entered, and, in a trice, placed a glass silver-capped mug of beer before me on the oaken table.

As I was quaffing this amber nectar, two gentlemen strode into the apartment. Let me describe their picturesque costume, for they were dressed alike. A short, very short gray frieze jacket, with a bright green velvet collar and cuffs, and broadly bound in the same material; a green velvet double-breasted vest, with four rows of antique silver buttons elaborately wrought, and black leather breeches reaching to above the knee, broidered in green braid down the sides. The knee and part of the leg were bare, Highland fashion. Gray worsted stockings, embroidered in green, reached to the calf, and the feet were incased in low shoes, hobnailed. The hat was conical, of gray felt, bound in green, and adorned with the *gamsbart*, or beard of the stag chamois, so much prized by those who delight in hunting that wary animal on the peaks of the Bavarian Alps. Their scarfs were blood-red, knotted sailor-wise over very open-at-the-neck white shirts.

If blue blood and gentle lineage ever told a tale, it was written upon the woman-white skin of the two chasseurs who now bowed to me with the stately grace of the Court of St. Germains. They were the Counts Max and Ludwig Von Pappenheim, returning from fishing in the Ammer; and their father, the hereditary Grand Marshal of the kingdom, dating in direct descent from the sixth century, is the owner of the Monastery of Ettal, and its renowned brewery.

With these two sunny-haired, violet-eyed, white-skinned patricians I fell into easy converse, and under their ciceronship I visited the monastery. Count Max, the elder, aged twenty, ascended the organ-loft, and presently the frescoed dome resounded with the swelling strains of a glorious voluntary, played by a master-hand. Then followed a weird fugue of Sebastian Bach's, and then the Bavarian National Anthem. The miraculous image of the Madonna was unvailed for me, and a set of crumbling vestments attributed to the period of the first Lord Abbot.

Fain would I have lingered in this hallowed region, and in this "goodlie companie"; but I was a Passion pilgrim, sent forth by the greatest illustrated publishing house in the world, and dared not tarry, lest my scrip and scallop shell should remain unfilled. More of Ettal and its lordly inmates anon. I needs must write chronologically. Two miles by the murmuring river brought me to the village of Oberammergau.

The village, which I approached on foot, I found to be rich in deep-eaved houses, all-unexpected galleries and gables and coignes of espial, brave and coquettish in new coats of paint, whitewash and varnish. I sought the Burgomaster, and in him I found a—donkey. Armed with a brief authority, he railed and ranted at the pressure put upon him to find shelter for the incoming pilgrims, as though rehearsing the part of *Caiaphas*, which, to do him justice, he acted "excellent well" upon the following day. I quitted him in disgust, and proceeded to work out my own pattern within my own rights and privileges. I repaired to the house of *Herod*, but he wouldn't listen to me. *St. Peter* denied me admittance. *Judas* refused my pieces of silver. *Pilate* washed his hands of me. *Joseph of Arimathea* was three deep; and, after a weary searching, I found sanctuary in the house of the worthy Frau Krach, to whose daughter Anastasia was cast the part of the *Virgin Mother* in the coming play. My apartment I could not whip a cat in. It was only to be reached by passing up a ladder through a hole in the ceiling of the principal sitting-room. My bed—ah, that bed! Talk of the rack of the Inquisition! of the instruments of torture exhibited to awe-stricken visitors to the Tower of London! and yet I slept on it—not much, though—and it was neat as the collar of any Puritan maiden ever put on canvas by Boughton. My pillows were square, and flat, and hard as cricket-balls, while my quilt was of balloon shape, and inflated by feathers. It lay on my chest like a warm plaster, but at every movement of my tortured frame it rolled or floated to the floor. Then, uttering full-flavored language, I was compelled to fish for it in the darkness, to clap it on my chest, only to insure its instant removal.

Around the apartment hung representations of the supreme moments in the agonies of the personages mentioned in Fox's Book of Martyrs, and in one corner—oh, Chickering! oh, Erard!—a piano—yes, a piano with wooden keys, with strings to operate the pedal, and which, when played upon, emitted a gasping, wheezing jingle, suggestive of music in its very last throes. The ceiling was low, and if my head—I am six feet in my stockings—were to be examined by a skillful phrenologist at this blessed moment, I have little doubt but that he would endow me with every development, abnormally extensive, known to his mysterious and yet unsatisfactory science. What did I pay for this accommodation? Please to remember that the village was swarming with tourists, to whom reckless expenditure upon creature comfort had developed into a necessity. Two marks—fifty cents! If Frau Krach had demanded as many marks as Judas received from the Sanhedrim, I would have paid them over without a murmur. I was in a Christian country at last.

Having deposited my *impedimenta*, I sallied forth to satisfy the inner man, and repaired to the Gasthof Stern, where I partook of a liver soup and a veal cutlet worthy of Delmonico, washing them down with copious libations to Gambrinus. Let me advise Americans about to visit Oberammergau to try this hostelry. I heard many murmurings against the fare in other hotels; none against the Stern. Tourists everywhere, from the Vienna swell to the London 'Arry; from the meek Irish priest to the port-wine-nosed Anglican prelate, endeavoring to conceal the "fat living" behind a giddy Tweed suit and a disreputable wide-awake. Vainly did I seek for piquant and perfect toilets from Fifth Avenue, and for the dainty *chaussure* which distinguishes the daughters of America wherever they set their tiny feet; vainly for the irrepressible "down-Easter," or the rough-and-ready representative of the West. Not yet. There were not half a dozen Americans at the first representation of the Passion Play. The French element was conspicuous by its absence, and with the exception of the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, the land of the Gaul was unrepresented. Of English there were about one thousand. They did not seem to fraternize, and the Browns kept haughtily aloo from the Joneses, while the Robinsons gazed stonily at both. Peasants from the Tyrol, from the neighboring villages, came flocking into the town, attired in quaint and picturesque dresses; but—alas! that I have to write it—the tide of progress is washing away national costume all over the world, and a great wave would seem to have swept over Bavaria. Few were the men in short jackets and knee-breeches and elaborate gaiters and conical hats;

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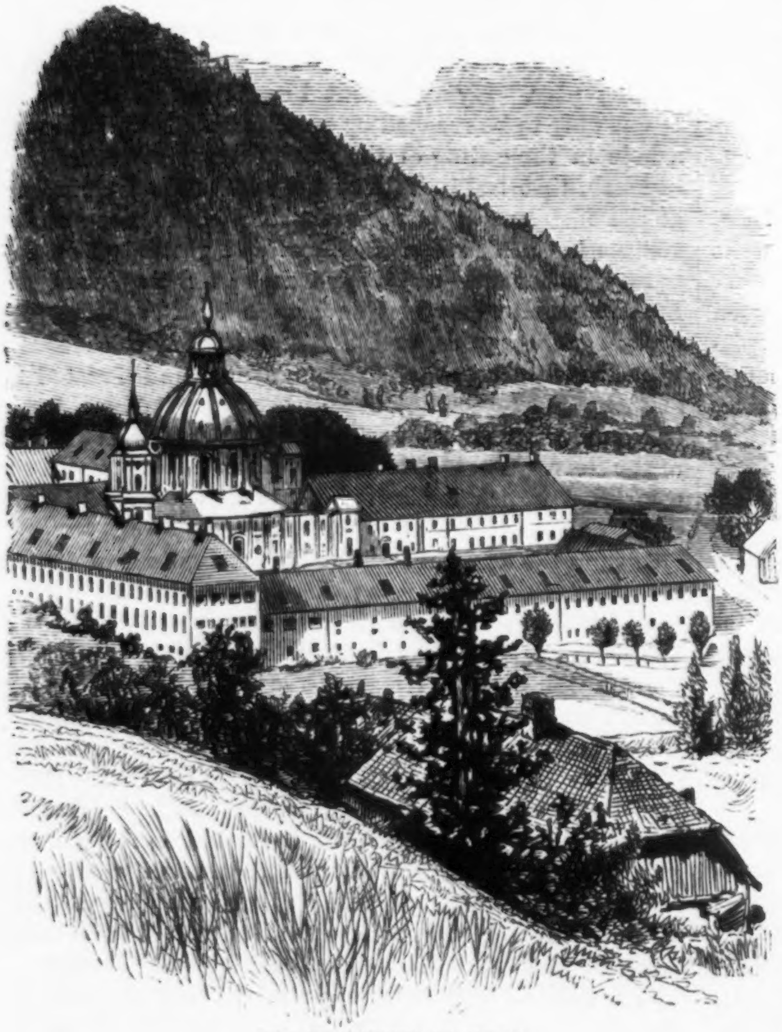


THE MONASTERY OF ETTAL.

fewer still the women in black satin corsets, scarlet skirts, vivid hose, pointed shoes and gold-bedecked headdresses. The large earrings still remain; but one might as well be in a village on the Hudson as on the Ammer, so far as similarity of costume is concerned. The Bedouin Arab will soon change his burnoose for an ulster, and the ladies of a Coptic harem their yashmaks for hats *à la* Gainsborough.

What a quantity of beer was consumed on that Saturday night! but all in good humor and good-fellowship. What a number of brat-wurste—those dumpy, dyspeptic-looking sausages which the Bavarians love, not wisely, but too well! Every long-haired man was treated with marked respect, as he represented some character in the Passion Play, while all hats were raised whenever Joseph Meyer, the *Christ*, passed on his way. The great tragedy was the one universal theme, and tiny children lurked in quiet corners, rehearsing their parts for the coming tableaux.

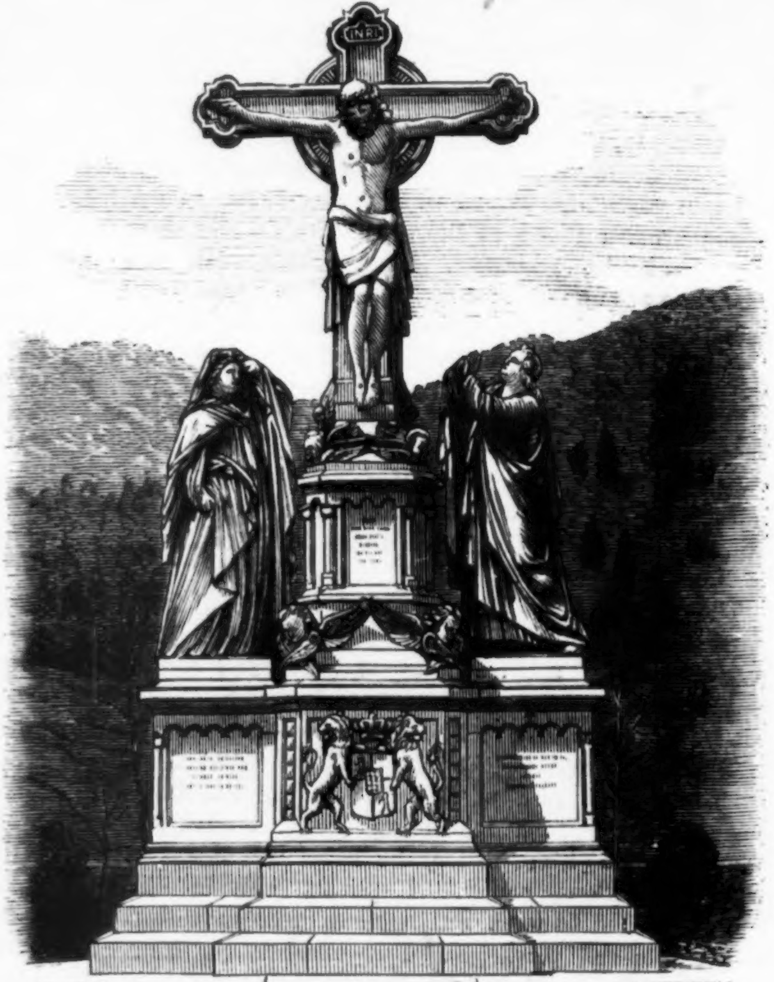
On Sunday morning I repaired to the church and assisted at a High Mass magnificently sung. Colonel Mapleson should hear the soprano. The manner in which the acolytes served the Mass gave me a foretaste of the exquisite grace of the actors in the play, while the mode of the responses to a litany by the congregation evinced a superb and faultless training.

In the churchyard I encountered Anastasia Krach, the *Madonna*, and accompanied her home. Up to two months ago she was a domestic servant in the village. She is a modest, starry-eyed girl of eighteen, with a bright, sweet smile, and a general I know not what of guilelessness about her that eminently fits her for the high *rôle* she has been selected to play.

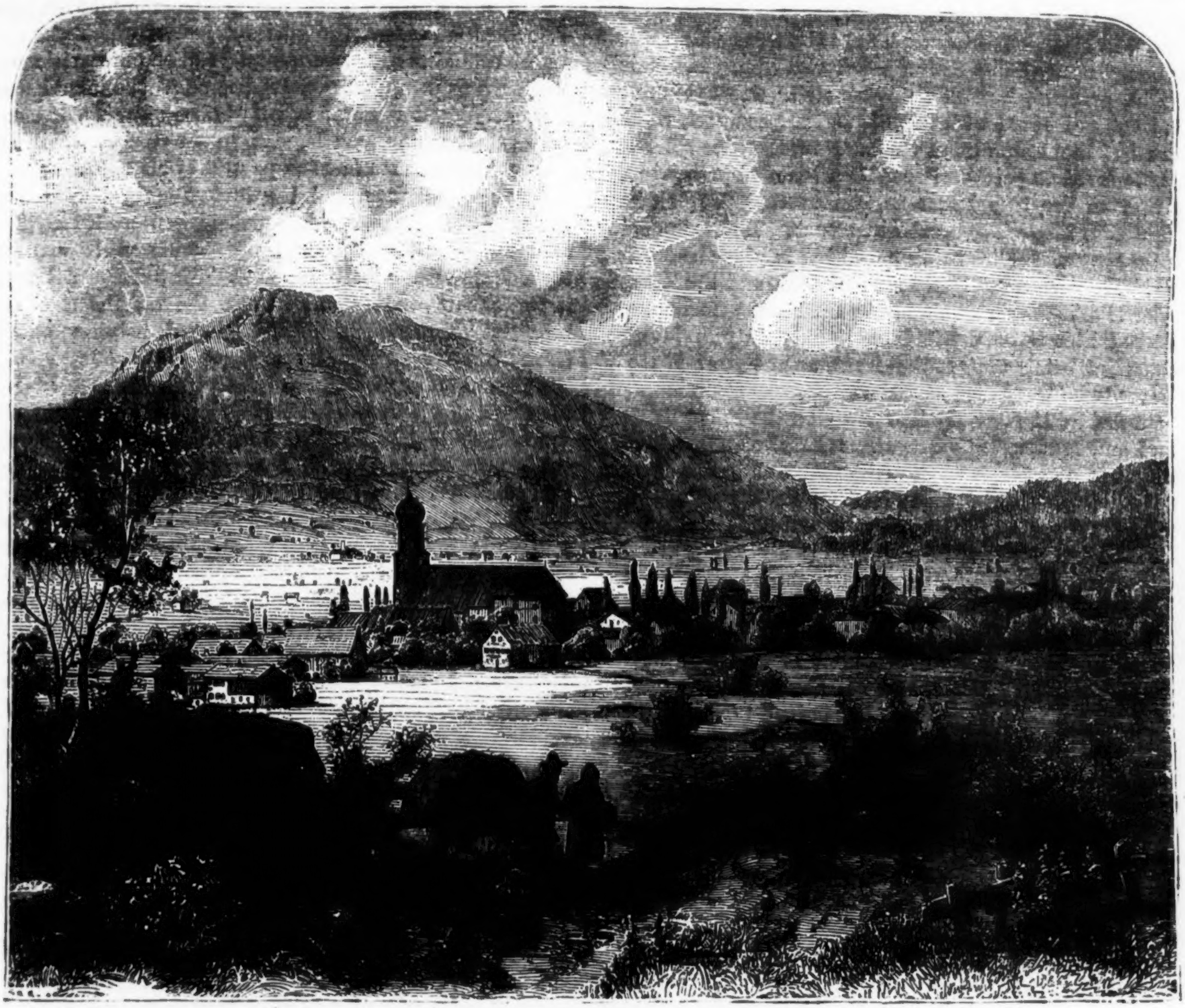
"Oh," she exclaimed, "I love the part! I feel so holy, so good, when I am acting; it seems as if I was in the House of God and before the altar. I cry very much at the Calvary—I cannot help it. The tears are in my eyes all the time I am playing. I am utterly exhausted when it is over, but I feel—oh, I cannot tell how I feel."

I had many conversations with this girl, and her whole soul seemed wrapped up in the glorification of being elected to play the *Madonna*. I may say that she is a very poor actress, and her voice is far from being musical.

The theatre is close to the village, and is a structure of very unpretending exterior. It is built entirely of boards, and is partly open to the sky. Considered in its relation to architectural beauty, the interior presents nothing of importance except its simplicity. The auditorium has in width 118 feet, and in depth 168. It occupies an area of nearly 20,000 square feet, and is capable of conveniently seating an audience of from 5,000 to 6,000 people. The stage has been treated at considerable length by most writers on the Passion Play. Some have found in it traces of the ancient classic theatre of Greece. To others, again, it presents traces and a more perfect form of the mystery theatre of the Middle Ages. The spectator sees, in all, five distinct places of action for the players—first, the proscenium for the chorus, for processions and the like; second, the central stage for the *tableaux vivants* and



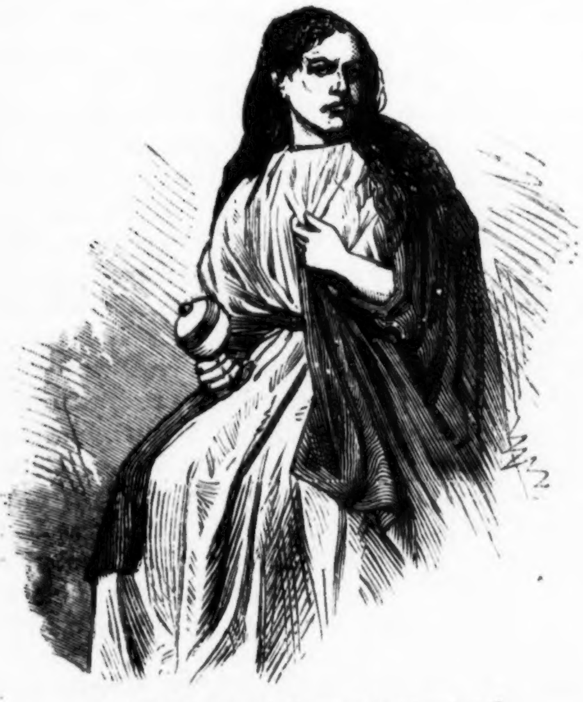
CROSS PRESENTED BY THE KING OF BAVARIA.



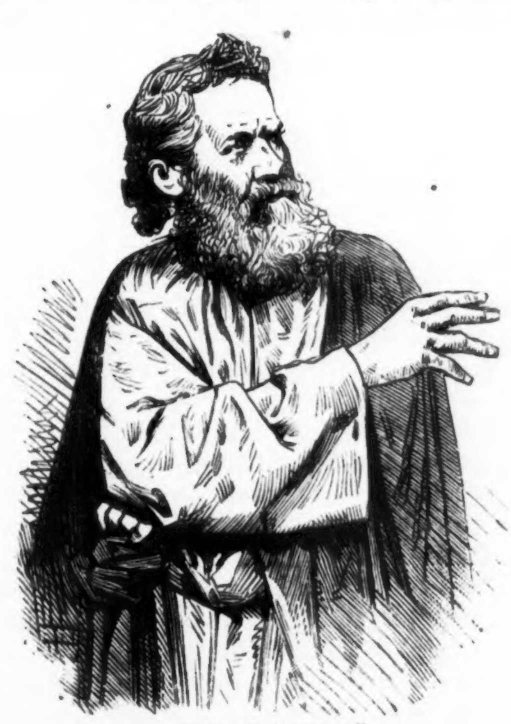
THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU.

the usual dramatic scenes; third, the Palace of Pilate; fourth, the Palace of Annas; fifth, the streets of Jerusalem. But, oh, the background!—did any theatre ever possess the like? That glorious wall of softest green towering to the sky, the pines standing like needles against the azure! That green plush mantle fringed with foliage which Nature has hung out to be kissed by the sun! On the left the vale of Ammergau, with its flower-dappled meads and its solemn stream stretching away in the distance; behind, the cross-crowned Kofel, 2,000 feet sheer above the nestling village.

It was while I was engaged in inspecting the theatre



MARIA LANG AS "MARY MAGDALENE."



JACOB HETT AS "PETER."

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that I met Joseph Meyer, the *Christ.* He was smoking a very bad cigar. Having replaced it by a genuine Victoria Reina, I entered into conversation with him. He is tall, slight, graceful, humble and very civil. His eyes are not as large as I could wish them to be, nor as sweet, and his hair and beard are almost black. Now, the wine-color that Guido loved to paint has ever been branded in my imagination as the true Nazarene, consequently I felt disappointed in Meyer's general appearance. He is supremely but calmly elated at being permitted to play the leading *rôle*. He performed it in 1870 and 1871, and the King, in order to save Meyer's hair during the Franco-German war, ordered him to be detailed on orderly duty in Munich, instead of being sent to the front, as was poor *Simon of Cyrene*, who was killed at Sedan.

"I feel as if I should like to die on the cross, like my Lord and Master," said Meyer. "I feel as if the bloody sweat was pouring from me when I kneel in the Garden of Gethsemane, and I wish that I were really scourged. I feel faint when I bear the cross to Calvary; and when I utter the last words of Him, it is as if my soul was going away from me." Becoming more material, and in reply to an inquiry of mine: "I remain twenty minutes on the cross. I am sustained by a loop attached to a pair of corsets, just like a woman's; my left heel rests on an iron step on the cross. Come, and I'll show you the cross."

I went behind the scenes and examined the mechanism by which the cross is elevated, and the other appliances and "properties" connected with the drama. I may mention that when I met Meyer this evening, after his eight long hours of masterful performance, he was the same humble, retiring individual, and was nowise elated at his supreme success. The English ladies surround him—nay, absolutely mob him; and one enthusiastic dame, although she dropped her h's, could not be induced to drop his hands, to which she clung with the tenacity of a cupping-glass.

Magdalene I found, like Werther's Charlotte, engaged in cutting bread-and-butter. She is a bright, intelligent, laughing girl, not by any means pretty, who takes a childish delight in talking about the forthcoming performance.

"Won't you watch me when I pour the ointment on His head," she exclaimed—"and on His feet? That is the part of the play I feel most inspired in."

Magdalene lives at home, and takes care of her brothers and sisters. The father is a musician, and sub-leader of the church choir.

My last visit was to Gregor Lechner, the *Judas.* He has played this part since 1850. He is considered the best actor in the drama. Like Meyer, he is a carver in wood—the former excels in crucifixes, the latter in groups. I found him posing opposite a very fair copy of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the "Last Supper." He is a man of sixty, with a low, cunning expression and a restless, furtive eye. He had dyed his hair and beard to a rich purple, which seemed to render his appearance even more repulsive to me.

"I am the shadow, as *Christ* is the light, in the play," he said. "I feel the villain. I feel myself to be the veriest wretch and traitor all through the piece. I loath, abhor myself; and when I kiss my Master I am ready to hang myself. The kiss is my great point. I throw all my dramatic talent—for I do possess dramatic talent—into that action. See," he added, pointing to the *Judas* in the 'Last Supper,' "look at that *pose*, that expression! Watch me *now!*" and Lechner in a second assumed the hideous, anxious cunning, as depicted by Da Vinci on the face of *the* traitor of traitors.

A Church of England service was announced for eleven o'clock at a *gasthof*, the entire *façade* of which was concealed behind the enormous posters of an enterprising excursionizing firm, to the great disgust of the inhabitants. The congregation numbered forty, and the collection, a very generous one, was handed to the curé of the village for distribution amongst the poorest of his flock.

Having gladly accepted the invitation to dinner from the Graf von Pappenheim, I walked out to Ettal. The road was literally blocked by incoming vehicles, while the sidewalk was equally crowded. That delightful evening at the monastery will live in the very heart of my brightest recollections. The highbred courtesy of the Grand Maréchal, the winsome grace of the countess, who is a sister of Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and the supreme beauty and elegance of the ladies Katrina, Anastasia and Edith, daughters of a hundred—nay, a thousand, earls; that wondrous old dinner-room, with its oak paneling and outlined trophies, wax-lighted, the charming heads of the young countesses in delicate relief against the grim, dark wainscot; the post-prandial promenade in the red-brick-paved cloister, lighted by a few quaint oil-lamps and the tender beams of the young May moon; and the Alps, like giant phantoms, overleaning all; the music in the *salon* —zither and piano; the recitations by the Lady Katrina; the wondrous old tomes and priceless *bric-à-brac;* the wild student-songs of the Counts Max and Ludwig, up in an apartment once the cell of a bloodless Benedictine; —what a picture to frame in one's memory!

I could have slept on Sunday night, and slept soundly to boot, but for the chattering of a bevy of "strapping wenches," who had anchored their long, white canvas-roofed wagon—a prairie-ship—right beneath my window. These damsels laughed and chatted all through the short night, and I was just on the threshold of my forty winks, when, boom! went the first gun, announcing that the performance of the Passion Play of 1880 would commence in three hours—namely, at eight o'clock. Masses were celebrated in the church from midnight, and a procession, with a band—headed by the fire brigade, five in number, very brassy as to helmet—marched bravely through the village at six o'clock. Everybody was up, and everybody looked fresh, rosy and expectant. By half-past seven every available place in the theatre claimed its occupant, to the number of six thousand, while upward of three thousand Passion pilgrims failed to obtain admittance. In order to foil the artful designs of certain speculators, it has been ordered that no person can obtain a ticket for the performance until he has registered as a lodger in the village, his landlord standing sponsor. This should be borne in mind by such Americans as resolve to "take in" Oberammergau during their Summer wanderings.

One word about the origin of the play, ere the curtain rings up. In the year 1633 a fearful pestilence broke out in the neighboring villages; so fearful, indeed, it was thought everybody would die. In Kohlgrub, distant three hours from Ammergau, so great were the ravages made by the disease that only two married couples were left in the village. Notwithstanding the strict measures taken by the people of Ammergau to prevent the plague being introduced into this village, a day-laborer named Caspar Schucher, who had been working at Eschenlohe, where the plague prevailed, succeeded in entering the village, where he wished to visit his wife and children. In a day or two he was a corpse; he had brought with him the germs of the disease, which spread with such fearful rapidity that within the following thirty-three days eighty-four persons belonging to the village died. Then the

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villagers in this sad trial assembled, and solemnly vowed that if God would remove the pestilence they would perform the Passion tragedy in thanksgiving every tenth year.

In 1634 the first play was performed. The decaded period was chosen for 1640, and the Passion Play has been performed every tenth year, with various interruptions, since that time. The great training-school for the Passion Play has been all along the village church, with its purely Catholic ceremonies, its processions, its music and its song. To the *Geistlicher*—Rath Daisenberger—the play at Oberammergau owes its supreme success. This venerable man—he is now eighty-five years of age, formerly a monk at the Monastery of Ettal—has for the last fifty years educated his flock for the performance. He has re-written the play and some of the score. The addresses of the Choragus were written by him after the Greek model of strophe and antistrophe. He was present to-day, and announced himself as thoroughly delighted with the acting of the *corps dramatique.*

A dead silence fell upon the vast audience as the third cannon boomed, and the chorus of *Schutzgeister*, or Guardian Angels, stepped slowly and solemnly forward from recesses on either side of the proscenium, taking up their position across the whole extent of the theatre, and forming a slightly concave line. They number nineteen, ten of whom are women. Each is dressed in a white robe with a flowing mantle of rich color, save immediately before the Crucifixion, when they assume black. A golden tiara is worn on the head. The play is in eighteen acts, each act containing a series of dramatic scenes complete in itself, prefaced by one or more *tableaux vivants*, the subject being taken from the Old Testament. These tableaux stand in the closest connection with the dramatic part of the performance, being so many symbols and prophecies of the scenes from the life of Christ, which they are intended to illuminate. After the chorus has assumed its position, the *Choragus*, or Prologue, gives out in a melodramatic manner the opening address, or prologue, which introduces each act; the tone is immediately taken up by the whole chorus, which continues either in solo, alternately, or in chorus, until the curtain is raised in order to reveal a *tableau vivant.* At this moment the Choragus retires a few steps backward, and forms, with one half of the band, a division on the left of the stage, while the other half withdraws in a like manner to the right. Thus they leave the centre of the stage completely free, and the spectators have a full view of the tableau which is thus revealed. These spirit singers prepare the audience for the approaching scenes, and, while gratifying the ear by delicious harmonies, they explain and interpret the relation which shadow bears to substance, the connection between the type and its fulfillment, and, as the name implies, they must ever be present as guardian spirits, as heavenly monitors, during the entire performance.

The main object, the whole extent and scope of the Passion Play, is exhibited in two tableaux. The first type represents the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden—symbolical of the Fall; the second, the Adoration of the Cross—typical of Redemption. The first verse of the intoned prologue fell with powerful intensity upon the ear, and the silence was almost painful. The sun shone upon the mountains and valley and river; upon the streets of Jerusalem; upon the homes of *Annas* and *Pilate;* and, to add to the realism, birds flew swiftly about, blithely twittering upon the housetops. A tiny child, clad in dead green, bare-legged and shading its eyes with its hands, came suddenly into the blazing dayshine from out a house in Jerusalem. This was the first performer who appeared in the Passion Play of 1880.

I can but briefly refer to the performance of the action of the Passion. The first dramatic act is *Christ's* entry into Jerusalem. From the distance beyond the city, as it were, sounds of rejoicing, of glad shouting, of singing, are heard. Down the slope of Olivet comes the Messianic procession, and we hear the singing and rejoicing of the crowds of Passion pilgrims, and the people of Jerusalem, who welcome *Jesus* to the Holy City. From the side-streets bands of Hebrew children, led by their parents, come forth to join the throng that has already collected about *Christ.* The crowd opens, and *Christ* appears seated on an ass, His disciples immediately following. When *Christ* appeared, the audience uttered a murmur, which died as quickly as it was born. There were over five hundred persons on the stage, each waving a palm branch. Such a combination of color I have never seen—such sage greens, and dead yellows, and blues and purples!—such artistic groupings, such realism! The bare-legged, barefooted children, frisking as children frisk; everybody gazing at *Christ*, and not at the audience. The *Saviour* was attired in a dove-colored flowing robe, with a reddish-purple mantle. The portrait was intensely Nazarene, and seemingly transferred from the canvas of an old master. Yet no painting ever brought to my mind so complete a realization of my ideal as this dramatic delineator, whose life has been one of years of preparation for his task. No spectator could have gazed upon the *Saviour* as represented by Meyer, and remained untouched by the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. Meyer's action was full of marvelous grace, while all through the performance his exquisite humility was painfully sympathetic. *St. John* was a vivid and beautiful picture in his green and red, as was also *Peter* in blue and yellow. *Judas* wore a gaberdine of pale-yellow, with a mantle of reddish-brick color.

Next followed the scene in the Temple, where *Christ* drives out the money-changers, overturning the table. Here we had a number of real doves let loose, while jars were smashed and coins plentifully scattered on the ground.

In this act of the Passion Play we see the germ of the conspiracy that leads to the final catastrophe.

The second act reveals the High Council, or scene in the Jewish Sanhedrim. The priests composing the assembly are seated on benches about the room, *Caiaphas* and *Annas* presiding, the former impersonated by the Burgomaster, whose breast is graced with the most sublime of all Jewish decorations—namely, the shield or breastplate containing twelve precious stones, with the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. *Caiaphas* was so energetic in this scene that he subsequently became as hoarse as a raven.

The third act, fearfully realistic, represents the anointment. It is the house of *Simon*, in Bethany. *Christ* and His disciples take places at the table, and *Martha* waits upon the guests. *Magdalene* enters, and, casting herself at the *Saviour's* feet, anoints them. The waste of this precious salve disturbs *Judas*, and his *rôle* now commences. This entire act is one of supreme interest and importance in the Passion Play.

In act fourth we have *Christ's* last journey to Jerusalem. The *Saviour*, with His disciples, passes before us on the brow of Olivet. Before them lies the Holy City. *Christ* weeps over its doom. The second scene is the temptation of *Judas.*

The next act, the fifth, was devoted to the Last Supper, preceded by the tableau of the rain of manna in the wilderness. Leonardo da Vinci's picture was represented in the most minute details—the positions taken at the table

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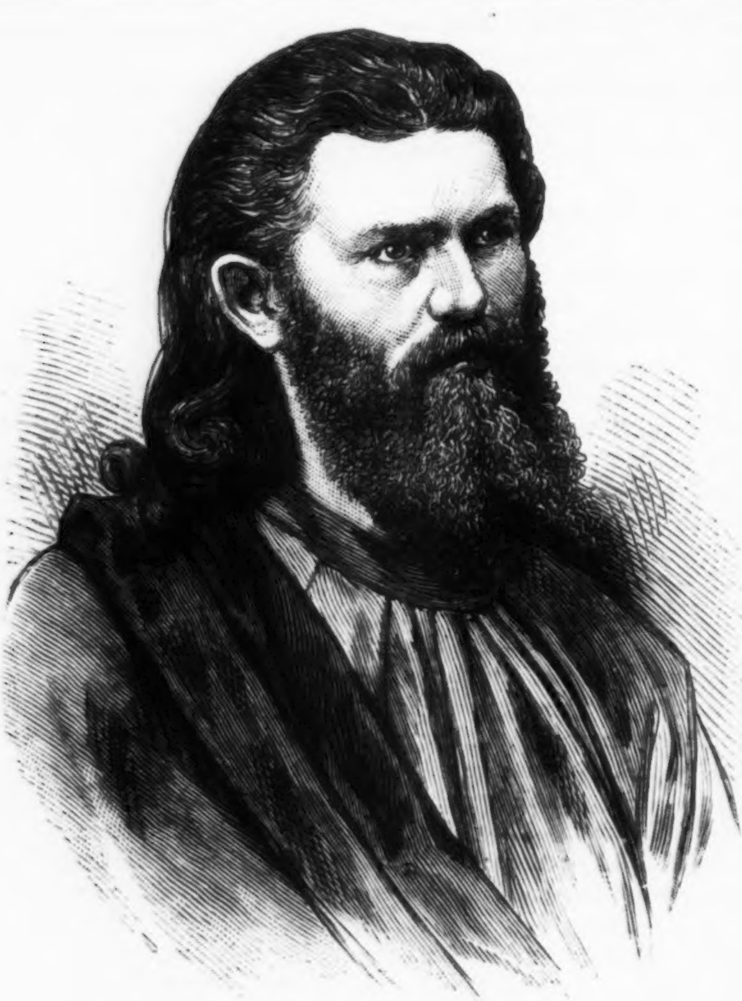


JOSEPH MEYER AS "CHRIST."

by the *Lord* and the twelve, the grouping—all, everything. *Jesus* proceeds to wash the feet of His disciples. The acting here was wonderfully impressive and realistic, as the *Saviour*, ewer in hand, attended by a servant with an earthen pitcher, bent over each foot, unwillingly unsandaled by the disciples, and gently laved it. After this followed the institution of the Holy Sacrament. *Christ* here broke the bread, and gave a portion to each of His disciples in turn. *Judas* shrinks as he receives his. Then the *Saviour* raises the cup, uttering the words of eternal life. *St. John* presses his Master to tell who it is that will betray Him; to which the *Saviour* replies, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it." The moment the *Lord* gives the sop to *Judas*, the latter rushes from the apartment.

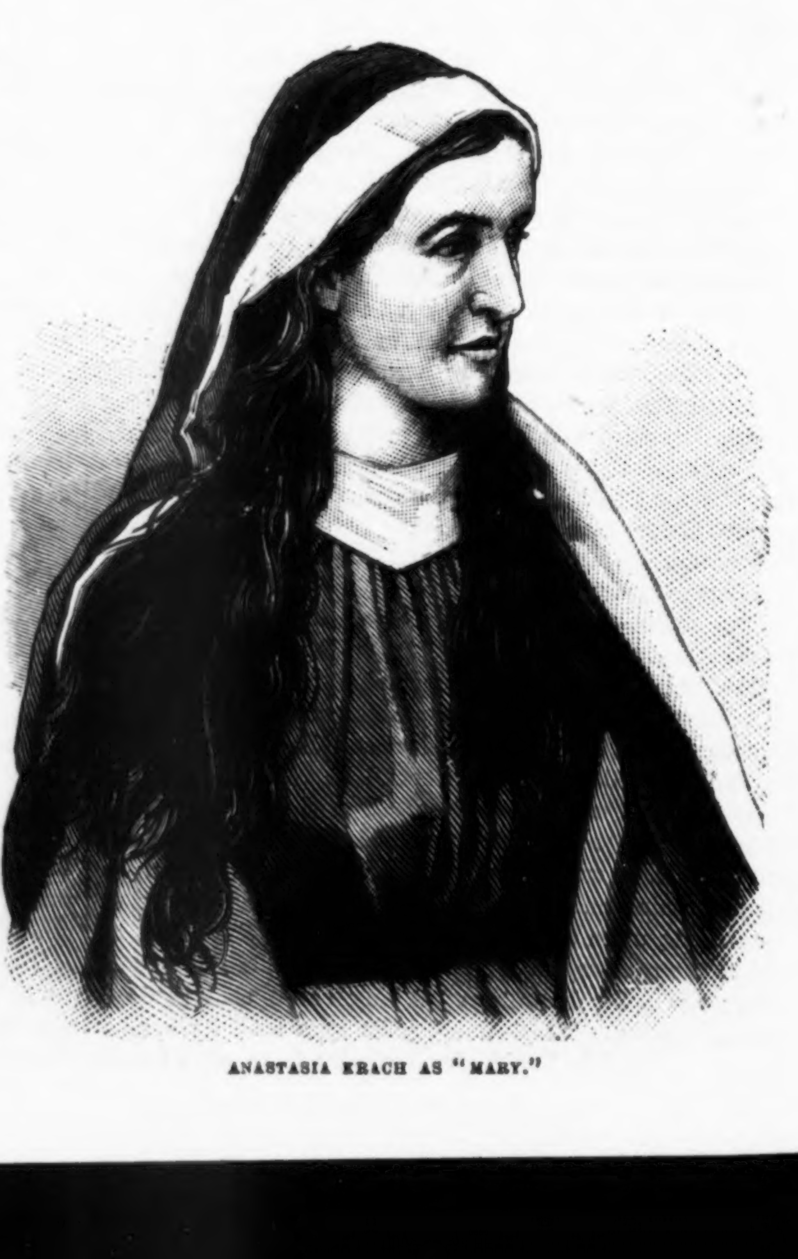
In act sixth, *Judas* appears before the Sanhedrim and consents to betray his Master. When the blood-money—the thirty pieces of silver—come to be counted out to the base traitor, he chinks them one by one to test them; and here, for the first time, the vast audience gave expression to their wrought-up feelings by laughter—yes, laughter! and it grated horribly on the ear. In fact, *Judas* is regarded by the Bavarians as the comic man of the piece, and even when he retires to hang himself, his exit is followed by laughter.

Act seven brings us to the Garden at Gethsemane. *Jesus* enters, followed by His disciples. He prays while the others sleep; and, when He raised himself from the ground, a bloody sweat was on His forehead. A murmur ran through the entire audience at this piteous sight. A laugh was raised when *Peter*, drawing his sword, cuts off the ear of *Malchus;* but this was instantly repressed by an indignant "Hush!" Meyer's acting in this scene was perfect.

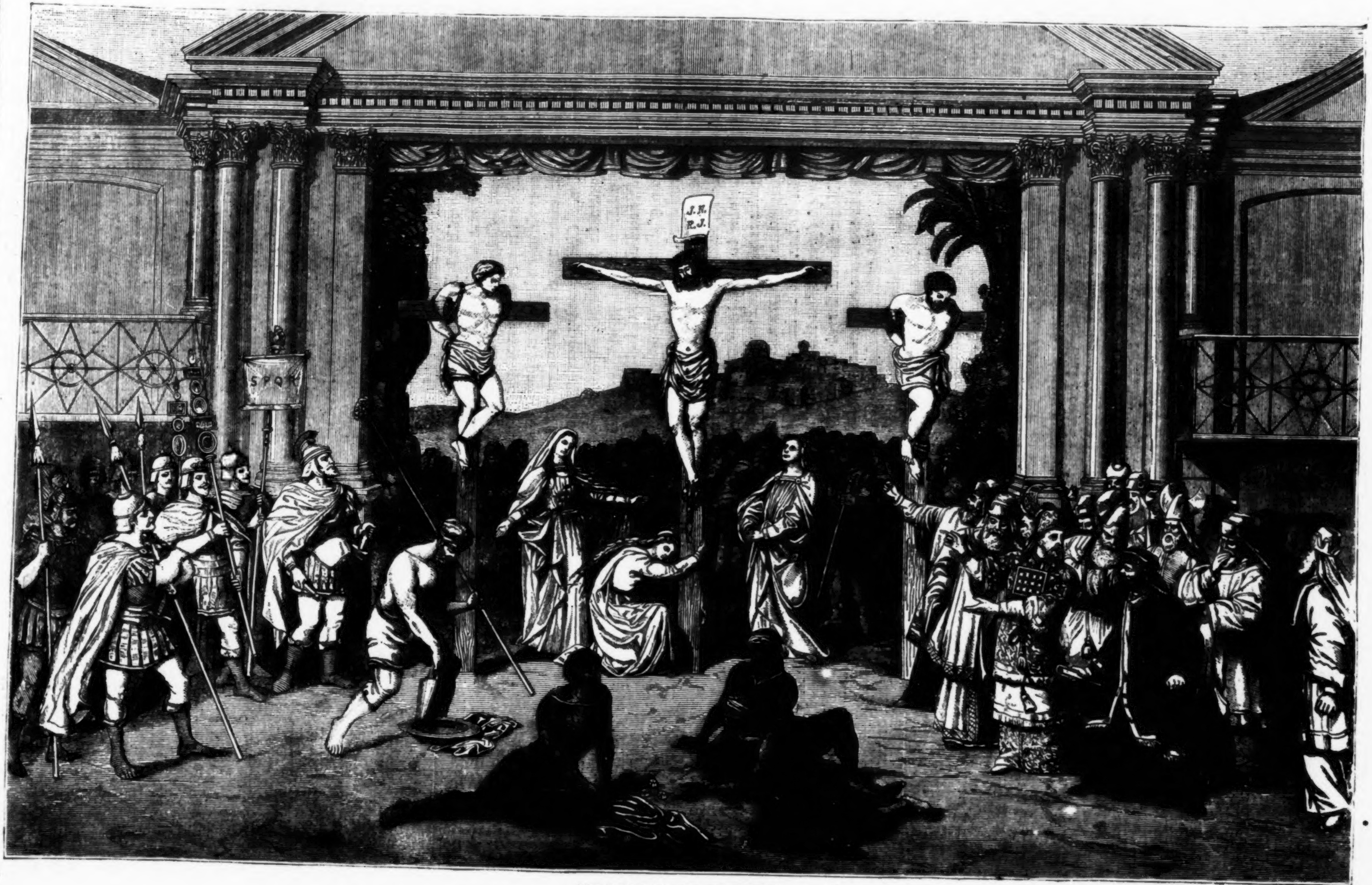
When the act concluded—at twelve o'clock—the Burgomaster stepped forward in plain attire, and announced a recess of one hour and a half. A vast majority of the audience retained their seats, while the remainder repaired to the village for dinner. Those who remained picnicked, the sausage and white-wine *du pays* serving as the *al fresco* meal.

Precisely at half-past one the second division of the Passion Play commenced, which comprises from the captivity in Gethsemane to the Resurrection and Ascension. It was in act eight, when *Jesus* appeared on the balcony of the house of *Annas*, that occurred a weird and wondrous and awful scene. *Christ* was standing before *Annas*, and had just been struck on the face by *Bulbus*, when suddenly the heavens became black as ink —"a noonday night"—causing the gigantic mountains to stand out in horrid distinctness, and a flash of the most blinding lightning blazed across the glorious face of the man-God. Then came a clap of thunder that crashed with the crack of doom among the Alps, followed by the rolling of heaven's artillery, the artillery of the Great Captain! It was a moment of paramount grandeur. An awful accessory to the awful tragedy, an awful setting to an awful picture!

In act nine, *Christ* is led before *Caiaphas*,



ANASTASIA KRACH AS "MARY."



THE SCENE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

looking divinely beautiful. In this act *Peter* denies his Master, and the performer to whom was intrusted the crowing of the cock, acquitted himself so admirably that all the roosters in the village seemed instantly to reply.

Act ten is devoted to the despair of *Judas*, who utters his unendurable torture in masterly words and with superb action. On the stage is the elder-tree on "the field of blood," and as the arch traitor flies to it to fling away his accursed life, the audience, I regret to write it, burst into loud and continued laughter. *Christ* is led before *Pilate* in act eleven. In act twelve the *Man of Sorrows* is brought before *Herod*, and in act thirteen takes place the scourging and crowning. This was horribly realistic, and as the great gouts of blood slowly trickled down the divine forehead after the crown of thorns had been pressed upon His head, a thrill of awe vibrated through the spectators as if on the same heart beat. The resignation in the scene was a marvel of acting. Meyer never allows the dignity of *Christ* to suffer, and when pushed off the stool to the ground, he falls so as not to detract from His dignity, while the intended degradation of maltreatment reflects upon His accusers. In act fourteen *Christ* is sentenced to death. Even the *rôle* of *Barabbas*, who held the stage for a brief moment, was admirably impersonated.

The bearing of the cross to Golgotha, after the picture of Paul Veronese, in act fifteen, is one of the most marvelous scenes of this most marvelous and piteous spectacle. Over six hundred people come upon the stage—a very magic of color combination. *Christ*, meekly bearing His unendurable burden, appears in the street to the right, followed by the Roman soldiers and the populace. On the left, *Mary* and *Magdalene* and *John* stand in the street, unconscious that the *Man of Sorrows* approaches. The captain of the guard is mounted. *Jesus* stops opposite a house, the owner whereof tantalizingly bids him press on to Calvary. The *Saviour* regards him for one second. That man is doomed *for ever* to walk the earth as the Wandering Jew. *St. Veronica* meets the Lord, and offers Him a linen cloth. He wipes the bloody sweat from His brow and hands the cloth to her. It is impressed with His divine image. *Simon of Cyrene* takes the cross upon his stalwart shoulders. Never shall I forget the expression of *Christ* as he turned to the poor carpenter, uttering the "glad tidings of great joy," "The blessing of God be upon thee and thine." The sobbing of the spectators was the only sound now to be heard as the procession wended its way along the Via Dolorosa.

The Crucifixion was a ghastly, a terrible, an awful realism. The curtain rose to the hideous sound of the hammer, and the three crosses lay upon the ground, each laden with its victim. Those of the two thieves were first set on high, then came that of *Christ*, the inscription having been nailed on at the last moment. I dare not attempt to describe this scene. Any words that I could pen would fail to afford the faintest idea of the soul-awing spectacle. *Jesus*, as in Rubens's great picture, hangs suspended before you, the divine head gently reclining on the naked breast, the hands pinioned and bloody, the feet lacerated and bloody. When the soldier pierces His side with a lance, and the blood gushes forth, a short, sharp cry of agony came from the spectators, and a thousand faces paled. The whole scene of that bloody sacrifice is enacted, even to the breaking of the limbs of the malefactors.

The Descent from the Cross was a marvel of affectionate reverence. Never did the real personages in the Great Tragedy perform the harrowing office with more pious care; more delicate handling. It was an exact copy of the great painting of Rubens, at Antwerp. In act seventeen we had the Resurrection, and in the last act the Ascension.

Having witnessed the Passion Play, I believe it to be the outcome of the pure enthusiasm of believing minds. I no longer look upon it as an interesting relic of the past, long distant, out of keeping with the times, lingering on a threatened existence; but as upon the most marvelous and elevated dramatic exhibition of our epoch, and the perfection of the religious drama. I quitted that rude theatre awed, bewildered, subdued; and I pray that the impressions left by the play, so simple, so powerful, so grand, may never be erased from my heart.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

IS there any way of getting out of this, Loo?" asked Captain Breton of Miss Louise Fairlegh, holding up a piece of glazed paper, otherwise a card, between his finger and thumb.

"Certainly not, sir," was the reply. "You know papa is going to stand for the borough at the very next election, and if we refuse to attend the Snaggleton ball, I suspect he wouldn't have a chance. Why, all the principal voters will be stewards on the occasion."

"Yes," said the captain; "and all dowdy wives and flashy daughters will be there, with wreaths upon their heads, and——"

"Come, now, I won't have you chaffing so horribly," said Louise. "You have become positively silly since your return from India."

"Indeed!" said he. "Shall I go back?"

"No—at least, not for a while," replied Louise. "But, Charley, it is settled about the ball?"

"Well, I suppose it is; but, on my honor, Loo, I would sooner face a cannon-ball!" said the gallant captain, laughing heartily at his execrable pun.

"If you do that again, Charley, I will never allow you to come in here again, without I have Amy with me."

This seemed such a frightful threat, that the captain had to look humbled and repentant.

"I want you to be a very good boy another way," said the young lady, after a pause, during which her lover's arm had stolen fondly round her little waist. "Will you promise me?"

"First tell me what it is, Loo. You know I would do anything for you."

"This will not tax your generosity very much," said Louise. "I simply wish you not to ask me to dance at Snaggleton."

"Not ask you to dance!" said the captain, curiously.

"Not ask me to dance at all," repeated Louise. "And when I dance with other gentlemen, you are not to stare at them as if they were Sepoys, as you did at Mrs. Smithson's party."

"By Jove! but that's too bad, you know," said the captain. "Now, there's a dear girl; won't you give me all the waltzes?"

"A very modest request!" said Louise. "I would have you understand I have promised papa to win five votes for him during the evening, and I don't want you to interfere with my tactics."

So the captain, very reluctantly, had to give in; but was rewarded by being told he was an excellent fellow; and Miss Loo did not shrink away in the least when his big mustaches touched her pretty mouth.

"I shall ask some of you to lend me a trunk," said the captain, in the course of the day. "Awkwardly enough, mine was borrowed by Fred Brown, of ours, who wanted it for his wedding-tour."

"Jane has a large box to spare, and I dare say can let you have it," said Louise. "We start to-morrow, as papa has some canvassing to do; and, oh! I was near forgetting—you must wear your uniform."

"My uniform!" he exclaimed. "A dance of fire, as it was called by the *Times* correspondent, in a country ballroom! I shouldn't be surprised if you asked me to bring my horse next, and mount guard outside the Town Hall, in honor of the company."

"Don't be nonsensical, pray, or I might insist even on that," said Louise. "You will be a splendid ornament to the room; and the Snaggletonians, who seldom see a real officer, will be highly flattered. Good-by. Eyes right! Quick, march!—and remember, full regimentals."

WHEN Captain Breton reviewed his wardrobe, he found that Fred Brown had not only taken his trunk, but also his best coat. He had another suit, certainly, but nothing spick and span to honor the occasion and please Miss Loo Fairlegh.

"If one goes in for it, one might as well go properly," he thought. "I never do the turkey-cock at tea-fights; but there's Bellamy, who gleams in scarlet and gold like the—the chap in Dr. Watts."

So Captain Breton, who didn't know Byron from Tupper or Dr. Watts, but who was an excellent, brave officer, strolled off toward the quarters of Cecil Bellamy, the dandy and chief lady-killer of the —th. Cecil, who was just about Breton's size, gave him eight or nine suits to choose from; and selecting a very gorgeous raiment, the captain sent a servant to fetch it in Jane Fairlegh's box, which he had taken the precaution of bringing with him.

Next day the Fairleghs and Breton started for Snaggleton. The party consisted of Miss Fairlegh (Jane), Miss Louise, Mr. and Mrs. Fairlegh and little Amy, who was daisy-picker and representative of British propriety during the many strolls of the engaged pair. They arrived on Tuesday, but the ball was not to take place until Thursday.

"We must buy everything for the ball here," said Loo (who was papa's favorite, and took a great interest in the election), "except, of course, our dresses."

Captain Breton accompanied the ladies on some of their shopping; from which will be understood the desperate condition of spooneyism to which he was reduced.

"Charley, you are in for more trouble," said Loo to him on Wednesday. "The Jeddoes have written, asking us to dine with them to-morrow evening, and we are afterward to accompany them to the ball in their omnibus carriage. You are specially included in the note."

"Oh, I'll send an excuse—I couldn't stand it!" said the captain. "I'll take out my rod. Tell them I am a mad fisherman, and that nothing could keep me from a trout-stream."

"Very well," said Louise; "but I thought you might like to come with me."

"Dearest, you know I would," said he; "but how could I manage to get you to myself among those tremendous Miss Jeddoes? Besides, I suppose you must be doing the fascinating electioneerix?"

"How sarcastic! Whatever I do shall be from my own free choice, Captain Breton," said Louise.

"Loo, darling! why take me up so quickly? Indeed, I——"

But before he could finish the sentence she was gone from the room. Could he have foreseen how they would meet again, he would not have let her go so easily.

On Thursday morning the captain hired a car from the hotel, and drove to the river. After fixing his rod, he commenced thrashing the stream. There was no rising in the trout.

In vain did Breton try his red hackle, and his cock's hackle, his grouse, his hare's ear, and the various other lures supposed to be irresistible. After about six hours' work a miserable sprat—whose curiosity got the better of the discretion so admirably exhibited by his companions—a troutling of tender years, laid hold of a hook well-nigh as large as himself.

"I think I'll try worms," said Breton, who was really bitten with the angling mania, when the pithy significance of one of Dr. Johnson's most celebrated apothegms occurred to him, and he relinquished the idea. He fell back upon his cigar-case and the pleasures of smoking. The day was warm, and the soft grass of the stream-bank deliciously cool.

Listening to the drumming of a distant millwheel, the sob of a tiny waterfall, the dunning of gnats and the cooing of ring-doves, a lark rippling the Summer air with wondrous melody, and no rising in the trout, and the cigar all right, who will be surprised that Captain Breton fell asleep?

He woke to find a dragon-fly riding upon his nose, and a bee tromboning in the centre of a honeysuckle unpleasantly close to his ear. He felt fuddled from the heat, jaded from his walk, unrefreshed by his nap, and altogether uncomfortable. It was no use trying to fish again. He had told his driver not to meet him until a certain hour, and it was a long way off yet. "Confound it, how am I to kill time?" he exclaimed.

Happy thought! He had recently read a book by which the reader learnt to derive intense amusement from the common objects of the country. The more common the object the greater the amusement. Now or never was the time to put its principles into practice. If he could only catch a frog or a toad, and watch those interesting creatures occupied in their slimy concerns! Halloa! A whopper!—a regular Batrachian banting!

Captain Breton, determined to be interested, watches the frog. The frog commences to puff himself, as if he were the proprietor of a patent medicine; he alternates this performance by collapsing with the suddenness of a bubble joint-stock company. He is evidently contemplating a movement toward the river. He disappears in a bouncing sort of flop.

Poor Captain Breton! Three hours more to wait, and caring as little for the primroses as Peter Bell. Charming sport, trout-fishing!

THE Fairleghs started from the Snaggleton Arms for the Jeddoes' at six o'clock, bringing their boxes, etc., with them.

The Misses Jeddoe were good country girls, who seldom got the chance of a ball, and who, when they did, considered they were bound to everything on the list of dances. They were in the greatest state of excitement about the coming event, and scarce gave the Fairleghs time to finish a cup of coffee when they hurried them off to dress.

Louise took Amy to the room set apart for her, and put her back hair into the hands of that precocious little lady, who was chattering like a magpie behind her chair.

"I must see your dress, Loo," said she, running over to the box. Loo was before the mirror, and exclaimed:

"Amy, dear, mind how you take it out! Spread it on the——"

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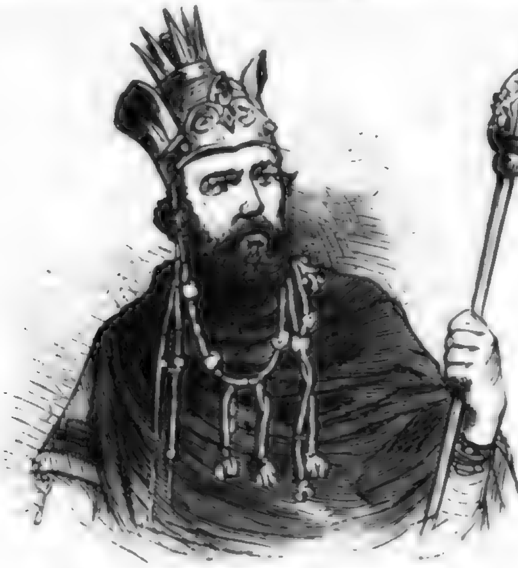
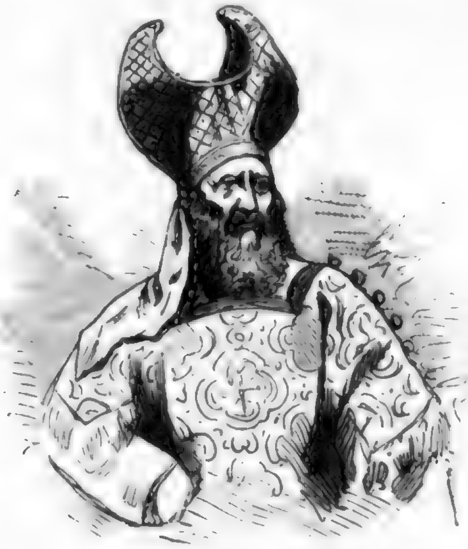


JOHANN RUTZ AS "HEROD."



SEB. DESCHLER AS "ANNAS."

She ceased abruptly. In the glass she saw Amy holding up, not her *moire*, but a military dress coat!

"Oh, Loo, Loo! such fun!" she exclaimed. "You have got Captain Breton's box, and I suppose he has got yours. I must run and tell papa and Jane and mamma, and——"

"Be quiet, miss!" interrupted Louise; and, though she felt mortified at the mistake, she could scarce refrain from laughing. The worst of it was, all the badinage it would subject her to. She put the coat back in its place, and directed Amy not to say anything about the accident; indeed, to be sure that she would not, she kept her well in sight.

By-and-by Miss Jeddoe No. 1 came in, dressed in pink silk, lace trimming, and altogether thoroughly got up.

"Is it possible, Louise, you are not ready?"

"No, indeed. I am afraid I shall not be able to join you."

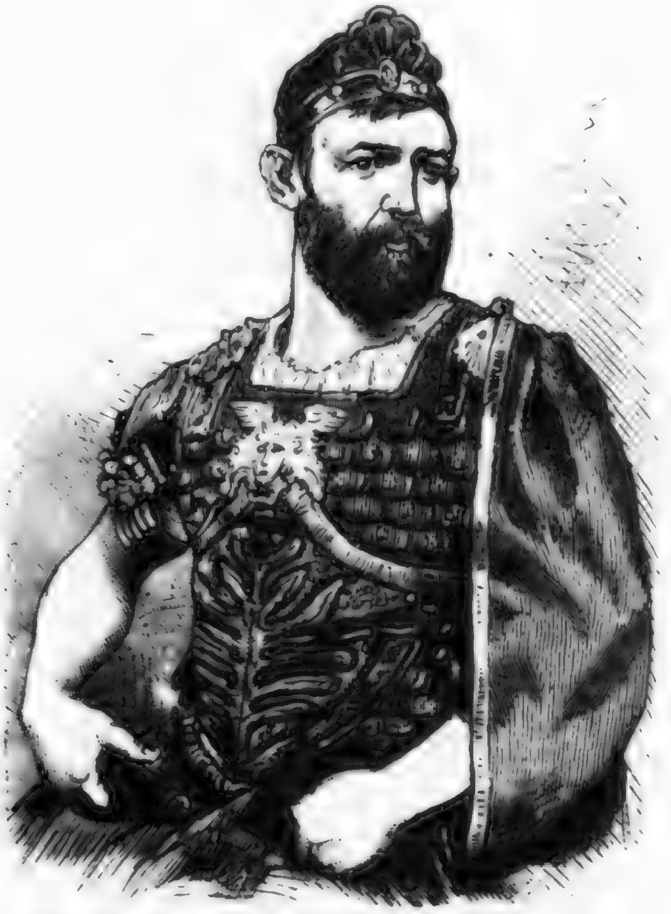
"Not join us! What can have happened to you?"

"Such a headache, you can't imagine! And then I forgot my dress."

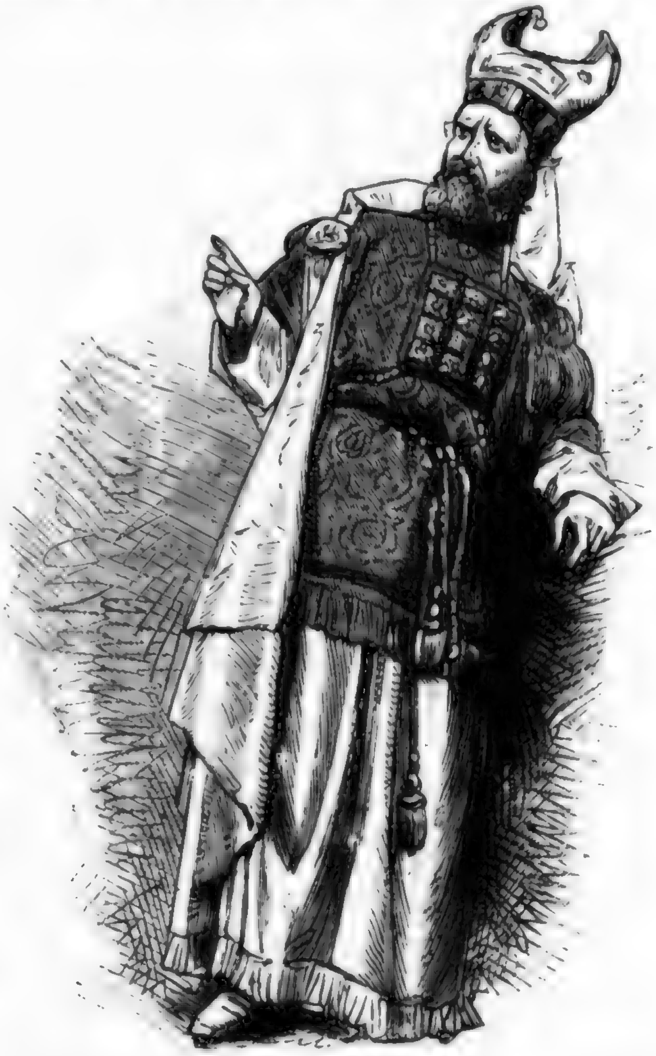
"That is strange. But we can send for it."

"Oh, please, don't trouble yourself. I should not be able to go in any case. Would you get me some eau-de-cologne?" And Loo Fairlegh put her hand to her forehead in quite an invalid manner.

"Loo, what is the matter?" said her elder sister, now entering. "Is it possible you left your box at the inn?"



THE PASSION PLAY IN 1880.—THOMAS RENDL AS "PILATE."
SEE PAGE 129.



JOHANN LEIN AS "CAIAPHAS."

"I did, Jane," she replied; but she did not say she had taken Captain Breton's box instead.

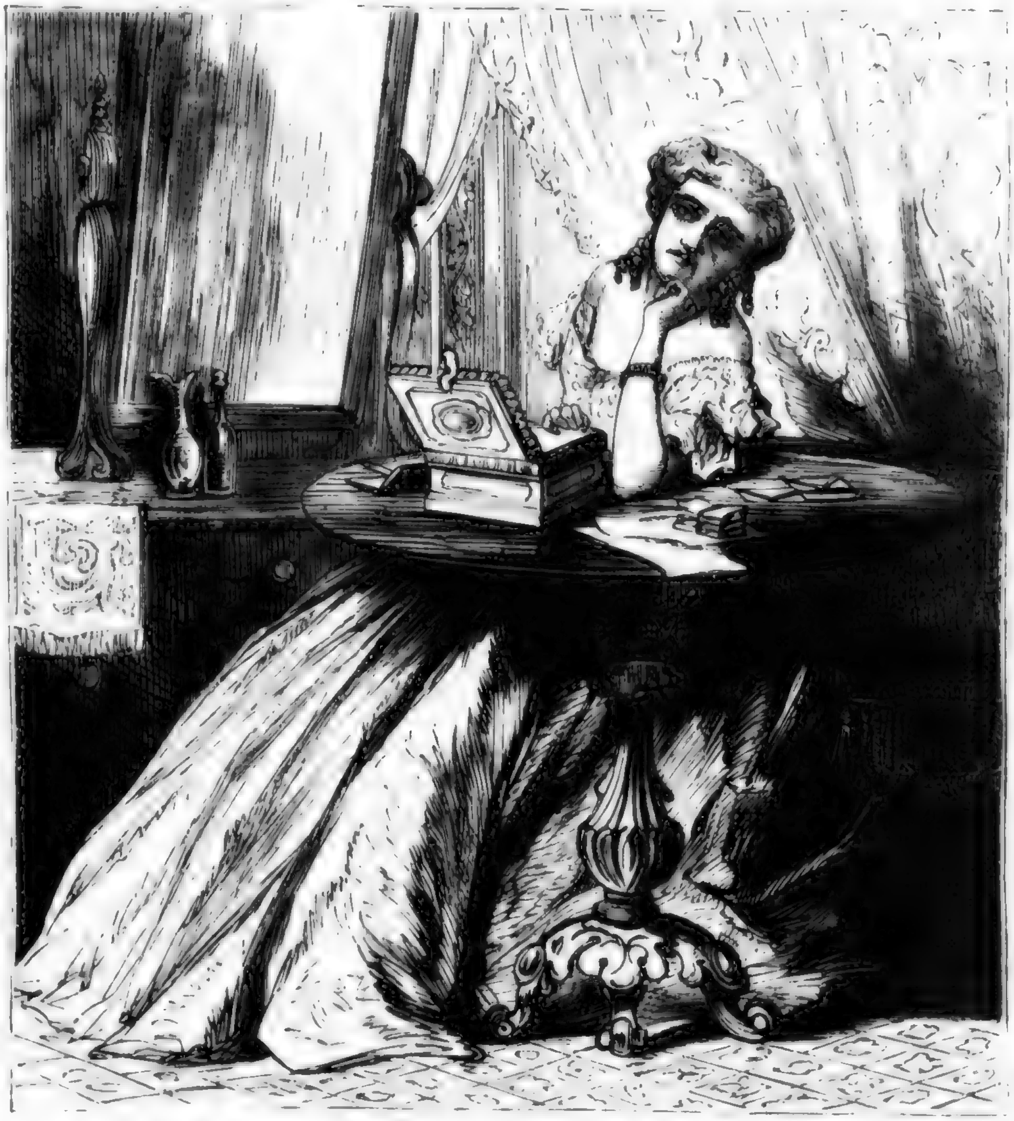
"How sadly disappointed Breton will be!" said Miss Jane. "I thought he might be here before this for us; but I suppose he will meet us at the door," she added, as she bade Louise good-by and hastened away.

The carriage had rattled down the avenue, and Loo felt rather lonely as she heard the clank of the gate shutting after it. With all her anxiety about the election, she would have enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* and dance with Charley so much! It was partly a joke, her forbidding him not to ask her for the night; why, she had him down for the very first waltz, and he waltzed beautifully! How would he manage himself, though?

Meanwhile Amy had gone to the box again, and drawn out the gorgeous uniform. She put her arms through the sleeves and strutted about, turning to see the gilded tails which were dangling almost to the ground. She was in love with the medals on the breast. There was a tiny watch-pocket, just such a place for another nice medal. Amy's little fingers pulled something from it.

"Amy," said Loo, "you should not do that. Be quiet, child."

This latter phrase was spoken as Amy commenced running about the room and holding up in triumph a prize which she had that instant extracted from the pocket.



IN THE WRONG BOX.—"SHE WENT TO HER DESK AND BEGAN TO MAKE UP A PACKAGE."

"See, Loo, what I have found! Such a picture inside a gold penny! A lady as handsome as—as anything!"

"A lady! Show it to me! quick, quick!" said Louise, and with jealous haste she snatched the locket from the child.

Yes, it was a locket, set in brilliants; it contained a twist of hair and a portrait of a lady, a splendid creature. On the reverse, in blue enamel, she read, "From Laura to C. B."

"C. B." Charles Breton! The ball, the election, everything was forgotten now. How her heart throbbed wildly, and the shame tingled her cheeks, as she saw the proofs of his unfaithfulness, his base, cruel infidelity! He had often told her he had no female relative, so there could be no mistake. She had loved as only woman loves once. For an hour she cried; cried until a certain dull relief came, and then a sickening resolution. She went to her desk and began to make up a package. The old gloves, *carte-de-visite*, drawings and what not, and the letters. The letters! How madly, too, with the strange inconsistency of passion, did she kiss them as she made them into a package—never, never to be opened or read again!

And then she went to the drawing-room and sat in the dark; and Amy, hushed and frightened at the strange grief she saw, came and nestled in her sister's lap

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Captain Breton arrived rather late from his piscatorial excursion. The car which should have met him was taken off by Sir Diggory Mangel, the great county agriculturist, who insisted on having it, and the landlord was obliged to dispatch a broken-down horse and a ramshackle chaise for our hero. The horse (to speak rather paradoxically) fully sustained his character for breaking down, so that it was after nine o'clock when Breton got to the Snaggleton Arms. He took a slight dinner, and attempted a glass of old port—which had the flavor of old boots—and then went up-stairs to make his toilet. He sent for the waiter to open his box. That functionary, after removing the cords, turned up the lid, and then gazed with a sort of stupid grimace at the captain, who was busy at the washstand.

"I think you had better brush that uniform," Breton called out; "but be careful of it."

"Oh, yes, sir; of course, sir. Is it an 'Ighland regiment you're in, capting?"

Breton looked round sharply. His first impression was that the fellow was drunk.

"P'r'aps you'd 'ave the petticoats first, capting?"

Breton could never stand insolence—he had the waiter by the ear in an instant.

"How dare you, you scoundrel! Hallo! I beg your pardon. Get up. Here's a nice state of affairs!" and

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Breton was obliged to smile as the contents of the box were displayed before him. He knew Louise's favorite color, and he felt at once for the disappointment such a blunder would occasion her. He must remedy it at once. He tied up the box, and sent for a cab, which was not long bringing him to the Jeddoes'. He ran up to the drawing-room. He tapped at the door, and the handle was turned for him. It was Amy.

"Is Loo here?" he asked. He saw a figure like hers rise from a chair near the window. If it was Loo, why did she not hasten to him? "Excuse me," he said, hesitatingly, for he thought it might be one of the Jeddoe girls. "Are you Louise Fairlegh?"

"Miss Louise Fairlegh, Captain Breton? Yes."

Her voice—but how changed!

There was a pause. Then Breton began:

"I am sorry for the mistake which has prevented your being at the ball. I suppose my uniform came here?"

"Your uniform did come here," she replied.

The butler entered with the lights. Breton saw Louise standing erect with a proud, distant air. He was beyond measure puzzled.

"Of course, Loo, you know the mistake was not altogether my fault. You can get ready now, and Amy will——"

"Thank you," she said; "I have made up my mind not to attend this ball under any circumstances. Amy, would you hand the parcel to Captain Breton?"

"Dear, dear Loo! what is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed. "What is it that has come between us so suddenly?"

"Pray do not ask me what has come between us," she said. "Ask yourself—ask your own heart."

"Loo, my own! What have I done to earn your contempt?"

"I have no explanation to give," she replied.

"Then, after all, you refuse even to tell me why you send me from you?"

There was no answer.

For one instant the idea of some mistake crossed her mind; but her resolve was taken. What heroic fools we are occasionally! She courtesied as if he was to go.

"Won't you even say good-night, Loo?"

She colored to the temples. They had always their own lover-like fashion of "good-night" since they had been engaged. That was all over now.

He noticed her hesitation, and grasping both her hands firmly, he looked straight into those eyes, which for the first time sank coldly and irresponding before his gaze.

"Make it up," he whispered, and he bent toward her with the tenderest caressing gesture.

She drew back; she felt her resolution wavering at his touch, and so started from him. That was enough. Immediately afterward Captain Breton was driving off.

It was near midnight when the captain got to Snaggleton. He could scarcely realize the events of the last hour. He was thoroughly and utterly wretched, but it was not in his nature to give up to anything. He therefore decided on going to the ball, if it were only to distract his thoughts. He had brought *the* uniform with him from Jeddoe's, and was quickly incased in it. As he hurried to the town-hall he noticed a great crowd running in the same direction, and, behold! the parish engine tearing through the street.

"Fire, sir!" cried some one, in answer to a question from Breton; "the ballroom is afire!"

He was at the scene of the conflagration in a moment, and saw at once that no lives were in danger. The revelers could easily escape from the burning apartment. Indeed, the only peril they were in was from the ill-directed exertions of his worship, the fussy mayor. Breton upset him (accidentally) and took command of the constables; rescued a good deal of the supper from the devouring *gamins*, who were the chief "devouring element" on the occasion; saw the Jeddoes and Fairleghs snug in their carriage, and quieted the panic, at the cost of the "full-dress," however, which suffered considerably in the row, confusion and puddle.

"You must come with us, Charley," said Miss Jane Fairlegh; "we must have a chat over our terrible escape."

Breton hesitated.

"Oh, do, Captain Breton, please!" chorused the Misses Jeddoe; "we must have some fun at home for our disappointment here; and Loo will be so anxious about you!"

Breton sighed—although a warrior, he sighed. What did Loo care if he broke his neck? Nevertheless, buoyed with some vague hope, he got up with the driver. Then he was in the Right Box.

Louise was waiting for them on the steps. She feared an accident, as the report of the fire had traveled to her already. They overwhelmed her at once with the particulars—how a chandelier had tumbled and set fire to the muslin decorations, and how Charley Breton had brought them back perfectly safe and sound.

"You are in a wretched plight, captain," said Mrs. Jeddoe. "The Snaggletonians ought at least to subscribe for a new uniform for you."

"Considering that it is not my own, Mrs. Jeddoe," said he, "but one I borrowed for the occasion."

"Loo, Loo!—mamma!" cried Miss Jane. "Goodness gracious, she has fainted!"

Breton ran over and took her in his arms. She rerecovered after a few restoratives.

When she was quite herself, the girls went to change their things. Captain Breton lingered in the room with Louise—he couldn't tell exactly why.

"Come here!—come here, Charley!" she called, but so very low that he did not hear at first.

She spoke again, and he was kneeling by the sofa. She held the locket before him.

"Do you know this lady?" she asked.

He opened it, and smiled—an honest, candid smile.

"Yes, Loo," he replied; "it is Miss Delaval, who is engaged to Cecil Bellamy, the gentleman who lent me this unfortunate uniform. He will be vexed at leaving such a treasure in my keeping."

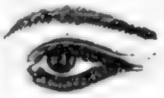
"Oh, Charley, Charley, dearest, will you ever forgive me?" and she sobbed her contrition on his shoulder.

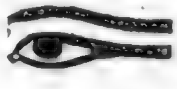
The next moment their lips met in a reconciliation, such as only those who have loved can tell of—and so finished their first and last quarrel. Yes, their first and last!

ORNAMENTING THE EYES WITH KOHL IN ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

The eyes of Egyptian ladies, with very few exceptions, are black, large, and of a long, almond form, with long and beautiful lashes, and an exquisitely soft, bewitching expression. Their charming effect is much heightened by the concealment of the other features under the vail, and by the universal practice of blackening the edge of the eyelids with a black powder called kohl. This is produced by the burning of an aromatic resin, the smoke-black being collected in a little vessel similar to the one shown in our engraving. It is also prepared by burning almond-shells. Although believed to be beneficial to the eyes, it is merely used for ornament.

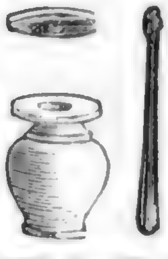
The kohl is applied with a small probe of wood, ivory or silver, tapering toward the end, but blunt. This is

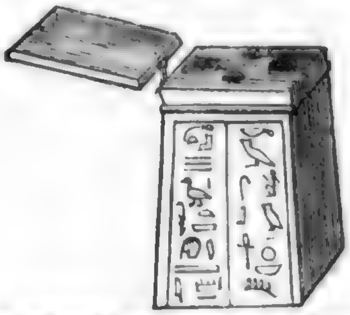

MODERN STYLE OF PAINTING THE EYE.


ANCIENT STYLE OF ORNAMENTING THE EYE.

moistened with rose-water, then dipped in the powder, and drawn along the edges of the eyelids; it is called *mirwed*, and the vessel *muk-hulah*.

The custom of ornamenting the eyes prevailed among both sexes in Egypt in ancient times, and is shown by the sculptures and paintings in the temples and tombs. The square-shaped box, adorned with hieroglyphics, is one that


VESSEL, PALATE AND PROBE.


PAINT-BOX ORNAMENTED WITH HIEROGLYPHIC CHAAACTERS.

was used by the ancient Egyptians for keeping the kohl. The ancient mode of ornamenting the eyes was somewhat different from the modern fashion, as shown by the sketch, but is, however, still practiced at present in the neighborhood of Cairo.

The same custom existed also among the ancient Greek ladies, and was practiced in early times by the Jewish women.

A WILD BEAST SHOP.

Few of our readers ever saw, or perhaps heard of, a wild beast shop. Yet wild beasts are brought to the country, bought and sold, and have their range of prices like other commodities. In London, Jamrach is the great dealer in wild beasts. In New York, Reiche, who has long been known as a great importer and dealer in canary birds, is also a great dealer in wild beasts.

Buckland thus describes a wild beast auction:

It was a dull, misty morning when I entered the gardens, some few minutes after the sale had commenced, and they looked the very picture of wretchedness. Not far from a model of Sebastopol the auction was going on, the head of Mr. Stevens, the auctioneer, forming a centre round which the crowd had collected.

"Eight shillings for a wax-bill and two cut-throat sparrows. Yours, sir," were the first words that met my ears. "A paradise grackle—nine shillings—thank you, sir. The next lot—a red and yellow macaw. No. There is some mistake—a yellow and blue macaw. What shall we say for this fine bird, gentlemen? Three pounds five—you have a bargain, sir. A sulphur-crested cockatoo—two guineas—mind your fingers, sir; that lot is spiteful. The next lot—an armadillo—what shall I say for the armadillo, gentlemen? Ten shillings?—thirty?—yes, that's more like its value. A pair of flying squirrels—one pound —cheap as things go. Now for the snakes."

There were only five snakes for sale, and these consisted of one boa and four pythons; the former came from South America, all of the latter from India. The boa was bought for five guineas, the others at prices varying from two to four pounds.

The sale was a peripatetic one, and the auctioneer having descended from his chair, we all followed a man, who carried the chair in one hand and rang a bell with the other.

During the walk from place to place I had time to look about me at the company. There were about three hundred people present, who consisted—firstly, of a deputation from the Regent's Park Gardens; then several professional animal-dealers from Liverpool and large Continental cities, among whom was Mr. Jamrach, of Radcliff Highway, before mentioned, one of the largest animal-dealers in the world; then proprietors of shows, both great and small, from the Messrs. Wombwell & Maunder to your scantily clad man who owns the penny show, and who has just bought the smallest and the cheapest of the large serpents, to be shown to gaping villagers at country fairs; lastly, many who, like myself, came to learn the value of an elephant or a lion. We, crowd of naturalists, therefore—the bellman showing us the place—halted in front of the aviary.

The first lot was two Indian falcons, which fetched two pounds ten shillings each. Then a pair of white, or, rather, whity-brown, storks—they sold for sixteen shillings. A black stork—being, as another black bird well-known to schoolboys was formerly supposed to be, a rare bird—brought two pounds six shillings. Then followed lot fifty-seven, a pelican, a very amiable or else a very hungry bird, for he kept jabbering with his great bill at the numerous gloves held out to him, and endeavoring to swallow them. Here a spirited competition began, and the bird was at length knocked down for eighteen guineas. In Egypt, my friend Captain Cunninghame, late Second Life Guards, informs me he lately bought a much finer bird for two shillings, which makes me think seriously of speculating in pelicans.

The reason why a pelican sells well is, that he is a good show-bird, and a good attractor of pennies. The poor bird is probably at this time shut up in some small cage, inside a house upon wheels, never again to behold his native wilderness, or, according to the showman, his master, pluck blood from his breast to feed his young ones.

Next came the monkeys. Great was the rush to the monkey-house, which was speedily filled, but as speedily emptied again, for Mr. Stevens wisely took up his position outside, under cover of the wooden guns of one of the Sebastopol batteries. But though the folks were so anxious to see the monkeys, they did not seem equally anxious to buy; for the biddings were few and far between. The first lot was a Rhesus monkey, common in Bengal—a fine name for an ugly creature. He was sold for twelve shillings, as also were two more of the same species. Then followed divers sorts of monkeys rejoicing in various names, such as "bonnet," "green," "sooty," "marque," etc.; but none of them fetched more than ten shillings each, and one of the customers wanted Mr. Stevens to give him an organ into the bargain. Another wanted his monkey—a great savage Barbary ape—delivered *immediately*, which Mr. Stevens said he really could not undertake to do, but he would "be happy to receive the money for him on the spot."

Away we went again after the bell and the chair to the opposite side of the gardens. Here two jackals were the first sold—twenty-four shillings the two. Then a pair of porcupines—good show animals again—eight pounds.

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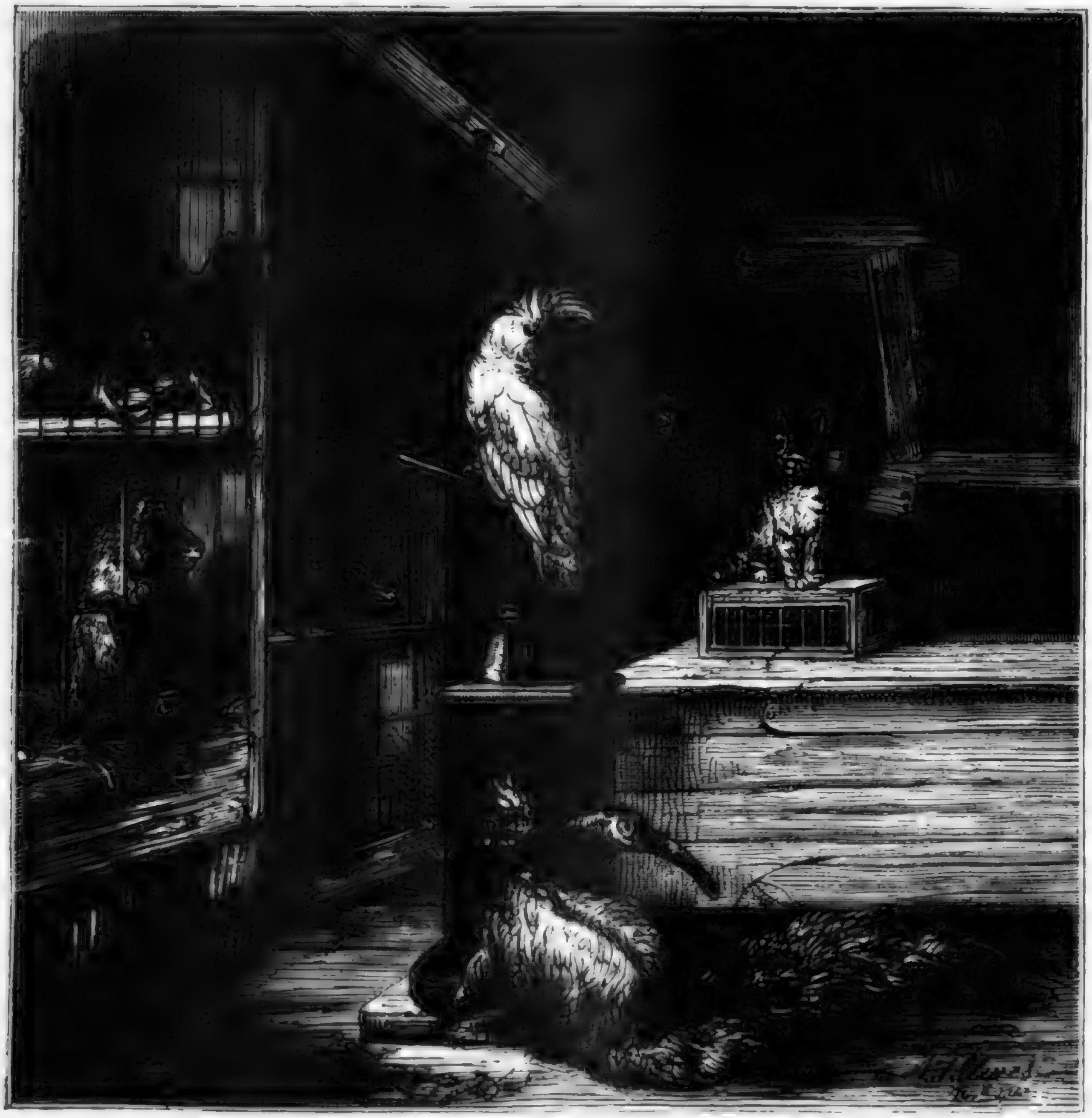


A WILD BEAST SHOP.—SEE PAGE 143.

fifteen shillings. Then an Indian goat, one four-horned sheep, and one Indian sheep—only two guineas the three; cheap, at that rate, even as mutton. Then followed a red hind—who nearly devoured my catalogue while I was looking another way—for two pounds ten shillings. Then followed the sale of six eagles—namely, two golden eagles, a wedge-tail eagle, a sea eagle, and two from Chili. These sold at prices varying from two pounds to thirteen shillings; and the skins of some of this lot, if I mistake not, are by this time full of hay and tow, with glass eyes in their heads.

The next lot was a hybrid—between a zebra and wild ass. This spiteful brute sold for eight pounds. He was formerly the property of Lord Derby, and when brought up from his lordship's sale, kicked the horse-box to pieces, and did ten pounds' worth of damage, so that he was dear at any price. A fine ostrich sold for twenty-seven pounds, and a nylghau for nine pounds, both fair prices.

Then came the lions and tigers. The first, a fine tigress, sold for seventy-nine guineas—not her value; the second, a very fine lion, for two hundred guineas. Just as the hammer was going down this noble brute stood upright in his den, and looking sternly at the crowd, gave a roar of indignation—a fine study for an artist.

"Next we will proceed to the elephant!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens.

The folding-doors opened, and, gently led by his keeper, the elephant came forth. Sad and demure the poor beast looked, never again to draw his cart full of happy, smiling children round the gravel walks, receiving biscuit contributions from his young employers.

"Trot him out!" cried a bidder, as two hundred guineas were bid.

"By your leave!" cries the keeper.

The crowd cleared away, and the elephant made a sort of a mock trot. His price went up in the market immediately, and he was finally knocked down to Mr. Batty, the circus proprietor, for three hundred and twenty guineas.

After the elephant came the camels, male and female; being stupid, they looked stupid. Nevertheless, the male was knocked down for sixty-two pounds, the female for fifty pounds, to Mr. Edmonds, for his menagerie. Lastly came the giraffe. It was supposed to be too cold for him to come out, and his house was not big enough to hold the good folks present, so that while he was pacing his stall in solitude, the figures two hundred and fifty pounds were put down opposite his name on the catalogue outside. He was "bought in," I believe.

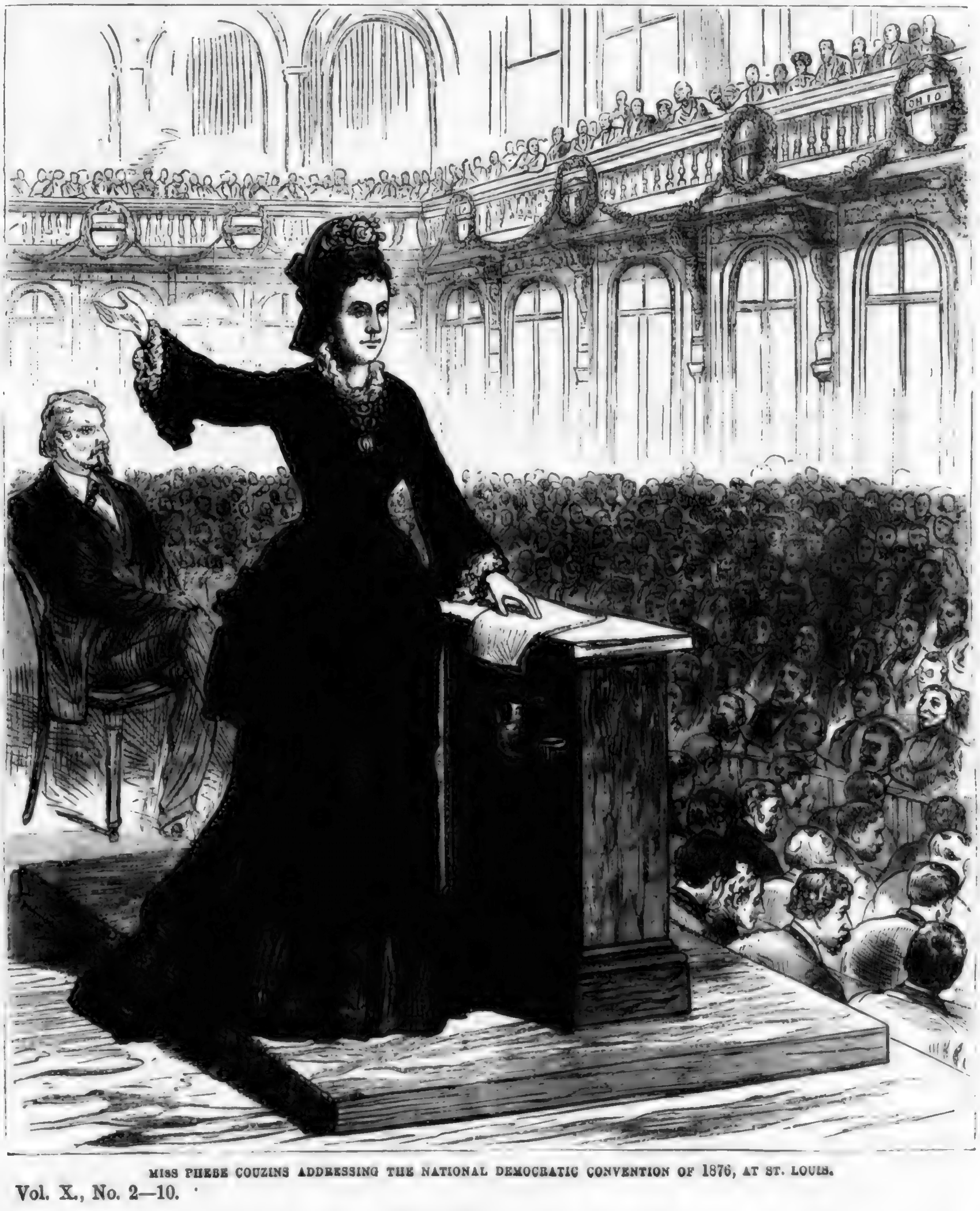
SOME REMARKABLE AMERICAN WOMEN,

AT THE BAR, IN THE PULPIT, AND ON THE DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC STAGES.

IN one of the first chapters of his "Inquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex," written in 1796, Prof. Gisborne said: "Young women endowed with good understandings, but desirous of justifying the mental indolence which they have permitted themselves to indulge, or disappointed at not perceiving a way open by which they, like their brothers, may distinguish themselves and rise to eminence, are occasionally heard to declare their opinion that the sphere in which women are destined to move is so humble and so limited as neither to require nor to reward assiduity ; and, under this impression, either do not discern, or will not be persuaded to consider, the real and deeply interesting effects which the conduct of their sex will always have on the happiness of society."

And Miss Muloch, in contrasting the cheerful with the gloomy woman, observes that a large number of women, particularly the younger portion, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong physical tendency to depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness except by being continually occupied.

As there are men who might become pioneers in some work of reform if they could only experience the "call," so there are women, active, tolerant, willing, endowed with



MISS PHEBE COUZINS ADDRESSING THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1876, AT ST. LOUIS.

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all the forces necessary to render them distinguished, if they only knew just how to apply their capabilities. Such people are ready to enter with alacrity a field of congenial labor when some one else has discovered it, attracted their attention to it, and demonstrated exactly how to work it successfully. True reforms may possibly be carried on by this class, but they can never be projected. Had such noble women as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mary Carpenter, Miss Rye, Caroline Chisholm, Florence Nightingale, Lady Strangford, and, in our own country, Miss Dix, Jennie Collins, Clara Barton and Linda Gilbert, contented themselves with waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, they might have lived far beyond this day without having any to bless their names and kindnesses. They possessed discernment and energy; they saw suffering in forms for which no relief had been provided—they made their opportunity.

The Muscovite ideal of woman was purely a monastic one, and the virtues of the cloister—faith, prayer, charity, obedience and industry—were the highest she could possibly attain in the eyes of the world. Women are still faithful in prayer and charity, still dwell in convents and meditate for hours and days in the solemn retreat of the cloister. At the same time, women, discerning their special capabilities for new species of occupation, are taking the advanced positions in life which they have hitherto shunned, or from which they have been excluded either by their own sense of impropriety or by man's restrictions in the form of legal enactments.

In the United States the sphere of woman's usefulness is now in a remarkable state of enlargement. We have been accustomed to seeing her on the lyric and tragic stages, in the studio of painting and sculpture, and in the sanctum of literature and poetry. Now, we see her also in the pulpit, in the medical college and hospital, in the common and superior courts of law, in the public school boards, in public libraries, and, to a limited extent, at the polls. And during the past Winter she has been recognized in the legislation of several States as a powerfully supported applicant for a larger share of the public rights and personal privileges that man has hitherto enjoyed exclusively.

There was doubtless more opposition to the application of women for permission to practice law than to follow any other professional calling formerly monopolized by men. It is believed that the pioneer in the study of law was Mrs. Myra Bradwell, who, in 1869, applied for admission to the bar of Illinois. On being refused she carried her claim to the Supreme Court of the United States, and was again repulsed. Next came Miss Lemma Barkaloo, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, during 1869-70-71, studied in the Law School of Washington University, at St. Louis, Mo., and died just as she had completed her course. After her was Miss Lily Peckham, of Milwaukee, who, becoming discouraged by the opposition, abandoned the study of law for that of theology, and died before any of her hopes were realized.

The first woman admitted to practice of whom we have any record was Miss Phebe Couzins, daughter of a former superintendent of police of St. Louis, Mo., who was received at the bar of that city in 1871. The first who ever argued a case in the Circuit Court of the United States was Miss Helen M. McDonald, of Boston; the first who was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States was Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, whose name was enrolled March 3d, 1879; and the first who practiced law on the Pacific slope was Mrs. Mary J. Young, of Sacramento, who was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of California May 13th, 1879.

Between the application of Mrs. Bradwell and the admission of Mrs. Young there were many successful applications, of which the following are recalled: Miss Sarah Kilgore was admitted at St. Louis in 1871, from the Law School of Michigan University. In 1872 Miss Georgie Snow was admitted to the bar in Utah, and Mrs. Clara A. Nash in Maine. In the following year Annette and Florence Cronise were admitted at Tiffin, Ohio; A. M. Hulett, at Chicago; Charlotte E. Ray, at Washington, D. C.; and Miss Raper, at Ann Arbor, Mich. Miss Hulett died after three years of successful practice; Miss Ray is a graduate of the Law School of Harvard University, and Miss Raper of the Michigan University.

In 1874 Lavinia Goodell was admitted at Janesville, Wis., and she soon after associated with her Miss Angie King. The Michigan bar received Miss Ella A. Martin and Miss Fredrika Perry in 1875, after their graduation from the Law School of the State University, and in the following year both were admitted to the Illinois bar, and forming a partnership, they settled down to practice in Chicago. In 1876 Mrs. Mary E. Foster began to practice in Ann Arbor, Mich.; in 1877 Martha A. Dorsett was admitted in Minnesota; in 1878 Bessie Eaglesfield, at Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss Agnes Scott, at Tiffin, Ohio; and Miss Morrill, at Chicago, besides two young women from the Iowa Law School. Miss Kane, of Janesville, Wis., and Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, of San Francisco, were admitted in 1879, in addition to those before credited to that year. A special honor was paid to Miss Nancy Smith in November of the same year, when, on being received by the bar of Keokuk, Iowa, the presiding judge descended from the bench to congratulate her. In the evening the lawyers of the city further complimented her with a very grand banquet.

Of the above women, Mrs. Lockwood is the best known to the public. After having gained considerable distinction as a lawyer, she applied, in 1877, for admission to the Supreme Court of the United States. At that time the motion was denied, not for any lack of experience, study or ability, but solely because the petitioner was a woman. In the fall of 1878 she applied to the Circuit Court at Baltimore, and was refused admission by Judge Magruder. Disappointed, but not cast down, by these failures, she determined to secure, if possible, for her sex an authority to practice in the Federal Courts that could not be questioned. Her efforts were directed to Congress, and with marked success, for at the ensuing session a Bill authorizing the admission of properly qualified women to practice in the Supreme and Circuit Courts was passed by both Houses. On the 3d of the following March, on motion of District Attorney Riddle, she was received into this high grade of practice at Washington.

On the 2d of February last, Mrs. Lockwood was one of a group of persons engaged in a ceremony of a most notable character. A motion had been made in the Supreme Court at Washington, before Chief Justice Waite, that ex-Governor Joel Parker, of New Jersey, be admitted to practice in that Court. Immediately Mrs. Lockwood rose and moved the admission of Samuel Lowery—a colored lawyer, of Huntsville, Ala.—also, who, she testified, possessed the necessary qualifications. His credentials being properly executed, and no objection being made, Mr. Lowery was sworn in with Mr. Parker, both taking the same oath, with hands resting upon the same Bible.

Mr. Lowery was the first colored man admitted to the Supreme Court of Tennessee and the Courts of Northern Alabama.

As we write, we notice that Mrs. Foltz, before mentioned, has scored quite a victory in San Francisco. Having applied for admission to the Hastings College of Law in the State University, the directors refused to admit her, because they "believed and determined that it was not wise or expedient, or for the best interests of the college, to admit any female as a student therein." Upon this, she in person obtained from the District Court of San Francisco a mandamus compelling the college to open its doors to her. The directors then appealed to the Supreme Court, where Mrs. Foltz argued her case with such clearness and legal force that the Court decided the question wholly in her favor.

The first of American women, now living, who entered upon the evangelical calling, was Isabella, a slave, born in Ulster County, N. Y. She was the property of Colonel Ardinburgh, and under the name of "Sojourner Truth" has been known in the churches and Sunday-schools of the United States for upward of half a century. The date of her birth is unknown, but she is popularly supposed to be over one hundred years old. In 1817 she was emancipated, a poor woman, using the colloquial Low Dutch with a decidedly African accent, and so ignorant that she was unable to distinguish her right hand from her left. She came at once to New York City, and engaged in service, living, as she says, "with the best people in the city."

The story of her life has been repeated to thousands of audiences throughout the country, and is preserved in a pleasant volume written by Mrs. Stowe.

"Sojourner" is a woman of strong religious nature, with an entirely original eloquence and humor. At the various anti-slavery demonstrations she was able to attend, she was a great attraction, for she was known to be a stanch defender of the claims and rights of her race. Her work in the freedmen's camps at Washington and in Virginia during the war was both valuable and highly esteemed, and she had no truer friend and admirer than the lamented Lincoln.

At the present time, she is living at Battle Creek, Mich., waiting "for the Lord to call her." On the 2d of March last, many of her friends gave her a surprise-party in her neat cottage. The good old soul was in a state of bewildered delight, saying to a particular friend who came late: "They kept floodin' and floodin' in till I just says, 'Why, bless my heart, chil'ren, war on arth did ye all cum from? and when in the name of common sense are ye goin' to stop comin'?"

Next in popularity to Sojourner Truth is Mrs. Margaret N. Van Cott, familiarly known as "the Widow Van Cott." She was born in New York City, in 1830, her father being Major William K. Newton, who for many years had the management of John Jacob Astor's estate. As a child she was considered a marvel of precocity. She received the rite of confirmation in the Episcopal Church when but eleven years old. Soon after she was attracted to the Methodist Church by the more active character of the services, and desired to attend the meetings in a church near her home, but her father refused his permission.

At the age of seventeen she was married to Peter P. Van Cott, who carried on the drug business. When, a few years later, he died, she took possession of his business and conducted it successfully. One day, after pausing some time before the old Methodist Church in John Street, [she determined to devote herself to the Lord's service. Uniting with the Duane Street Church, she at once began to relate her experience and to exhort. It was not long before her extreme piety and her fitness for the work attracted the attention of the clergy; and the Rev. Mr. Battersby was more than gratified when she offered to assist in his Five Points Mission labors. It is said that when the missionary preached his hearers were few, but when she took charge of the services every seat was occupied. Then she traveled about the country for a considerable time in the interest of her business, but carrying on her exhortations at every opportunity. Her efforts were rewarded by so many conversions that in 1868 she abandoned business altogether and devoted her energies exclusively to the work of revival preaching. As she keeps lists of her converts in each place where she labors, she has no difficulty in organizing praying-bands to carry on the work when she has departed to other fields.

Mrs. Van Cott was regularly licensed to preach, and was specially commended by the late Bishop Gilbert Haven, who, shortly before his death, said of her: "She is without doubt to-day the most popular, laborious and successful preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. She has more calls, does more work and wins more souls than any of her brethren, and she does this by her genius and her faith."

To this opinion we add the more enthusiastic one of the venerable Dr. Whedon: "The world has seen flaming evangelists, but never before of her sex. A Chrysostom, whose magic oratory endowed him with the title of 'silver-tongued'; a Bossuet, whose thrall over an audience was complete; a John Knox, who prayed, 'Lord, give me Scotland or I die'; a Whitfield, who preached to audiences of forty thousand persons—all these were rivals of him of Tarsus; but never before has a woman entered upon this arena save Mrs. Van Cott, and surely her success has been as marvelous as theirs."

Another woman who has attained much celebrity in the pulpit is Mrs. Phebe A. Hannaford, a native of the Island of Nantucket, where she was born in 1829. She engaged early in literary pursuits, and wrote poems, sketches, biographies, editorials, histories, lectures and sermons with marvelous facility. Of the score of volumes she has published, one was a prize story, "The Soldier's Daughter," with which almost every Sunday School attendant is acquainted. Her "Life of Lincoln" reached a sale of 20,000 copies, 5,000 being issued in the German language; and her Life of George Peabody had a run of 15,000.

She preached her first sermon in 1865, in the schoolhouse at Siasconset, on her native island. Three years later she was ordained as pastor of the Universalist Church at Hingham, Mass., being the first woman regularly ordained in that State. In 1869 she added the parish in Waltham to her pastoral charge, and preached alternately for a year in Waltham and Hingham. She settled in New Haven, Conn., in 1870, the Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., of New York, preaching the installation sermon, and in 1874 she accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Church of the Good Shepherd, on the Heights of Jersey City, at a salary of $2,500 per annum. During the three years of her engagement the church tripled its membership, and the Sunday-school grew from thirty to nearly two hundred persons. At the close of her term there was a majority of three votes against re-engaging her, and upon her retirement the best portion of the parish and the majority of the trustees, deacons and Sunday-school accompanied her to the place of worship which she temporarily rented in Library Hall.

One of Mrs. Hannaford's best friends in the early days of her pastoral work was Miss Olympia Brown, who, in 1866, invited Mrs. Hannaford to preach in the pulpit at South Canton, Mass., then occupied by her on a brief appointment. Shortly after, Mrs. Hannaford went to Weymouth, and officiated in Miss Brown's own pulpit, while the latter made a visit to the church at Hingham. When

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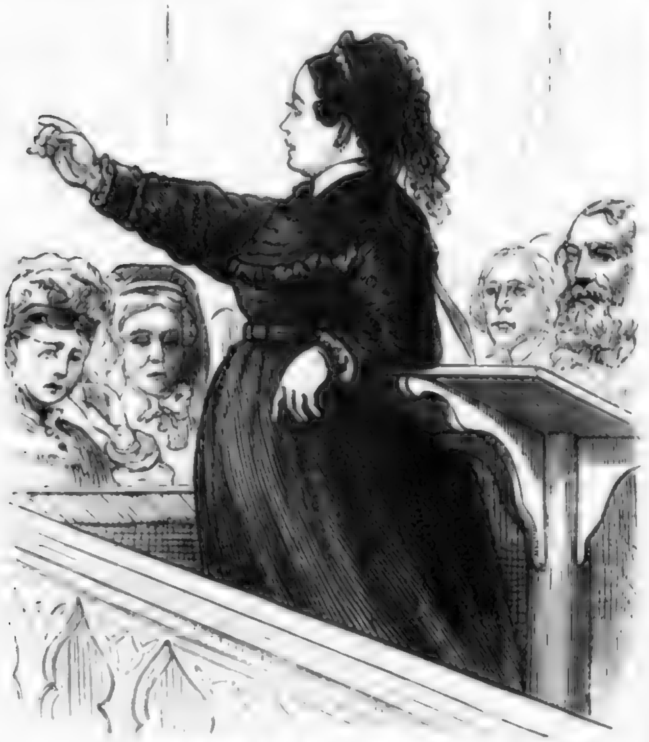
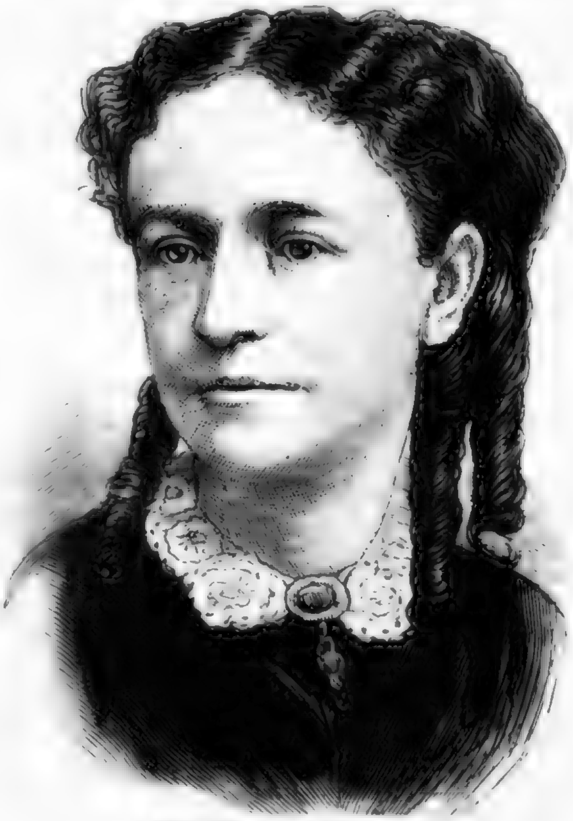


MRS. MAGGIE VAN COTT, REVIVALIST.

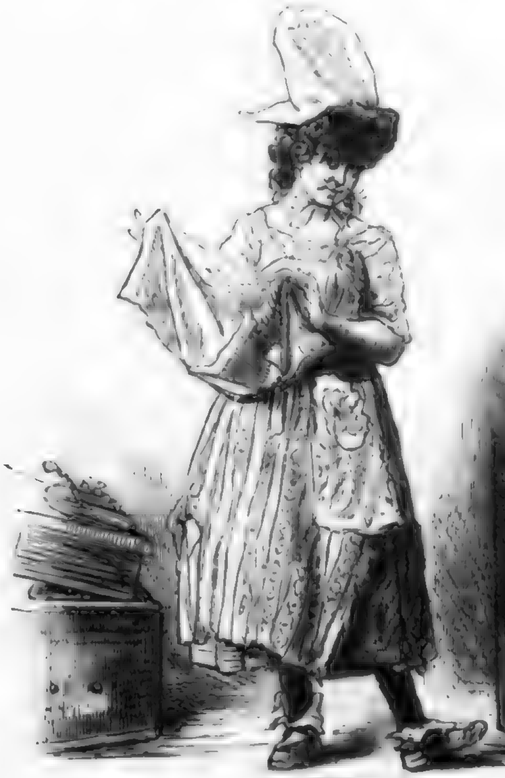


REV. PHEBE A. HANNAFORD.

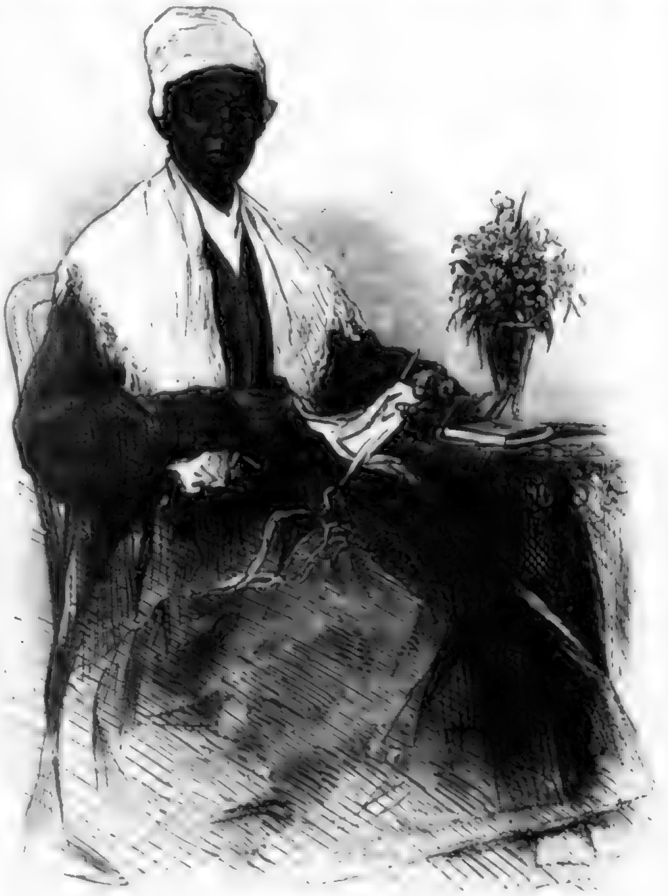
Mrs. Hannaford was ordained, Miss Brown gave her the hand of fellowship, and when she was installed pastor of the church at Hingham, February 19th, 1868, the same woman preached the formal sermon.

The venerable Lucretia Mott, who passed her eighty-seventh birthday on the 3d of January last, became a preacher when she was twenty-six years old. She was one of the first abolitionists, and has always been a zealous member of the Society of Friends. She ascribes her longevity, with excellent bodily and mental health, to her simple mode of living, her continual self-restraint and her constant intellectual activity.

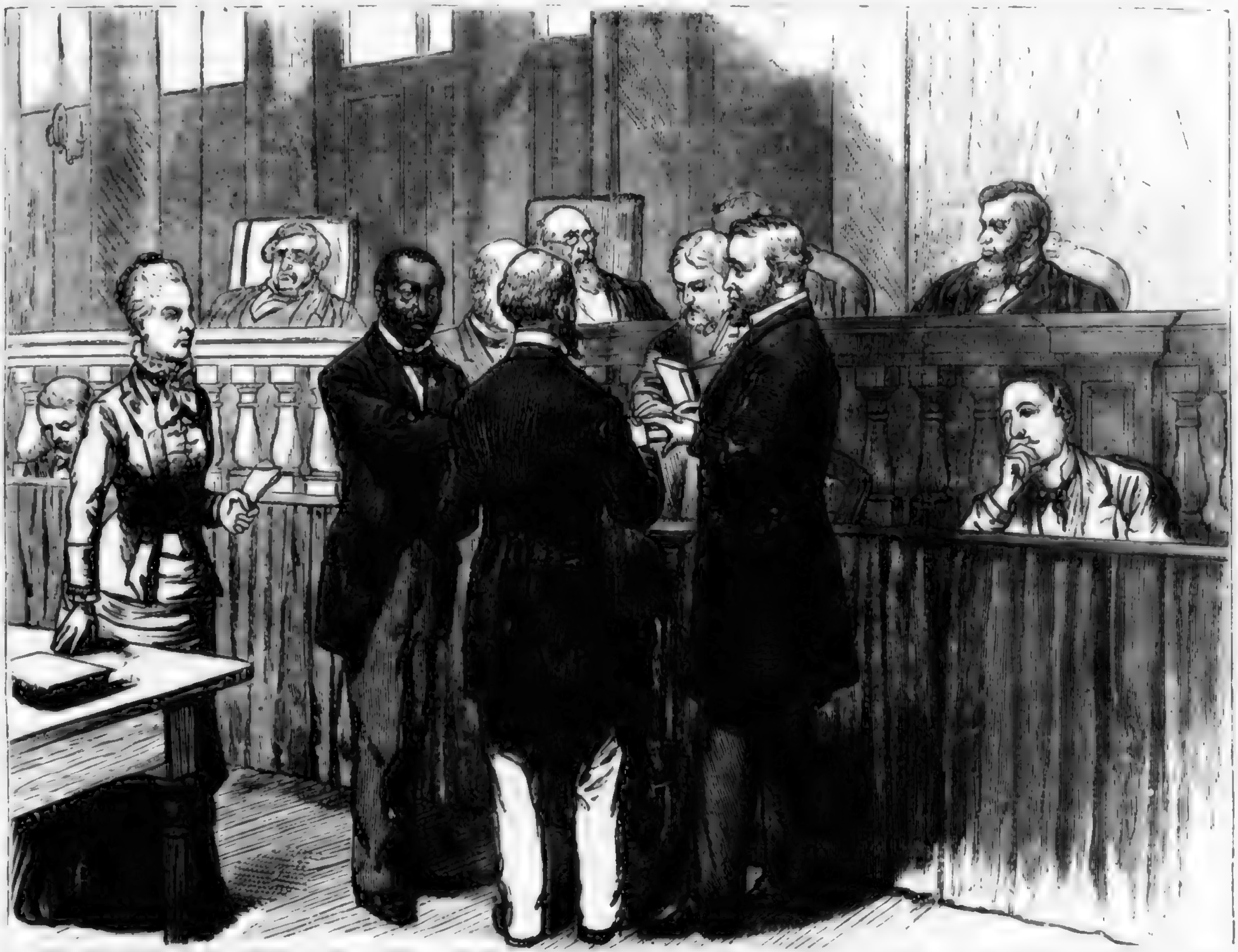
In this connection we must not neglect mention of the Rev. Anna Oliver, who for years was known as the "girl preacher." She was born in New York City, graduated from the Rutgers Female College, on Fifth Avenue, and afterward at the Theological School of the Boston University (Methodist), being the first female pupil ever admitted to that school. Soon after graduating from the latter institution—June, 1876—she took charge of the First Methodist Church at Passaic, N. J., where she remained a year. She is now pastor of the Willoughby Avenue Methodist Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y. She prefers pastoral to evangelical labor. Besides being a capital



MISS CHARLOTTE CRABTREE—"LOTTA."



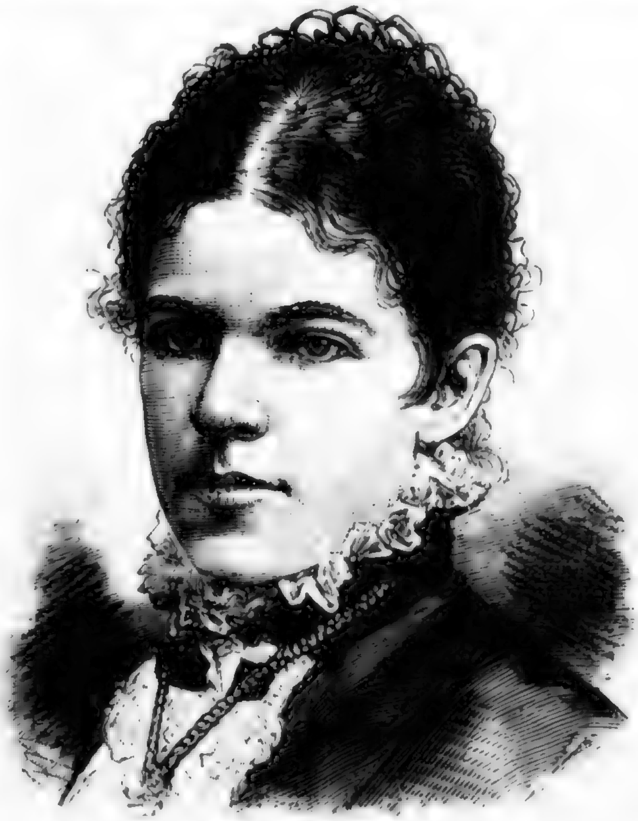
SOJOURNER TRUTH.



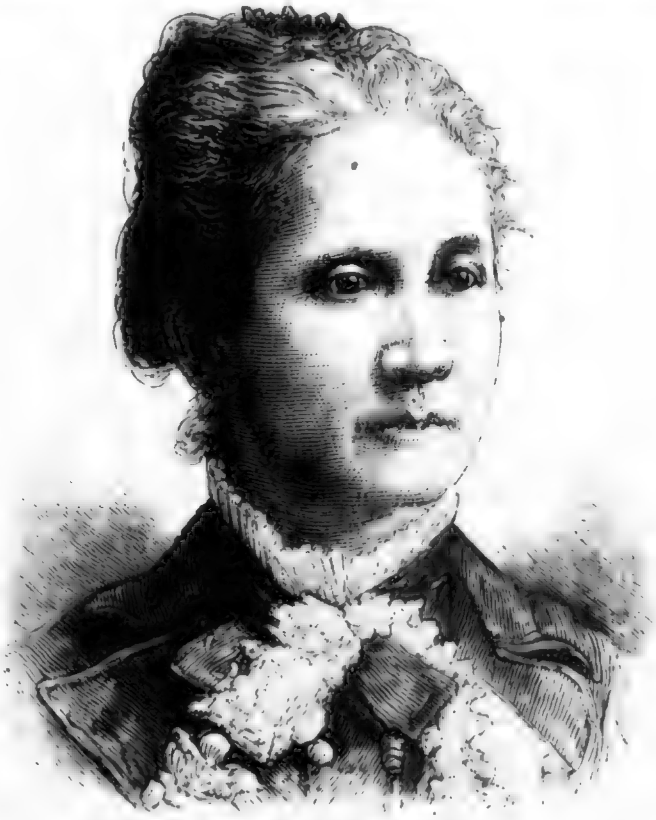
MRS. LOCKWOOD MOVING FOR THE ADMISSION OF THE FIRST COLORED LAWYER IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

speaker, she is an accomplished artist in oil and water-colors, and in decorative work.

In the Winter of 1871–72, quite an excitement was created in the ecclesiastical world by the action of the Presbytery in officially "investigating" the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, for permitting a woman, Miss Sarah F. Smiley, the gifted Quakeress preacher, to address his congregation. At the close of the War she had



MRS. MARY J. YOUNG.



MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

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volunteered as a missionary to the emancipated slaves of the South; she had been honored by the British "Yearly Meeting" of the Orthodox Friends with the fullest membership during a visit to England, and she had preached from Methodist, Baptist and Congregational pulpits in this country. Dr. Cuyler had spoken to a Friends' revival meeting at her solicitation, and at his invitation she in return occupied his pulpit, and spoke to a very large audience. The Presbytery could scarcely bring itself to censure a pastor so popular, learned and faithful as Dr. Cuyler, neither did it dare put itself on record by pronouncing against Miss Smiley; so, after a lengthy discussion, the Presbytery adopted a resolution simply calling attention to the rules of the General Assembly:

> "To teach and exhort or to lead in prayer in public and promiscuous assemblies, is clearly forbidden to women in the Holy Oracles."

This attack upon Dr. Cuyler, and through him upon the Quakeress, very justly increased the popularity of both; and although Miss Smiley naturally shrinks from all that savors of notoriety profitless to her mission, she has since sought to carry on her evangelical labors in fields where she is not likely to encounter such formal obstacles.

The number of American women who are recognized as great actresses is really small. Each critic has already formed his or her opinion on the question of superiority, and, therefore, the order in which we give the brief notes on the women we have selected as types of this class will not be considered indicative of their relative rank.

One of the best known who have risen to acknowledged distinction by force of genius and downright hard work is Mrs. Harriot, known to theatre-goers as Miss Clara Morris. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1843, and made her *début* when but fifteen years of age. After but four seasons she became "juvenile lady," and held this position for some time, during which she acted many leading parts, filling all the lines of dramatic business from broad comedy to heavy tragedy. In 1869 she took the part of "leading lady" in Cincinnati, and it was while playing there that she attracted the attention of Manager Daly, who brought her to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York City, the following season. The sudden illness of another lady forced her to assume, upon short notice, the *rôle* of *Anne Sylvester* in "Man and Wife," and this character afforded the first opportunity for displaying her innate dramatic abilities. She found herself at once famous as an emotional, sentimental, pathetic actress. Since her introduction to a New York audience she has gratified it by appearing in "Article 47," in which her acting as the mad creature, who is the real heroine of the piece, took the city by storm; in the "Geneva Cross," in "Miss Moulton," the French adaptation of "East Lynne," and in "Alixe."

On being once asked why she did not restrain her power while acting, she replied, "I do not know when I cry. I lose myself in my characters, and it is the sorrow born of them that makes me weep. Of course, it exhausts me, but I recuperate from it." Her private life is charming, sympathetic and unassuming. Although a great physical sufferer, her figure is graceful, her manners easy and dignified.

Miss Mary Anderson represents more truly the school of tragedy, and, yet in her young day, she has exhibited a wonderful variety of talent. She is a native of California, although she considers Louisville, Ky., her artistic birthplace. "There I learned to love acting and to try to act." In 1875 she made her *début* in the play of "Romeo and Juliet." She says of herself at this period: "I had a tremendous voice, and, like most beginners, I supposed that shouting was acting, and I tell you I made Louisville howl when I got excited over my pieces." In the following year she played a regular engagement, and then she made a tour of the South and West. This tour was followed by a second, and at its close she appeared first in Philadelphia and then in Boston. It was not until her *début* in New York, however, that her phenomenal abilities met with the recognition they deserved. Her first appearance here was November 13th, 1877, when she braved a most critical audience in the *rôle* of *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons." From beginning to end her power, fire and freedom from stock mannerisms created a succession of surprises; and when, in turn, this performance gave way to her *Juliet*, in "Romeo and Juliet," and the antipodan *rôle* of *Meg Merrilies*, she was unanimously voted a wonderful, a great actress.

Although for many years she has pleased the public with performances of "Jane Eyre," "The Pearl of Savoy," "The Young Prince," "The French Spy," and other familiar pieces, Mrs. Maggie Mitchell-Paddock is best known as the creator of "Fanchon the Cricket." She is of Scotch parentage, though born in New York in 1832, and she has been on the stage almost from the time she could walk alone. Her first appearances were in children's parts in the Old Bowery. In 1851 she appeared at the Chambers Street Theatre, and soon after began a starring tour of the country. In June, 1862, she produced "Fanchon" for the first time in New York, having leased Laura Keene's Theatre for the purpose. The medium through which she became acquainted with the part was a heavy translation of the German play, but she has made it thoroughly her own, and by it has attained a fame not confined to the United States. An engagement of eighteen years' standing resulted in her marriage in 1868.

Equally well known is the romping, frolicksome "Lotta" (Miss Charlotte Crabtree), whose success on the stage was assured the moment her feet touched it, and whose sprightliness makes it almost impossible to regard her as out of her teens. She was born in 1848, and made her first appearance in Laporte, Cal., when seven years old. She next assumed the *rôle* of *Gertrude* in "The Loan of a Lover," at Petaluma, and on her second night the house was not large enough to hold the people who rushed to hear her. Her *répertoire* includes "The Firefly," "Little Nell," "The Marchioness," "Heart's Ease," "Zip," "The Little Detective," "Musette," and "La Cigale." She is the first girl who ever danced a jig on the stage in this country, the first who ever danced with clogs, and the first who ever played *Topsy* on the Pacific coast. Having begun her career in California, she has always taken great pride in the State and in the City of San Francisco. A few years ago she testified her appreciation of the courtesy with which she had ever been received there, by presenting to the city a drinking-fountain of elegant design and costly manufacture. There was a large display of civic and military people on the occasion.

When speaking of our great actresses, the name of Kate Bateman should not be omitted, although her voice has not been heard among us for several years. Her experience on the stage dates back to childhood. She was born in Baltimore, October 7th, 1842. When five years old she made her *début* with her sister Ellen in Louisville, Ky., in "The Babes in the Woods." The success of the little ones was signal. Season after season they traveled about the country under their father's management, new parts being adapted for them from time to time. After spending two years in Europe they returned to the United States, and Kate retired for study.

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In 1860 she reappeared in the character of *Evangeline*, in a drama written by her mother on the subject of Longfellow's poem ; and in 1862 she played an engagement in New York City, beginning with *Julia* in the "Hunchback," and following that with *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance," *Lady Teazle* in "The School for Scandal," *Juliana* in "The Honeymoon," *Geraldine* in her mother's drama of that name, originally written for Matilda Heron, and *Lady Macbeth*. Her *Leah* was first produced in Boston, and met with such success that for several years she starred the country with it.

In the Fall of 1863 her father took her to London, where she sustained the *rôle* of *Leah* for two hundred and eleven nights in succession. After making two tours of England, Scotland and Ireland, she reappeared in New York in 1866 for six weeks, and followed this engagement with one in Boston. In October of that year she was married to Dr. George Crowe, an English gentleman. Since her marriage, she has played several engagements, mainly in London and Liverpool, retiring at length to her residence near Bristol, England.

The name of Clara Louise Kellogg has been a familiar one in operatic circles in this country and in Europe for twenty years. She is a native of Sumter, S. C., where she was born of New England parentage, in 1842. Her first public appearance was in the Academy of Music, New York, in 1860, but it was not until the following year, when she appeared as *Gilda*, in "Rigoletto," that she attracted attention as a singer of great promise. She then devoted four years to uninterrupted study, and in the season of 1864–65 she boldly came before the public as *Margherita*, in "Faust," in which *rôle* she vindicated her title to be regarded as one of the best artists of her time. Her success was none the less flattering in "Crispino," in "The Barber of Seville," "La Sonnambula" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which she appeared during the ensuing two years.

In 1867 she made her *début* as *Margherita*, in London, when she was subjected to a critical comparison with Patti —who had appeared in the same *rôle* but a short time previously—with Lucca, Nilsson and other *prime donne;* but her triumph was generously conceded. The next year she returned to the States, and sang until 1874, when she revisited England for a brief season, coming back to organize a troupe and make a tour of American cities. She is invariably attended by her mother, who is said to design all her costumes, superintend her dressing, and stand ever ready behind the scenes, with wrap in hand, to fold about her as she leaves the stage.

The career of Annie Louise Cary, the popular contralto, has also been successful to a remarkable degree. Born in Wayne, Me., in 1842, she was a member of the quartet choir at Dr. Bedford's church, in Boston, when eighteen. With this choir, and those of Dr. Lowell's and Dr. Huntington's churches, she sang two years each, at the same time studying with the best teachers of Boston. After a brief season of concert-singing throughout New England, she went to Italy in 1866, and spent two years in study at Milan. Her *début* as a professional singer was with an Italian troupe in Copenhagen, whence she went to Stockholm, where the American Minister presented her to the King of Sweden.

The next eighteen months were spent in Germany, in study, except that during the opera season she returned to Copenhagen. Her services were also in request from time to time at concerts in Hamburg, Brussels and other German cities, and she also sang at Christiana, in Norway.

While continuing her study in Paris, she attracted the attention of Mr. Strakosch, who persuaded her to appear in London. Her success there was so prompt and thorough that it led to the engagement to visit this country with Christine Nilsson. The reception of these singers in New York, in September, 1870, was as hearty as deserving artists could desire, and the laurel wreaths of that first home triumph have been worn each year by Miss Cary with greater right.

Mrs. Ernest Gye, *née* Emma La Jeunesse, but better known as Mlle. Albani, although born in Canada, spent so much of her young life in New York State that it may justly claim her as one of its great singers. When twelve years of age she improvised readily, composed several pieces, and began teaching music. It was to save her from convent life that her father moved across the border. For some years she taught music in Plattsburg, Saratoga and Albany, and subsequently became organist in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in the latter city. In 1868 she gave a concert, by which a large sum of money was realized, and with this she went to Paris, where she remained two years with Duprez, who sent her to Lamperti, at Milan, when she had finished her course with him. In the Summer of 1870, under the name of Mlle. Albani, chosen in honor of the City of Albany, she appeared in the opera "La Sonnambula," at Messina, and added to her *répertoire* the chefs-d'œuvre of Italian opera. Her London *début* was in 1873, at Covent Garden, and her American in the fall of 1874, at the Academy of Music, New York. She is very fond of Wagner's music, and many critics regard her *Elsa*, in "Lohengrin," as the finest of all her impersonations.

Miss Minnie Hauk, who appeared in January last as *Katharine*, in an English version of Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, is a native of New York City, where she delighted thousands during Col. Mapleson's memorable season of 1878–79. She was born November 6th, 1853, and, like Mrs. Gye, made her first appearance as *Amina*, in "La Sonnambula," at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1868. During that season she essayed the *rôle* of the heroine in "Romeo and Juliet." A tour of the States followed her *début*, and in October of the same year she made her bow to the London public. Her *Amina* was succeeded by *Zerlina*, in "Don Giovanni," and *Margherita*, in "Faust." In the interval of ten years between her first and second appearances in London she pursued her professional career on the Continent, visiting nearly all the chief cities where opera is an established institution, and singing, as circumstances required, in French, Italian, German or Spanish, with no less ease and fluency than English in her native land. She has made herself thorough mistress of a *répertoire* embracing almost every opera of note, classic or modern, from Mozart down to Wagner.

To this galaxy of operatic favorites the great West has contributed a soprano of vast natural gifts and high promise, Miss Emma Abbott, who has not yet found it necessary to Italianize her name. She is a native of Milwaukee, Wis. When she made her first appearance on any stage, in London, as *Maria*, in "La Figlia del Reggimento," the *News* of that city said of her: "Considering the inexperience of the singer, her acting and general stage bearing were truly remarkable, abounding in vivacity and animation, while free from awkwardness or exaggeration. Her occasional by-play, too, was excellent, and (rare power with a novice) Miss Abbott can preserve, when requisite, an attitude of perfect calm and repose." She studied both at Milan and Paris, having been sent to Europe in 1872 by a number of ladies and gentlemen connected with the Church of the Divine Paternity, of New York City, in the choir of which she had been singing.

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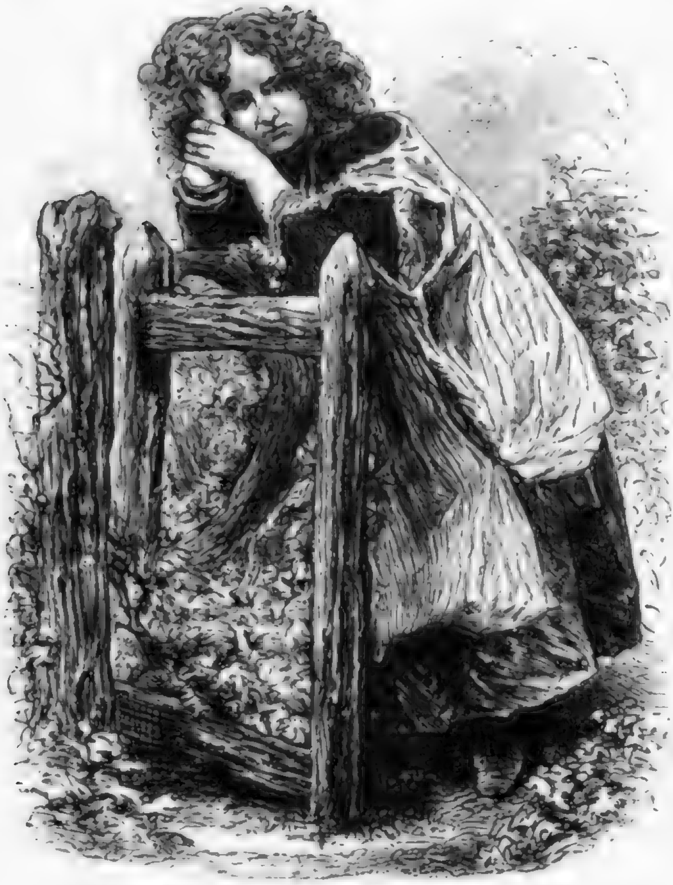
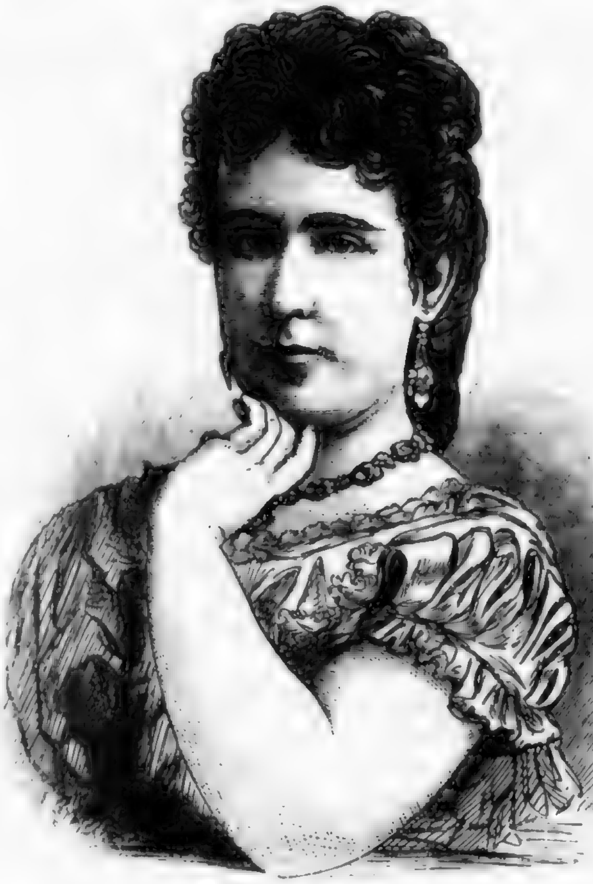
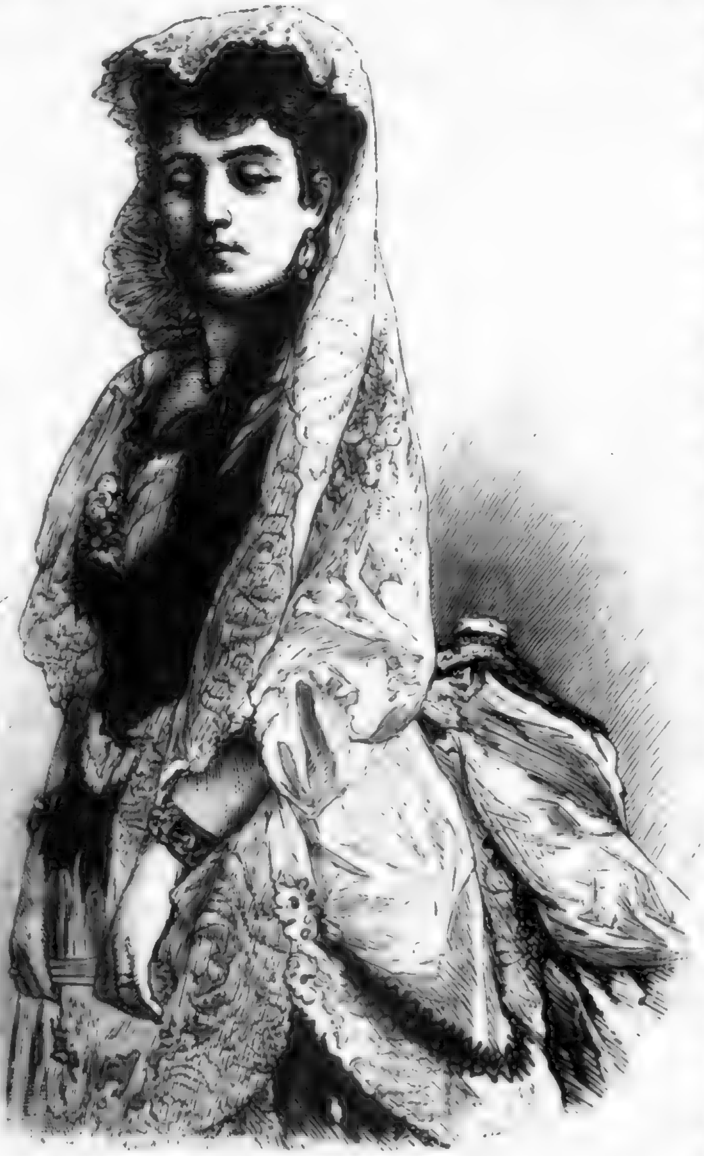


MAGGIE MITCHELL AS "FANCHON."



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

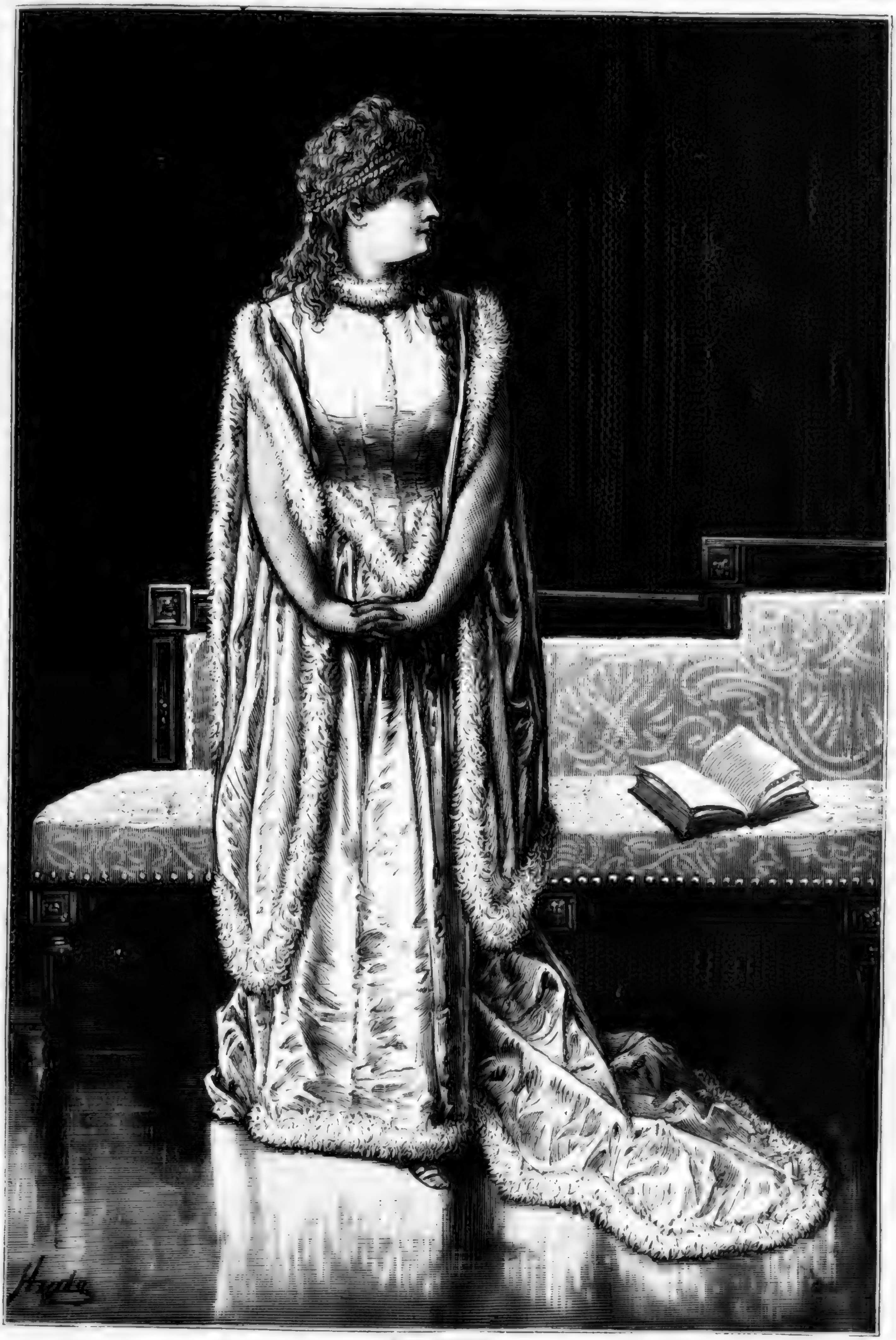
Miss Emma Thursby, born in Brooklyn, N.Y., November 17th, 1857, has had marked success as a singer in oratorios and miscellaneous concerts, but she does not like opera, and will not undertake it. She has studied with Meyer, Errani and Mme. Rudersdorf in this country, and Lamperti and San Giovanni in Italy. Before going abroad she had sung in the choirs of Dr. Porter's church in Brooklyn and Dr. Taylor's in New York, receiving at the latter the high salary of $3,000 per annum. After studying oratorios in Boston, she secured phenomenal successes at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society and the Crystal Palace in London and those of the Colonne and Pasdeloup in Paris. The past Winter she traveled throughout the United States, and this Summer she expects to begin a European tour in England, where she is an immense favorite.



CLARA MORRIS.

Like Miss Thursby, Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, born in Hartford, Conn., but now a resident of New York City, has devoted herself exclusively to the concert stage. Her instructors were Steffanoni, Barili and Vannuccini of Italy, and Duprez of Paris, and she has sung in the choirs of several churches in Boston, with the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, with Theodore Thomas, Miss Phillipps, Miss Kellogg, and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club.

The higher the order of intellect with which one is brought in contact, the less one has to fear; true goodness is all charity, and true genius is the least presumptuous.



MARY ANDERSON.

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HOW MAY PINK BECAME THE RICHEST GIRL IN CHESTER.

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger."

Yes! many a one have I seen die. Many a man, many a woman, and no end of children, boys and girls. It is not often you find a person who isn't afraid. Few grown-up people are content to quit, letting alone the poor scared little folks. I have talked with men half an hour before they died—well, I may say, up to the last minute. They were pretty much all afraid. I don't wonder! I am afraid to die myself, but I am not afraid to be dead. It is the *operation;* and when you come close to it a horror takes hold, takes hold hard. There was Colonel Thorne, now—a brave man, I should say one of the bravest men in the town of Chester, fought like a lion in the war of 1812—my wife and I took care of him all his last sickness. I got three dollars a night and my wife two dollars a day. That was good pay—ought to satisfy any reasonable man and woman. They didn't mind the money. The squire said to me, "Take good care of him"—they were own brothers, and he was sick at the squire's house—"take good care of him," says the squire; "sleep all day if you like; I shall not stint you when we come to settle." That is the right talk when a friend is sick.

"What about the colonel?"

Oh, the colonel! He had a long pull of it; fought off stoutly; was determined he wouldn't die. I saw it was no use; he didn't see it—he wouldn't see it. One morning, just at daylight, he beckoned me to him.

"Amos," says he, in a hoarse whisper, "I've got to go!"

"I guess not this time, colonel," says I. "Keep up good courage."

"I've got to go," he whispered again.

Then I saw the *horror* was on him. He wilted right down after that. Well, I won't go into particulars; he died that very night.

"But pious people?"

Pious! What do you call pious? They are few. The Lord says they are few. I took care of Deacon Lewis—typhus fever. We all calculated he would pull through; doctor thought so. In fact, he did pull through, but took a relapse. Before that, he kept saying how resigned he was to God's will; he told the minister so every day, and the minister would pray with him, and all the folks talked what a Christian Deacon Lewis was. *I* knew the deacon wasn't calculating to die. *I* could tell. When the relapse took him—— He had been talking the day before about getting his clothes on, and had sat up a good deal too long; I told him so; but visitors came to see him, and he did not mind what the doctor said, nor what I said, neither —— Where was I?

"About the relapse?"

Yes; it took him a little after midnight. The deacon called me. You see, he was so much better he did not need quite so close watching. I was sitting in a chair, in a light doze, by the bed. I sprang up quick.

"Do you want anything?" says I.

"Amos," says he, "I don't feel well."

His voice trembled, and I thought perhaps he had been dreaming or something.

"I guess you are a little nervous," says I; "overdone a little. You have slept pretty well, haven't you?"

"Amos," says the deacon, "send for Dr. Lynn."

"Why, Deacon Lewis——"

"Send right away. Wake up Reuben, and tell him to make haste."

I started Reuben, and called up Mrs. Lewis, who slept in the next room, and she called the girls. Nobody knew exactly what it was all for, only the deacon kept saying, "I don't feel well." I couldn't do anything. The women got round the bed and began crying, and after a while in came the doctor. He was taken aback, and no mistake. He just set eyes on the sick man, and said, "Too many folks in the room." When they went out, he bent over and examined him a minute. Says he:

"Deacon Lewis, you are a calm-minded, Christian man. If there is anything particular requires attending to, you should not delay it."

"What do you mean, doctor—what *do* you mean? You don't mean I am going to die? Tell me you don't mean it!"

You see, the doctor kind of hesitated, and the deacon kept pushing him, until at last the doctor said:

"I must not deceive you."

"Where is Mr. Bliss?—somebody go for Mr. Bliss!" screamed the deacon.

He was the minister, and lived next door. We got him there in a few minutes. There was such a time! Never want to see another such—never! The deacon got hold of the minister's hand, and says he:

"Pray for me, pray quick—pray with all your might! Wrestle with the Lord! I want to get well; I want to do good! Doctor, don't let me die!"

He was a dead man ten minutes after.

"But as to really pious people? You say they are few, but they do exist?"

That I am willing to admit; though giving up because you have got to is one thing, and being resigned in a godly way is another. That's what I think. But I do allow there be real pious people, who find it is all right from the start, and who act up to it and never vary. It is a comfort to be with them. They go in peace. They *do* go in peace; I have minded that.

"You were saying something about children?"

Ah, the children, poor innocent little creatures! They are frightened easy; greatly frightened sometimes. But when they get very sick they don't seem to be afraid, like grown folks. They are more quiet, more resigned like—don't fret so much. Said I to one sweet, pretty dear, about ten years old, who was very restless, just before she died:

"Don't be afraid, you will be better soon."

That's the way we always talk, you know.

"Oh," said she, "I am not afraid. I am going where ma is!"

Now, that is what I call faith. I tell you, the children have the advantage; the Lord says so.

"And women?"

In course, I have not seen women as my wife has, but I am almost always called in when there is a change. As a general rule, they are believers. They love to believe, and a man doesn't. That is about it. They will listen quiet to what the minister says, and a man is restless and asks questions. There is no denying it, they are a better lot than we are. I have always said so.

"You said something about cantankerous people?"

Yes. I had old Elnathan Sage in my mind. "Old El," they used to call him, and some of the wicked boys would put an H before the E. Don't you know, as we came along, you asked me whose place that was set back from the road, where a sweet, pretty girl passed through the gate, and I told you she was the mistress of the whole concern, with ever so much bank-stock and five-twenties?

"Yes."

I will tell you a story about that. This Elnathan Sage

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was the hardest old customer in the county—the richest man, too. He had been a wild boy, ran away from his father two or three times. When the old man died, he settled down steady, and paid attention to a very nice girl. She was poor, but Elnathan owned a good farm, free and clear. I was a boy then, and remember all about it. After a while he stopped keeping company with her. Then came a scandal—you know what I mean? The girl got all the blame, poor thing! and Elnathan walked about, head up, just as if nothing had happened. Next year he married Squire Pinneo's daughter. The squire was the richest man in the place, and she an only child, homely as a hedgehog, and five years older than Elnathan—some said seven years.

When Squire Pinneo died, it made Elnathan a very rich man. He and his wife were dreadful avaricious, and the only thing they agreed in was in saving and piling up money. They quarreled like cats and dogs all the time. The old woman was more than a match for Elnathan, and could drive him out of the house whenever she liked, and that was pretty much every day in the year. They had no children, and the consequence was they quarreled about where the property should go. Gracious, how they did quarrel! The fact is, Elnathan wanted the property to go to his relations, and his wife was determined it should go to hers.

At last Lawyer Jones settled this plan between them: He got them both to make a will, each one leaving everything to the other.

"Now," says the lawyer, "try and be peaceable, and live as long as you can; and the one who lives the longest takes the whole."

"Agreed!" says Elnathan.

"Agreed!" says his wife.

You see, Elnathan had an idea, as his wife was so much older, he would outlive her, sure; and his wife, knowing Elnathan was subject to bad spells, while she was as tough as a knot, wasn't a bit afraid.

It ran on so ten or a dozen years, till—well, it is just three years ago this Fall—they were both taken down with the fever. It was very bad that season—kind of spotted fever, the doctors called it; very cold Summer, frost every month, and warm rains and hot sun in September—I guess you remember it.

Elnathan lay in one room, and his wife in another. I and my wife took care of them. Everybody in town knew about the will, and as it was pretty much decided that neither of them could get well, folks were talking and laughing and guessing which would last the longest, for nobody cared whether they lived or died.

Elnathan was a dreadful wicked old creature. He could curse and swear worse than any man I ever heard. His wife was a church-member, but her scolding, I have heard folks say, was worse than Elnathan's swearing. She had the minister called in as soon as she took sick. He came every day to pray with her. When he came the old man would make me shut the door, so he couldn't hear, and he would go on awful till the minister was gone.

One day, as he was going out of the front door, Elnathan says to me:

"Tell Mr. Bliss I want to see him."

I was half scared to death, for he had been cursing worse than usual.

"Tell Mr. Bliss I want to see him," says he again.

I ran after the minister and did the errand.

He came right back and went into the room. Says he:

"Mr. Sage, I am glad to find you want to set your mind on serious things."

"That's a fact, parson," says the old man.

"Do you feel prepared for the great journey?" said the minister.

"Parson," says the other, "before we speak of preparation, I would like to hear where the journey leads to. I will make you a square offer: I will give you half my farm if you will tell me where I am going to."

"'Tain't yours to give, El!" screamed a voice from the other room—"'Tain't yours to give!"

The old man didn't heed the interruption, but kept looking the minister in the face.

He answered solemnly:

"Mr. Sage, what you ask is known only to God."

"Then why ——— —— do you come sneaking around, pretending to be wiser than your neighbors, you—— ?"

The minister was out of the room before the old man could finish the sentence. Then he chuckled, and, says he:

"I think I have done for him."

That night he was very bad, and raved awful. I could not stand it. Says I:

"Mr. Sage, I guess you want to outlive Mrs. Sage, don't you?"

"What's that to you?" says he.

"If you calculate on outliving her," says I, "you had better quit swearing and exciting yourself."

"Amos," says he, with an oath, "you are right. It's a good dodge. You be sure to tell your wife I have quit, and she will tell the old woman, who will know by that, certain, I can't live twenty-four hours, and then she will die, sure."

It is a strange thing to tell, but he did stop, and when his wife heard of it, she said:

"El must be near his end."

Her mind wandered after that, and in thirty-six hours she died, pretty much as the old fellow had said. The very minute the breath was out of her body, the old man called me close to him—he was nearly gone himself. Says he:

"Amos, tell your wife to come to me, and go yourself and fetch the doctor, Lawyer Jones and the parson—all three. Don't bring any separate, but all together, if it takes the whole day; and tell Lawyer Jones to bring my will with him."

I did just what he told me; and as it was dinner-time, I had the three there in less than an hour. The minister was loath to go, but the others persuaded him. When they were all in the room, the old man got them close around the bed. Says he:

"Doctor, I have some business to attend to. I am very sick. Let Amos give me half a tablespoonful of brandy, with a little water."

The doctor nodded, and I gave it to him.

"Doctor, is my wife dead?" said Elnathan.

"She is," answered the doctor.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Have you brought my will?"

"Here it is," said the lawyer.

The old man tore the paper in pieces.

"I call you to witness," said he, "to my free act and deed. Now, Amos, you feel in my pockets somewhere, and get the key to my desk and open it."

I did so.

"Unlock the left-hand small drawer, take it out, and bring it to me."

I did that.

"I have called you three together," says the old man, "because I would not trust either of you separately as far as I could swing a bull by the tail. I don't believe you

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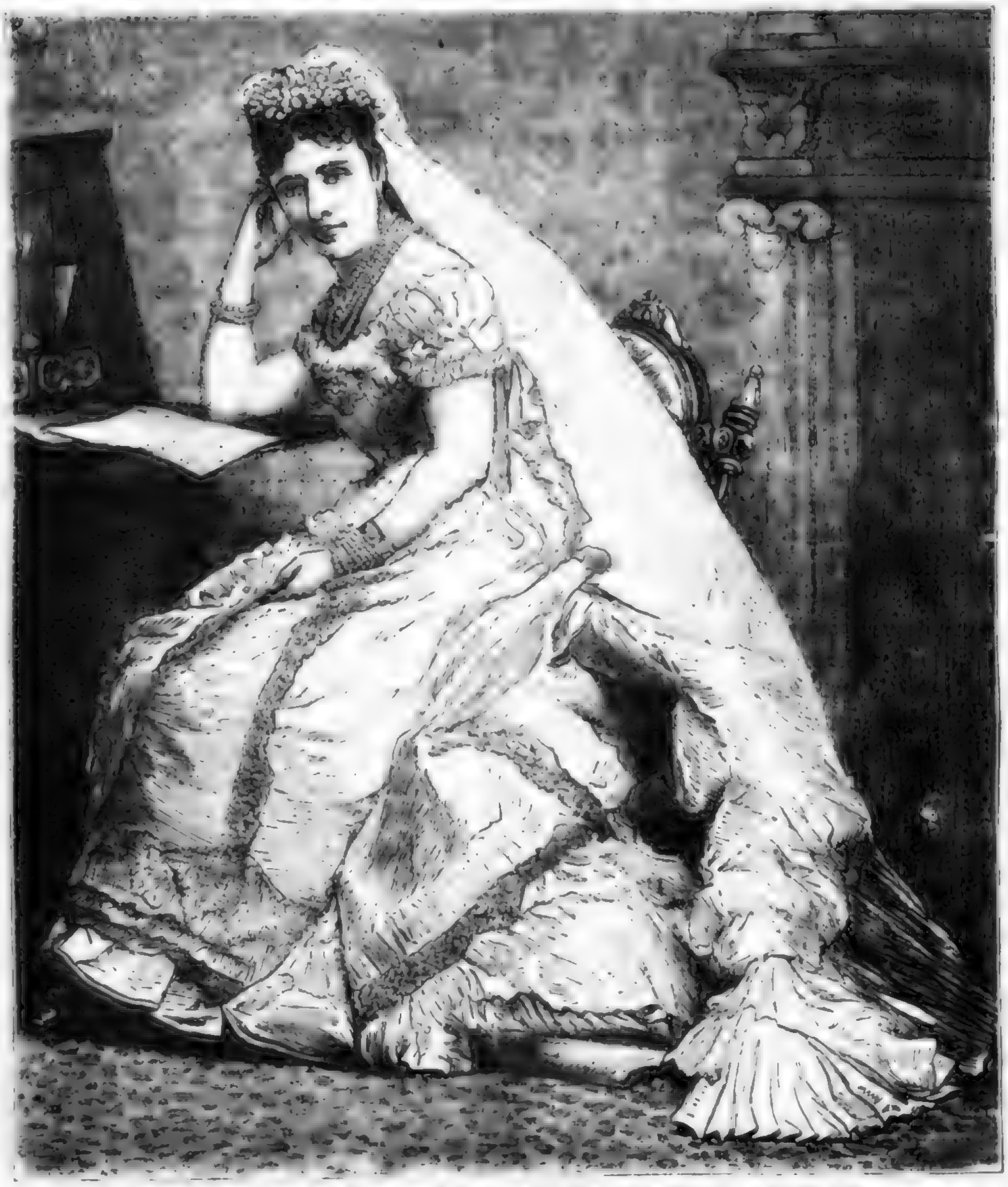
will ever agree well enough, considering Amos and his wife are looking on, to swindle extensive. Lawyer, what's that paper?"

"It appears to be a marriage license," said Lawyer Jones.

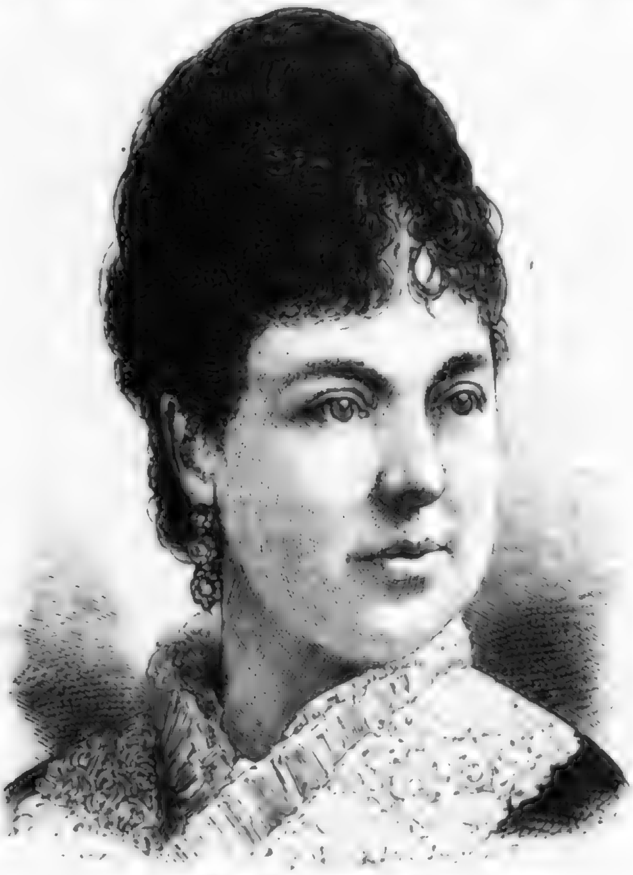
"And what is that?" says the old man, handing him another. "Read it out."

"It is a certificate of marriage between Elnathan Sage and Polly Freeland."

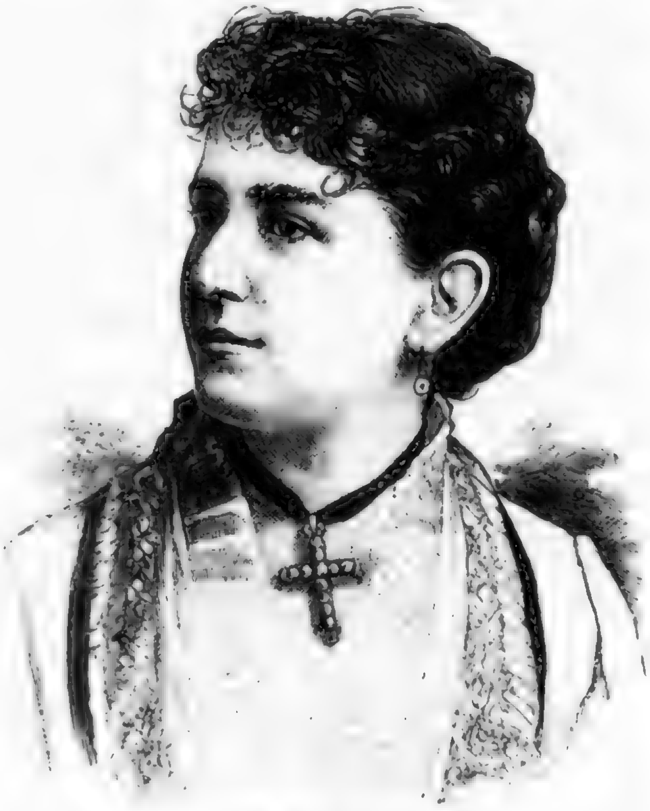
"Just so. I married the girl—couldn't get along without. Got away her certificate; told her it was a sham; gave her a couple of hundred dollars, and sent her off. We were married in another State, and she thought her child was—no matter what. She didn't live long. The child grew up and married Asa Pinkerton, and had a daughter they named Mary, after her grandmother—you know who she is. When her parents died, the widow Lamb adopted her. The girl has grown to be so fresh and handsome, folks call her May Pink, instead of Mary Pinkerton; and a May pink she is, and these papers will make her the richest person



SOME REMARKABLE AMERICAN WOMEN.—MLLE. ALBANI.—SEE PAGE 145.



MRS. ANNA GRANGER DOW.



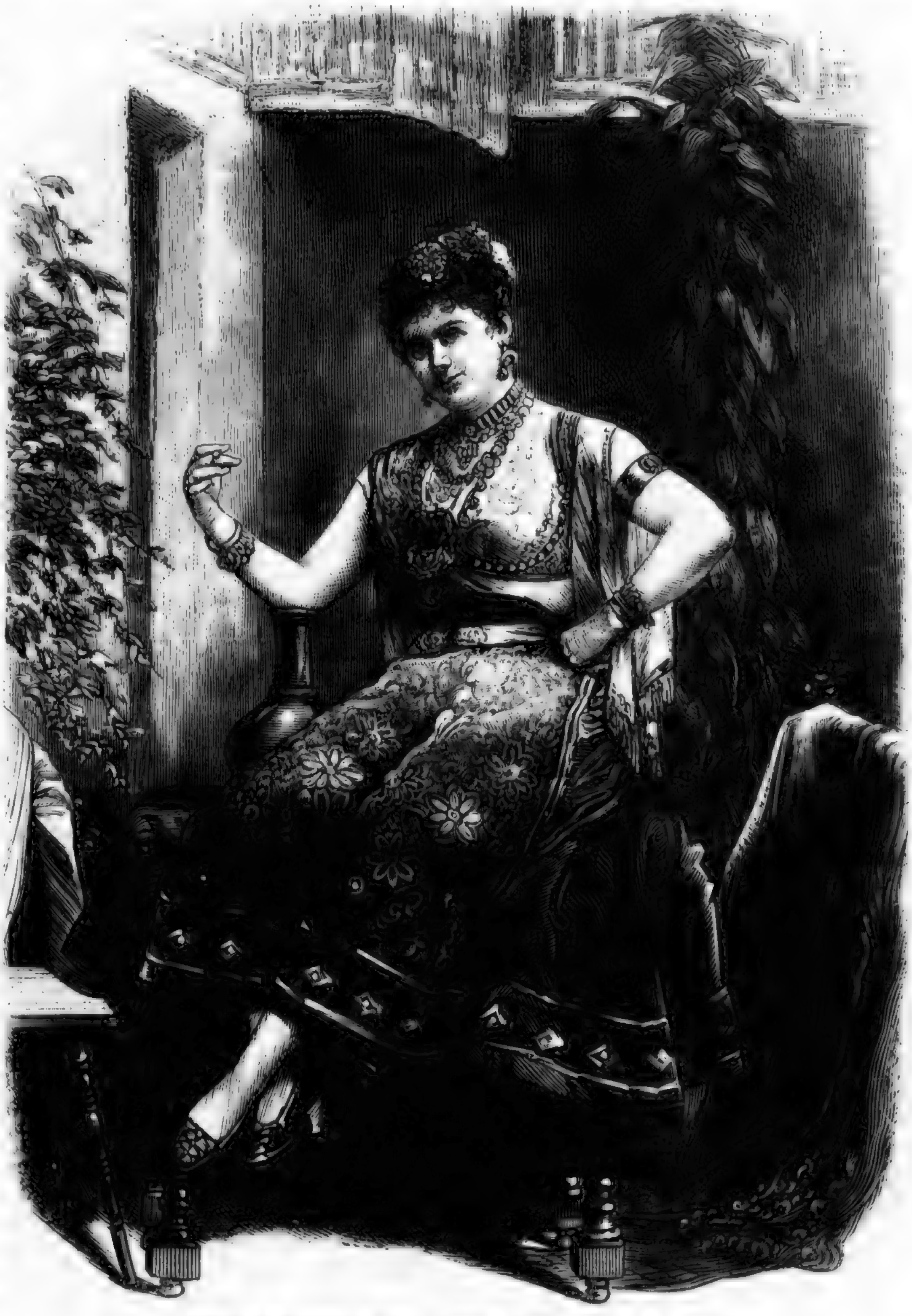
MISS EMMA THURSBY.

in the county; and she is my lawful granddaughter, by ——! Give me another half-spoonful of brandy. I have had a hard tussle with the old woman all my life. Lately it has been nip and tuck, but I was too much for her—not a great sight to spare, though. That is all I want to say. Just leave me alone now."

The old man lasted till about four in the morning, and died with an oath on his lips. It was a terrible business, and I never quite got over it.

"And May Pink?"

Ah, she is a lovely creature! You must try to get another look at her—just nineteen. She has the whole property; took the Widow Lamb home with her to the big house; gave me and my wife fifty dollars apiece extra. She is a lovely creature, indeed! Folks say she is going to marry Frank Staples; he is the most promising young man in all this northern country. It will be a splendid team if they do get married. Won't you sit longer? Well, don't forget next time you come to Chester to give me a call—that is, unless I have moved.



MINNIE HAUK, PRIMA DONNA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

AN ADVENTURE IN A FOREST.

By James Payn.

I was sitting, two years ago, with an American lady and her husband, in one of the cool parlors of "Botham's" at Salt Hill—that fine old inn, which, though it had had its day, still up to that date maintained its dignity. I was telling them how, in the "King's Room," above-stairs, the allied monarchs with old Blücher had dined together, and how, every year, old King George III. or jolly King William had been wont, at Montem time, to visit the hospitable place, when the air rang with boyish shouts and the full-foliaged garden was gay with Greek and Albanian, with Turk and Spaniard, with admiral and post-captain, all in duodecimo editions. The old-world legends of the place, and, above all, the literary air, blown across from Stoke Pogis (Gray's burial-place), not two miles away, delighted my transatlantic friends, and, indeed, we all three were having a "good time" at Botham's, and naturally enough, perhaps, we began talking about old English inns.

"Now, the inn of all others I should like to see," said the lady, "is the old Maypole Inn at Chigwell, drawn by Cattermole so beautifully in Dickens's 'Barnaby Rudge.'"

I did not know where Chigwell was, but I gallantly said, "And you shall see it."

There is nothing astonishes English people (and I hope shames some of them) in their companionship with their American cousins so much as the interest which the latter take in all things literary, and especially in the English classics. I will venture to say that the average educated American—and there are few who are not, at all events, well read in our common tongue—knows better than his English cousin where our great men are buried or have been born, where they wrote their more celebrated works,

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and what localities they have immortalized. This wish to visit Dickens's Maypole, for example, though every way pleasant and natural, was what had never occurred to myself, though I know my Dickens as well as most men, and love him more than most. But as to Chigwell, I had forgotten that the scene of the rioters' visit to the inn was laid there, and I only vaguely knew that it was somewhere in Epping Forest. Nay, I only knew Epping Forest as a spot rarely visited save by the wild East Enders on their Sundays' "outings," and in connection with some Bill in Parliament respecting its preservation. To my American friends, just fresh from the Windsor glades, it suggested vast ancestral trees and herds of deer; and though I had my doubts of anything quite so noble as *that*, I partly shared their expectations. At all events, there would be the inn, more antique now than when the great novelist described it, with its huge porch and carved oak parlors, and gracious associations such as cling around the picturesque abodes of old. And there would be, methought, if not a venison pasty and black-jack of ale, still some good homely fare, and honest liquor in which to drink the memory of him who drew the raven and his master, and sent down Cattermole, R.A., to draw the Maypole Inn.

It is astonishing how quickly have fallen to Dickens's lot that tender reverence and sympathy among his countrymen—and, I may add, at least as much among his transatlantic cousins—which ordinarily takes many years, and even generations, to grow about a dead writer.

In this respect the localities of "Barnaby Rudge," including the famous Maypole, have a double attraction, since an historical as well as a literary interest attaches to them. It was Dickens's first attempt, and a most successful one, at the historical novel.

My American friends admired "Barnaby Rudge," and were anxious to visit the famous inn—itself so picturesque a fragment of old times—where old John Willett was tied and bound by the mad London mob, and where his noble son abode, whom she who has given her name of late to so many a fashionable garb clave to so faithfully, and about which still hang the echoes of that dread alarm-bell which, though it gave but a single knell, still speaks of murder done.

Naturally, all the arrangements for visiting the Maypole—an excursion which was, of course, to include the deer-forest of Epping—devolved on me, the Britisher; and, to begin with, I am ashamed to say I had to consult "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" as to how we were to get there.

The East End of London is literally a *terra incognita* to us West Enders, and even our starting-point was much too distant to be reached by cab or carriage. An extension of the Metropolitan Railway, however, seemed to promise to take us to the required station, and by it, on the day appointed, we started accordingly. It landed us somewhere in the city, and from it we were directed by an official to Liverpool Street Station—only just across the way—where tickets could be procured to Epping. And here it was that our difficulties in search of the desired shrine began.

The booking-clerk at Liverpool Street Station, when I said, "Three for Epping," replied, "For Epping?" doubtfully, and then consulted a little ledger. "Well, you see, you *can* go to Epping by this line of rail, but it isn't usual."

I did not wish, of course, to induce my American friends to do anything more unusual than what they had in hand (for nobody that I could discover among all my circle of acquaintances, which is large, had ever tried the expedition on which *we* were bound), and accordingly I went back to the Metropolitan line to be directed on our way afresh. But the officials stuck to their text—the Liverpool Street Station was the station for Epping, and, to their knowledge, a thousand people had gone that way "a-foresting" only that very morning.

Upon our second application, the clerk gave us tickets to Epping, though, as it were, under protest, and giving us notice that we should have to change at Bethnal Green—the dismalest, ugliest and most abject portion of London, and wholly unconnected with literature, except by a specimen of early ballad poetry.

At Bethnal Green, and for many stations afterward, our view was bounded by walls and roofs; but as we emerged from the great wilderness of brick and mortar, the pleasant fields of Essex began to appear as heralds of the fairer scenes beyond.

We were the only people, as it seemed to me, who patronized the first class at all, which perhaps accounted for the guard in his turn (doubtless with the idea of a "tip" in his head) patronizing us.

"For the Forest, I suppose, gentlemen?" said he, putting his head into our open window as we drew near our destination.

"Yes," said I—"for Epping."

"Oh, but Epping ain't the Forest, sir; very true it's *called* Epping, and you *can* get to it *from* Epping."

"How very extraordinary!" observed my American lady. "That is the very same thing the booking-clerk said."

I had no explanation to offer of this eccentric behavior of my countrymen, so I confined myself to asking which station would be more convenient for us to alight at, since Epping was not the place for Epping.

"Well, you had better try Loughton, sir."

I didn't like the idea of "trying Loughton," as though the notion of finding the forest at all (let alone our way in it) was doubtful; but of course I assented.

However, before this experiment could be made, the guard's elbow appeared at the window again, with—

"What *part* of the Forest, now, may you be in search of, ma'am?"

He had observed by this time that the lady was our guiding star, as indeed she was (and deserved to be), and henceforth addressed himself exclusively to her.

"Well, we wish to go to the Maypole," said she, sweetly.

"The Maypole? Ah, the Maypole Inn that would be," answered he. "Ah, then Loughton wouldn't be the place; you had best get out at Woodford."

It was all the same to us; so we got out at Woodford, where the obliging guard informed us that a conveyance could be procured. Such a vehicle it was, too! I am sure the honest blacksmith's cart, in which he drove to Chigwell and met the murderer on the way at night, would have been a far more comfortable conveyance. The driver, however, professed to know the Forest well—"Ay, as well as any man alive," he said—so we felt, at least, that we should not be lost in its deep and dusky labyrinths; and also, of course, he knew the Maypole.

"It's a longish step from here, however, and it's not the *nighest* inn, by no means, you know."

We hastened to say that we were not going to the Maypole on account of its convenience of access, but for the sake of the inn itself.

"Well, but it ain't the *best* inn, neither," insisted he. "The folks is roughish as has got it just now, and they're about to leave, too, which makes 'em worser. I reckon you'd be happier like, especially with the lady, at the Druid's Head."

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I confess this information a little staggered me; but "the lady" being of opinion that a spice of personal danger would make the expedition more agreeable than otherwise, as giving us, perhaps, some experience of outlaw life in the merry greenwood, was by no means disturbed by it. Her husband, who was not so devoted to literature as to be oblivious of practical matters, inquired whether we could dine at the Maypole.

"Oh, yes, you can *dine*," was the reply, delivered with what I thought unnecessary emphasis.

"Well, you see, my good man, we don't want to sleep there," said I, cheerfully.

He nodded, and I could not help confessing to myself that there was that in his nod which seemed to say, "And very lucky for you."

"Now, *there's* the Druid's Head," said he, as, passing through a quaint, old-fashioned village, he pointed out a very modest house of entertainment.

But we took small notice of his remark, since, as it happened, my lady friend had just produced a copy of the first edition of "Barnaby Rudge," and was calling our attention to the frontispiece, by Cattermole, illustrative of the Maypole itself.

Within a mile or so, as we had been informed, we should come in sight of that fine old hostelrie, the picturesqueness of which would, doubtless, by the hand of intervening time, be increased rather than otherwise since the great painter drew it. The idea filled us all three with great excitement, and, thanks to the eager Epping air, we were also looking forward to dinner.

We already pictured ourselves in a vast apartment of carved oak, or one, perhaps, hung with moth-eaten tapestry, on one side the huge fireplace, with its old-fashioned "dogs," on the other the mullioned window (not that all of us quite knew what "mullioned" was) with its diamond panes, against which the playful creepers tapped. We saw the portly host respectfully bearing in the lordly sirloin and placing it on the groaning board; we saw—— But here the driver pulled up short in the dusty road, and, pointing with his whip across the hedge, exclaimed:

"That there's the Maypole."

Our eyes searched the leafy distance for the gabled ends, the twisted chimneys, the lichen-covered, antique roof of old John Willett's dwelling. Our literary lady placed her hand upon her heart, as though to restrain its pulsations. The moment was supreme.

"I don't think I see it now," observed her husband.

"It's plain enough, anyways," said the driver.

And it certainly was—very plain. Close to us, just on the other side of the hedge, was the ugliest, commonest, newest, white-washedest railway beer-house—for it was so small that it could not be called an inn at all—I ever beheld. A door in the middle; a window on each side, and two above them; in the front a strip of ragged turf; behind, a yard. Not a tree sheltered it. The Summer sun beat down upon its unporched front, and displayed all its deformity in hideous detail. Out of the lower windows leaned various heads, surmounted by fur caps and crumpled "wide-awakes," the proprietors of which surveyed us in bucolic wonder.

"I do really believe that this *is* the Maypole," said I, despairingly.

"It *can*not be," said my lady friend. Her tone suggested a solemn remonstrance addressed to the government of the universe: things could never have come to such a pass, it seemed to convey, under a beneficent scheme of creation. "You don't mean that this is Dickens's, my man," continued she, addressing the driver in a conciliatory tone—"the inn of 'Barnaby Rudge'?"

He took off his hat and scratched his head.

"Well, ma'am, the fact is, this here inn, though it ain't a-been built more than these four years, is always changing hands. A Rudge, I believe, did have it; but he was Bill Rudge, and not Barnaby. As to the other landlord's name as you mentioned, *I never heerd on it.*"

"This is *shocking!*" said the lady, looking at me. "The ignorance of your fellow-countrymen——"

"It's not in natur', ma'am," interrupted the man, stung by this observation, "that I should remember all them landlords' names, many on 'em having been here but a month or two."

"Is there no *other* Maypole, my good man?" inquired I, with the calmness of despair.

"Well, I've lived hereabout, man and boy, these fifty year, and I never *heerd* o' one."

I looked at my transatlantic guests, and they looked at me, and then we all three burst out laughing. To have come so far, and with such changings and inconvenience, and so very uncomfortably, in order to arrive at this ridiculous pot-house, struck us all three in so humorous a light, that we fairly roared with laughter.

The driver thought we were laughing at him, and in sulky tones inquired where we would please to be driven to *now*.

"Oh," I said, "since there is no Maypole, at least let us see the Forest. Drive into the Forest."

"This *is* the Forest," answered he, waving his whip about in a vague manner.

All about us were fields and lanes, a cow or two, and a dog asleep, a hen and chickens in the white road, and a horse-trough.

"Good heavens!" cried I, "are you making game of us? Where are the deer, the trees, the 'boundless contiguity of shade'?"

"I never heerd of no deer, except the one as they brings down in a cart to 'unt o' Easter Monday. There's trees enuff, aren't there? I dunno what you wants—not I."

The man was evidently getting very angry, and the more so since my American friends, who were fortunately very good-natured, and had a keen sense of humor, had by this time become speechless with mirth. That there should be not only no Maypole at Chigwell, but also no forest at Epping, was something too exquisitely ludicrous.

"I insist," said I, "upon being shown a forest. You are deceiving us, driver. I have known a gentleman who speaks in the highest terms of Epping Forest and the view from its hill."

"Ah, you must mean 'Igh Beech," said he.

"Very likely. Then drive us to High Beech."

"Well, it's nigh upon seven miles away."

"I don't care if it's seventy!" cried I, indignantly. "Drive on."

After an interminable drive we arrived at High Beech. This was a cluster of trees upon a highish hill, and really commanded a splendid view; but the fact is, I was by that time too hungry to appreciate views.

"Is there any decent inn near here, my man, where we can dine?" demanded I.

"Well, there's the Druid's Head and the Maypole——"

"I said *near here!*" I interrupted, fiercely; "and never let me hear the names of those two hateful inns again!"

"Well, wot do 'ee say to the Stars and Stripes?"

"Come," said I, cheerfully, "here is a compliment to the American flag. Has it a garden, my man? and is it clean and comfortable?"

"It 'ave a garden," rejoined the driver, cautiously.

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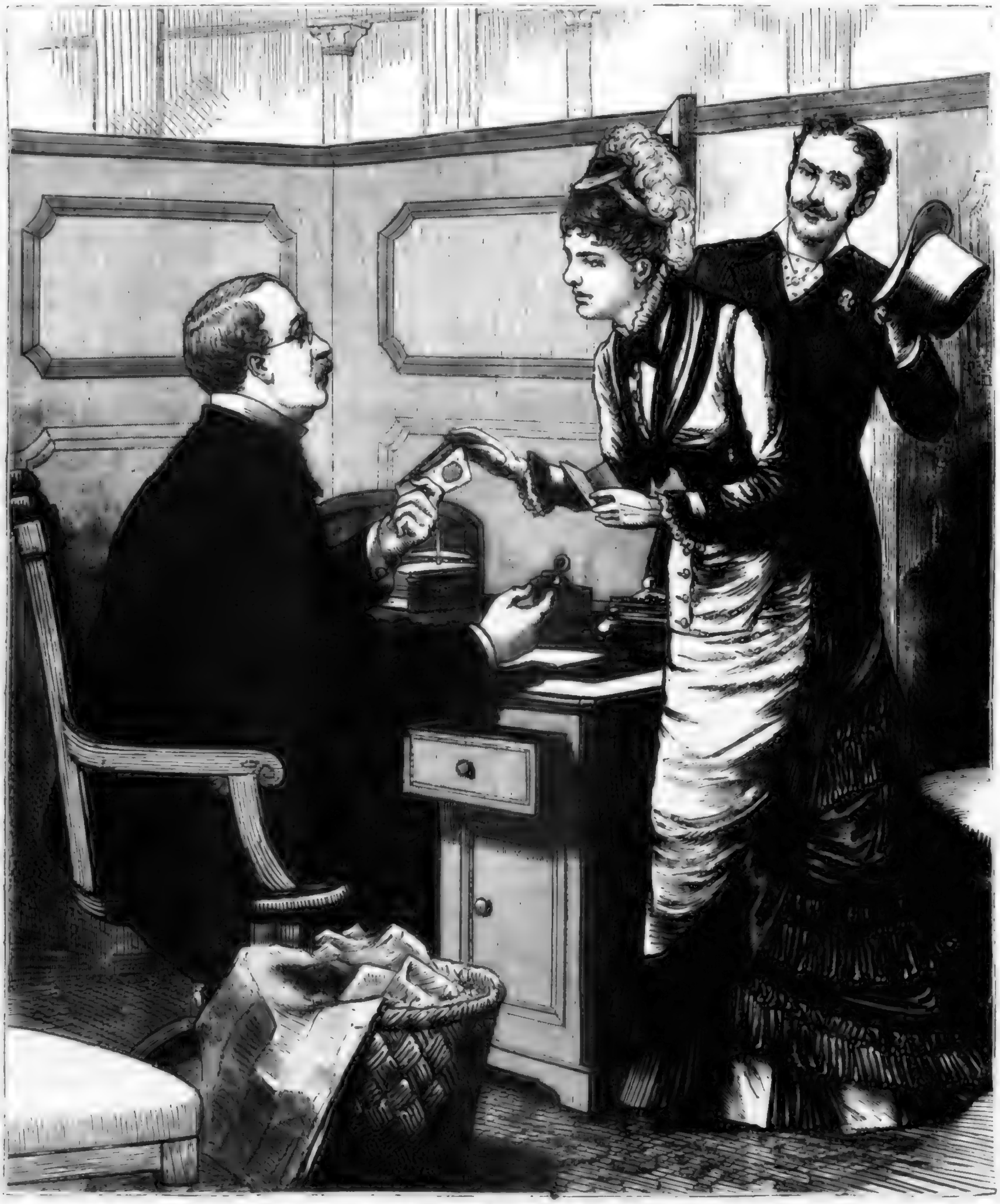
I will not harrow the gentle reader's heart by describing that inn. It was larger than the Maypole, but, if possible, uglier, and it was full of those gentry who, we had been warned, had preceded us out "a-foresting." Nearly the whole thousand must have been at that inn. Over what we ate and how we ate it I draw a discreet vail, and also over the return journey. The getting back to the East End of London was even worse than the departure from it had been.



REMARKABLE AMERICAN WOMEN.—MISS EMMA ABBOTT SOLICITING MONEY FROM THE BANKERS TO DEFEND MRS. SMITH.—SEE PAGE 145.

If we didn't absolutely enjoy that day of failures, I am quite sure that no three people ever laughed more within the space of twelve hours. Once at home, I was fortunately enabled to offer my friends a decent meal, and we were very glad to get it. But supper never agrees with me. I had a dreadful dream that night, in which Mrs. Gamp appeared to me. She was driving me in a one-horse chaise, and held her famous umbrella in her hand in place of a whip.

I respectfully inquired:

"Where, madam, is the Maypole Inn?"

She pulled up, and looked me steadily and severely in the face, just as on a certain memorable occasion she once confronted Betsey Prig.

"Young man," said she, "I don't believe as there is any such place."

And, upon my honor, I agree with her.

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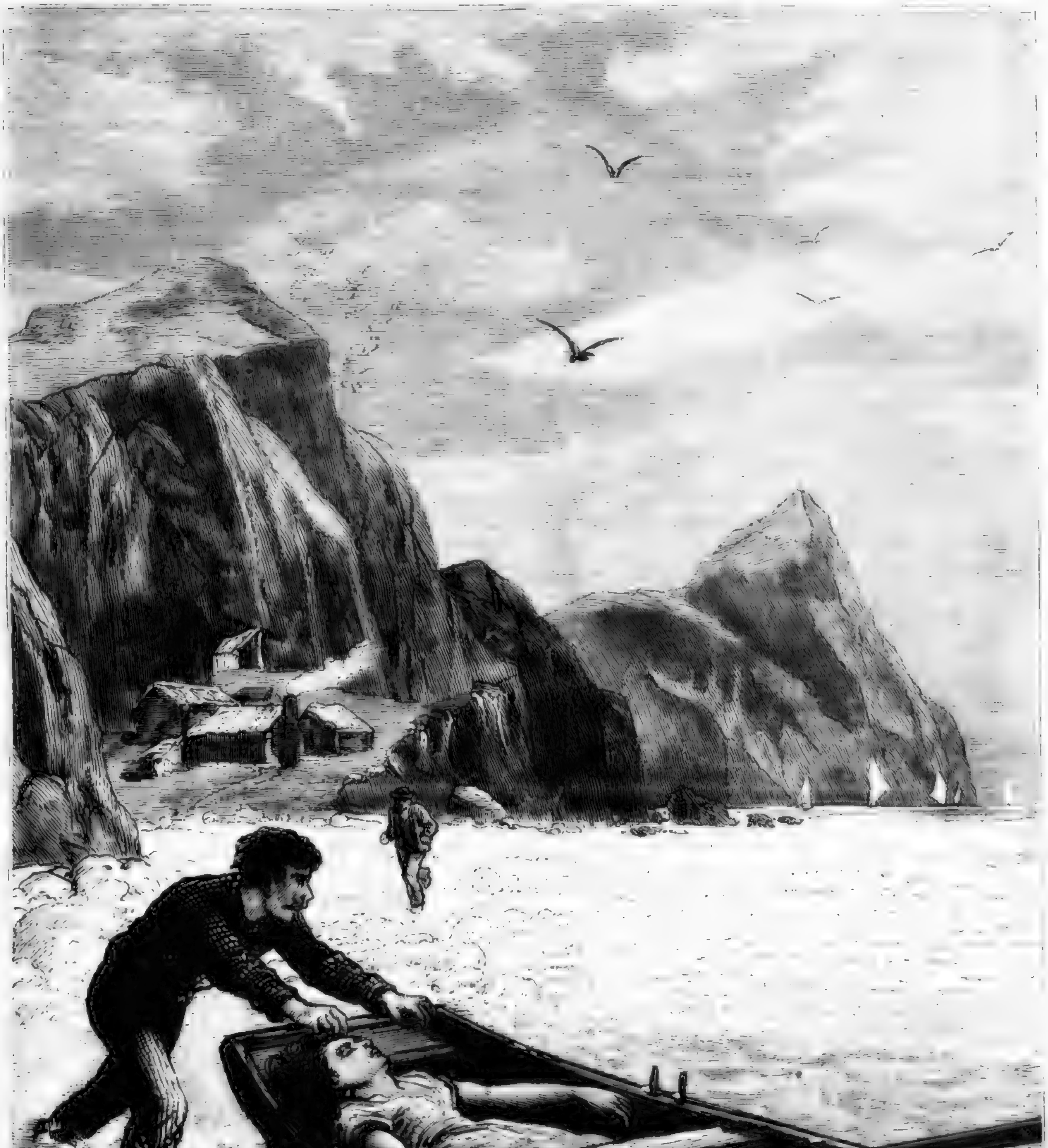


FERGUS BLAKE'S WIFE.—"WITH A WILD LAUGH HE TURNED AND DASHED TOWARD THE BEACH. FRANK FOLLOWED. BLAKE AT LENGTH REACHED THE BOAT, WHICH HE ENTERED AND SHOVED OFF."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THAT DREAM OF OURS.

Oh, the young love was sweet, dear,
That dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flow'rs;
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in Spring,
And cares were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing.
Of all youth's visions blest, dear,
Of all its golden dow'rs,
Oh, the young love was best, dear,
That dainty dream of ours!

Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
These chill October days,
When we tread with faltering feet, dear,
The sere and silent ways;
When earth has lost its glory,
And heav'n has lost its blue,
And life's a sober story,
And care a comrade true.
Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,
And dreams have lost their sway,
Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
That gilds the Autumn day!

FERGUS BLAKE'S WIFE.

By John Moran.

FRANK POWER stood on the cliff-range that overlooked the sea beside a little fishing-village on the west coast of Ireland. It was late in the Springtime, and the setting sun lit up with an effulgent, sanguine glow the wild, lovely scenery—the rude village with its picturesque cabins, the cumulous sky with its heavy masses of portentous purple cloud, the shimmering "fields of sea" flecked with "flowers of foam."

Power eased his tourist's knapsack, and leaned his arms on a sort of natural rock-buttress, so as to enjoy to the full the beauty of the picture.

The bay was dotted all over by rude fishing-smacks, with brown-patched sails, and right in the midst of these a perfect little yacht of about thirty tons rode at anchor, like a queenly swan amid a flock of homely ducks.

As Power's glance rested on her, a boat pushed off from her side and made for the shore. Arrived there, one of its occupants leaped upon land, and walked up the path leading to the cliffs. He was a handsome, brown-bearded fellow, of about twenty-five, dressed in a nautical suit of rough pilot-cloth, and as he approached, Frank scanned him more and more curiously, as if struck by something familiar in his gait or appearance. To his scrutiny a look of glad surprise presently succeeded, and before the new-comer could see him, he was running down the path to meet him.

"Why, Fergus, old fellow!'

"Frank, you here?"

And the two grasped hands after the hearty Irish fashion of men—men who are not ashamed of their friendship nor afraid to show their feelings.

"Come along and dine," said Fergus Blake, "my place is quite close by, and they expect me home. By-the-way, I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, and only last night I was longing to see you, Frank—curious, is it not?"

"Bah!" returned the other, in a half-bantering tone of assumed disgust, "I don't think I should go with you at all. After being my closest friend at college, you leave without a word, and never let me hear of you for two years and a half, and then I light on you by chance. Why, Fergus, I might have been dead, and, for all I knew, so might you."

"I wish to heaven I were!" said Blake, with sudden and startling emphasis.

His old friend looked up at him in quick surprise. Could this be his happy, careless, rollicking college-chum? Surely not. There was a restless, weary look in the blue eyes, and a dark, moody expression on the handsome, honest face, that he had never known there in the old time.

"Why, what's wrong, Fergus?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Blake, hastily, and with a forced laugh. And then, as if wishing to turn the conversation from a channel into which he had unwittingly drawn it, he went on: "I see you are on a walking-tour, old boy—so you can stay a while with me, and have some fishing. That's my little craft out there"—turning and pointing to the yacht. "Trim, isn't she? I sail about a good deal. We might have a cruise to-morrow, only it looks so deucedly black. I think we shall have a squall. Let us hurry."

The sun had wholly disappeared behind a great bank of dense clouds that lowered over the distant western horizon; the sea had grown dull and leaden, and the wind was rising with an ominous "sough." So the two friends, who had hitherto been walking leisurely down the village street, quickened their pace as the heavy raindrops began to fall, and soon reached a path that led across the fields to Blake's house—an old Irish mansion, surrounded by trees, and commanding a splendid prospect of woodland and sea.

The door was opened by a venerable retainer, who seemed somewhat surprised at seeing his master accompanied, but contented himself with asking:

"Dinner at wanst, Master Fergus?"

"In ten minutes, Phil, and bring up the red Hermitage," answered Blake, as he led the way up the broad staircase and showed Power into a room, saying to his friend as he did so, "I've got some rare old tipple, Frank, and after dinner we'll enjoy a long talk over it."

When he had closed the door and retired to change his own damp clothes, Power seated himself on the bedside, with a perplexed expression of countenance, to "think it out."

"What the deuce can be the matter with him?" he mused, half aloud. "He's not the old Fergus at all. I must see if I can't do something for him—rouse him, and bring him back to his sunny self. To wish he were dead so earnestly! Why——"

But just then the bell rang, and, hastily completing his simple toilet, he descended to the dining-room, where he found Blake.

The dinner was capital, and no better wine could be desired. So Frank, being a little sharpened as to appetite by his day's walk, did ample justice to both.

His host sedulously kept the conversation away from himself and his concerns, asking Power all sorts of questions about his life since he left college, and his practice as a doctor, finding out that overwork had forced him to give up for a time and take this holiday tour, and finally persuading him—no difficult task—to remain a few days with him.

Dinner over, and the cloth removed, after the good old fashion, they turned their chairs to the fire, and had the wine placed on a small table between them. Now it was Power's turn.

The storm, meanwhile, had risen and burst in all its fury; the rain fell in torrents, and the black, silent night was broken by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning; and Blake, evidently anticipating his friend's intention, rose uneasily and went over to the window, saying:

"We're going to have a wild night, Frank."

"I suppose so," returned the other, as he lit a cigar. "Draw the curtains, and come over here. I want to have a talk with you."

In silence Blake complied, and resumed his seat. Frank filled his glass calmly, and passed the decanter. Then he stretched out his hand, and laid it, in the old, affectionate way, on his friend's shoulder.

"We used to be very close friends at college, Fergus," he said, quietly, "and I feel the same love for you now that I did then. But you are changed. You are not the same Fergus Blake that I knew. There is something wrong, and I want you to let me share the burden, and help you if I can."

Something resembling a spasm passed over Blake's face while his old chum was speaking. He waited till he made an end, and then rose and strode over to the window without a word.

For fully ten minutes he stood gazing out into the black night and howling storm, and then he walked quietly back to his seat.

"Yes," he said—"you are right, Frank. There is something awfully wrong. You can't help me—no one can—but you are my oldest and dearest friend, and you shall hear it, only don't glare at me or interrupt me."

He swallowed two glasses of wine hastily, and after a pause, proceeded:

"You remember when we graduated and left college almost three years ago? Well, shortly after that I received a letter from my uncle—my only living relative and guardian, you know—summoning me to the South of France, where he was. I went, of course, and found him dying. One other person had apartments in the house besides my uncle—a young lady, whose mother, it seems, had died there shortly before."

Here Blake pushed his chair back, and began to walk up and down the room, speaking rapidly, as though in the utterances he were striving to forget the thoughts that his words awakened.

"I only saw her at chance moments, as my time and attention were occupied with my uncle, but I saw that she was very beautiful, and I found myself constantly thinking of her, and on the lookout for her. One day, when his servant—old Phil here—was out, my uncle took his final seizure. The lady, hearing me call for help, came in and volunteered her assistance. So I became acquainted with her. That night my uncle died. I had nothing particular to do, and, as he had expressed a wish to be buried where he had died, I remained to carry out his desire. After the funeral I lingered day after day, till I discovered that I was in love—in passionate, overmastering love"—he forced out the words slowly between his clinched teeth—"with Adele de Fournier."

His hands closed and unclosed, and the perspiration stood on his forehead in beads as he paced the room, repeating again, in a half-unconscious way, the words, "in passionate, overmastering love with Adele de Fournier." Then he was silent for a time, presently resuming, in a calmer tone:

"They were very happy days, those—very happy. She was nineteen, and I twenty-two. But she seemed absolutely frightened when I told her how I loved her with all my soul, and asked her to be my wife. She left me without a word—a strange, dazed look in her great hazel eyes. For days I never saw her—days that were misery and suspense to me; and then we met again. Once more I told her of my love, and she consented to marry me, under conditions. She had no friends, she said, only enemies; and she had a secret. I must never seek to know the events of her past life, or to learn her secret. If I refused to give my word of honor to this effect, we must part.

"Refuse? What cared I then—what care I now, for anything in God's universe, but my darling—my Adele! Of course I consented—of course I took her in my arms and told her I trusted her utterly—that her enemies were mine, as I was hers, body and soul! I took her away the next evening, secretly, as she insisted, married her in a retired church in Paris, and brought her home here. Yes; she has sat in this room—she has given light to this house. I have lain on this rug often, with my head in her lap, and heard her read to me. Ah, God! for the sound of that sweet voice again!"

There was a long pause, for he had seated himself and buried his head in his hands; but soon he resumed, again rising to pace the room:

"We lived here happily, and there came a baby—still-born. Two months after I went out for a two-days' cruise. (She didn't like sailing, but she forced me to go, as she knew my weakness for water.) When I returned she had gone away—where, I don't know—leaving a short note for me, bidding me not follow her. That was all. I longed to disobey her, but I dared not, as I had pledged my word, and I trusted her. I waited five long, weary months in utter wretchedness, receiving no word from her, fearing she had gone for ever—at times almost resolved to seek her. Then came a letter with these words only: 'Do you want me back on the old conditions?' Want her back! when she was my life—my salvation! I sent for her at once, and she came—as loving and tender as ever; no whit changed, except for a strange fear in her eyes and strange, absent moods. Six months passed, like the first, supremely happy, and then once again, when I was away on business, she disappeared, leaving no word this time. I felt somehow that she was not coming back—a presentiment of evil was upon me. I went in search of her to the old place in France, where they said that, some time after our secret departure, a tall and swarthy Frenchman had come to seek *Madame* de Fournier. I have sought her ever since, and I have found no trace."

Again he buried his head in his hands; again he rose and resumed:

"I am only back a few days, after another turn in the search which will only end when I find her, or die. Oh, my love, my darling, come back! Deceive me, trample on me, but come back! I have said the words—I say them now: 'With my body I thee worship—I thee worship!'"

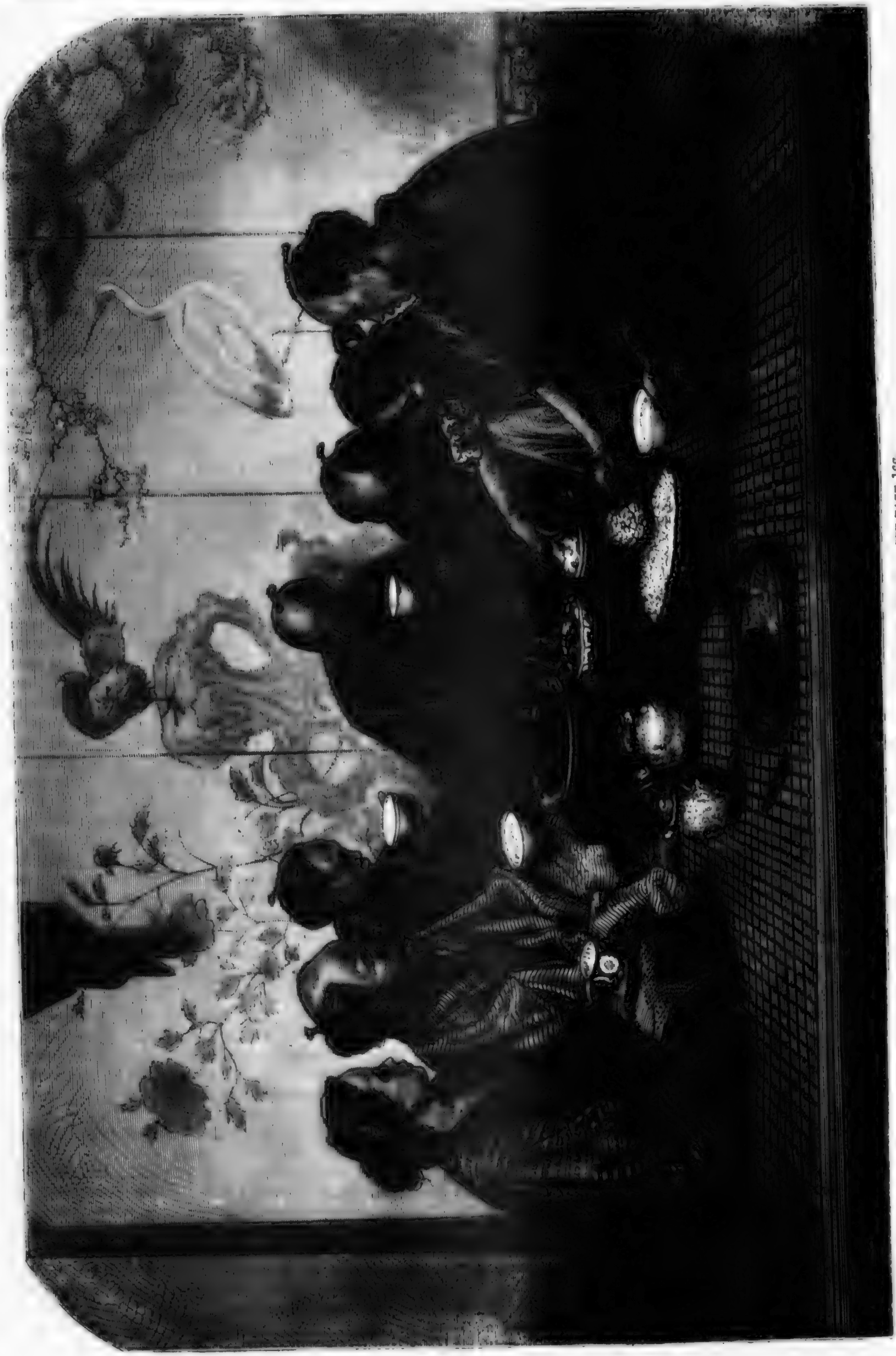
His voice rose to an agonized cry, and he stretched his strained throat out and gasped for breath.

Not even then, though his heart was big with sympathy and pity, did Power speak. Blake mastered himself, and drew from his breast a picture attached to a ribbon, which he handed toward his friend, saying, in a strangely calm voice:

"Look at this while I change my clothes again. This weather suits my mood, and I am going out to the yacht. People about here say I'm mad, and God knows I feel almost so at times."

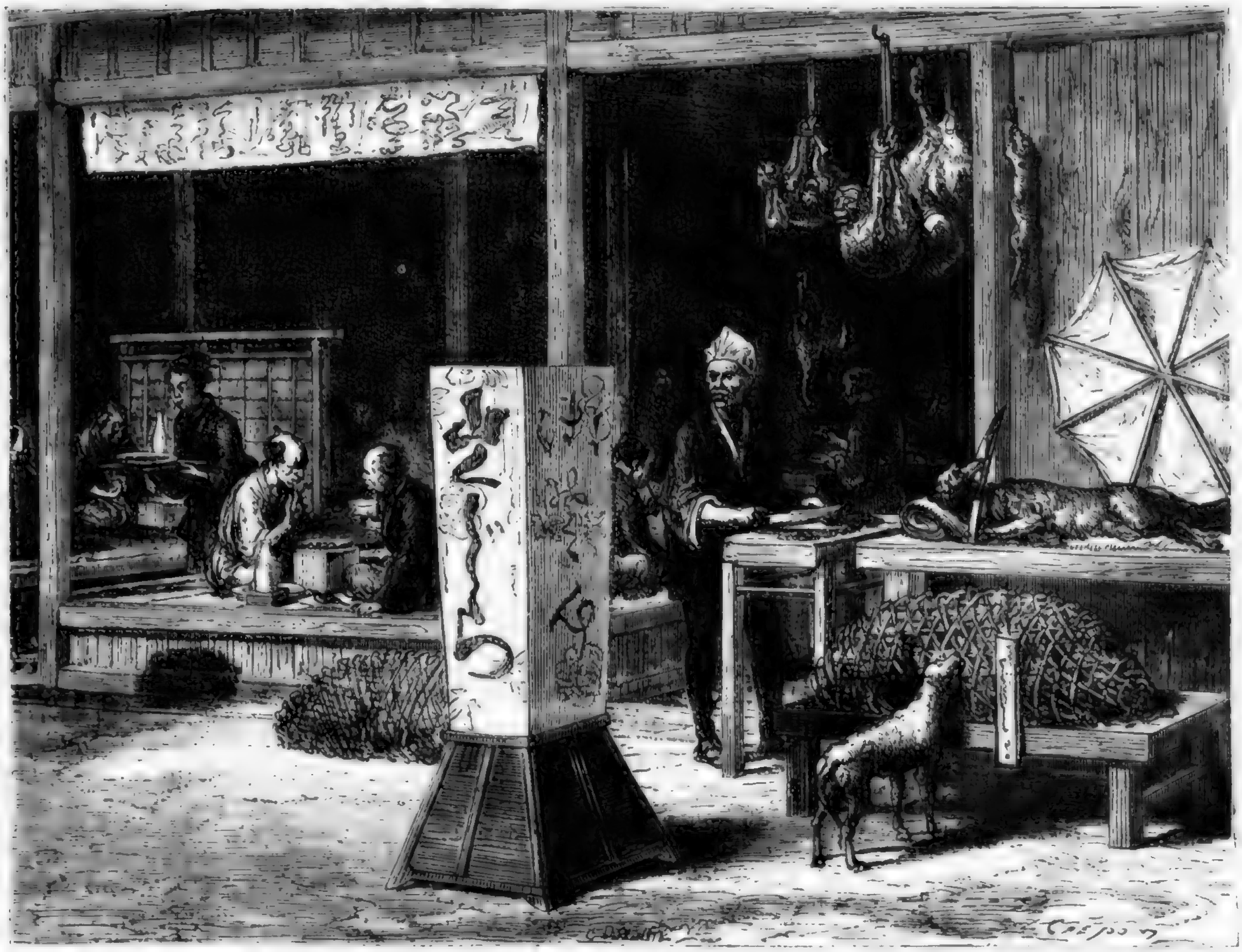
Power's eyes followed him affectionately as he left the

XUM



WHAT THE JAPANESE EAT.—A JAPANESE DINNER.—SEE PAGE 166.

XUM



A JAPANESE BUTCHER'S SHOP.

room; then he drew the picture to him and raised it. A superlatively lovely face shone out on him—the face of one who was a girl in years, but a woman in thought and experience. A sort of speechless appeal lay in the large liquid eyes, and the full mouth was like that of a child; but an indefinable sense of dread and watchfulness gave a painful interest to that fatal, fair face.

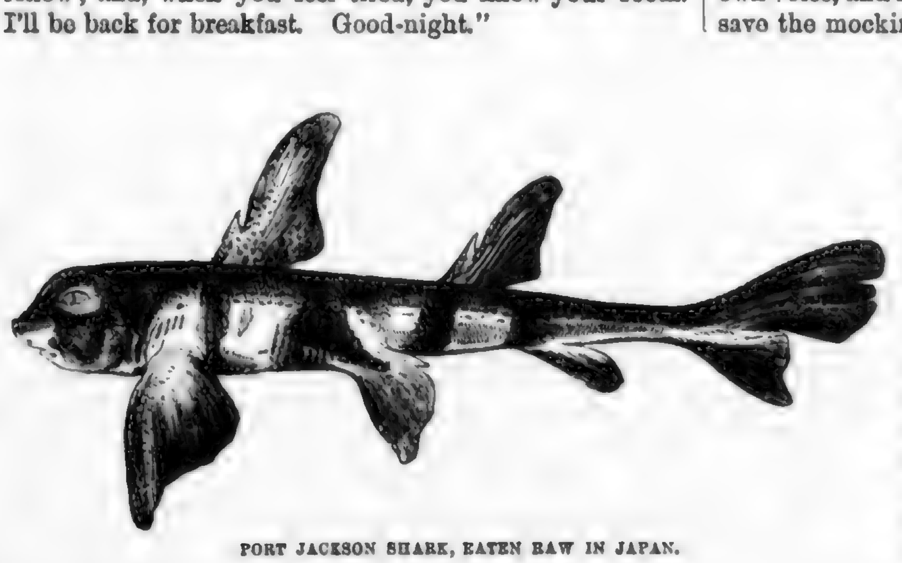
Frank was still gazing intently on the portrait and musing on Blake's strange story, when his friend re-entered the room, clad in his seaman's dress. In silence he held out his hand for the picture, and, on receiving it, placed it, without looking at it, in his bosom again. Then he said:

"You'll find whisky and cigars on the sideboard, old fellow; and, when you feel tired, you know your room. I'll be back for breakfast. Good-night."

Frank returned his "Good-night" absently, for he was still "thinking it out," after his usual fashion, and only started to his feet when he heard the house-door close as Fergus Blake passed out into the black night. Then he ran to the door and opened it. The sky was so lurid, one might imagine that the bottomless pit had opened to send up its angry, weird glare in menace at the thunderous, broken cloud-squadrons. The wind was strong and fitful, now sounding like a wail of the lost, now bursting in a fierce crash like the blare of battle.

"Fergus! Fergus!" he called out; but he scarcely heard his own voice, and no answer came save the mocking howl of the storm. So he closed the door, and went back to the dining-room, muttering, "This is awful. I hope he'll be safe."

He could not go to bed, so he mixed some whisky-and-water, lit a cigar, raked up the fire, and settled



PORT JACKSON SHARK, EATEN RAW IN JAPAN.

IZAKURA.

XUM

himself to ponder. At times he would fall over into an uneasy doze, only to be startled by some sudden crash. More than once he thought he heard human cries, but this he knew was only imagination.

At length the gray dawn came up slowly, and, as the storm began to die away, Frank fell asleep. He started, at length, to find broad daylight coming through the chinks of the shutters, and leaped to his feet, shaking himself together as he said, aloud:

"I must see if there is any sign of the yacht or Fergus."

He took a glass from the mantelpiece, walked through the hall to the door, and opened it.

"Good God!" he cried, as he stooped to lift something that lay huddled and rain-drenched on the step. It was a woman, and he raised the head and looked at the pale, senseless face. He started, and almost dropped her with another exclamation. Then he put his hand on the pulse and heart and muttered:

"Dead!"

It was Fergus Blake's wife come back. With her little hands on the threshold, she had, like the Levite's companion of old, laid her down to die where her glad feet had made melody before. A paper was tightly clinched in one hand, and Power with difficulty withdrew it and smoothed it out. It was a certificate of the death and burial of one Raoul de Fournier. He folded it up, placed it in his pocket, and resumed his examination, again muttering, as he concluded it: "Dead!"

"What?" cried a voice, and Fergus stood beside him, wet through with the storm and spray, that gleamed in his tawny hair and beard—"what? You lie! Give her to me! My love, my queen—my Adele come back at last!" He caught the dead woman from Power's support and clasped her in his arms. "What—did you say dead? Never! We shall have a glorious sail together, out on the strong sea, my darling and I!"

He was surely mad now, as Power knew full well. With a wild laugh, he turned and dashed toward the beach. Frank followed, but he might as well have pursued the wind.

On and on went Blake, over the rocks and down the cliff-path, till he reached the boat, which he entered and shoved off.

What was to be done? The fishermen, taking advantage of the first lull, had set out early. There only remained to wait and hope.

All that day Power wandered about, with anxious eyes turned seaward, and, just as it grew dusk, he beheld the fishermen return. He hastened down to the shore, and, as he neared them, he perceived that they crowded together around something which they had apparently brought ashore with them.

He pushed through the throng, and found himself beside the drowned body of Fergus Blake, who still clasped in his rigid arms his dead wife. They had been found floating near a boat that drifted keel upward. That was all.

An inquest was held, and Power attended and gave evidence. Few minute inquiries were made, and the verdict was simply—"Accidentally drowned."

Whatever bitter secret sundered their lives, Fergus Blake and his wife were in death undivided; and Frank, as he saw them laid in one grave, repeated to himself the lines:

> "So be it: there no shade can last
> In that deep dawn behind the tomb:
> But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
> The eternal landscape of the past."

WHAT THE JAPANESE EAT.

By Edward Greey.

During my first visit to the "Land of the Rising Sun," as the Nihonese proudly term the Empire of Japan, one of our sailors deserted in the Island of Saghalin, and traveled through Yezo, Hondo and Kiushiu to Nagasaki, making the last part of his trip as a prisoner in a *cango* (litter) covered with a net. Upon his arrival on board the flagship he was subjected to a severe questioning as to the manners of the people, we then knowing absolutely nothing of the Japanese. Among other queries was, "What do they eat?" to which he frankly and naïvely replied:

"Now you poses me. They ain't got any beef and they ain't got any mutton. All I was fed on was rice and tea, and I must say it was a wery onsatisfactory diet."

This statement, slightly modified, was duly forwarded home, and was the origin of the popular idea that rice forms the sole article of diet for the bulk of the Japanese. It is true, there are millions of the natives who have never tasted flesh; still, the more correct assertion would be this: they, as a people, live upon rice and fish, to which are added many cereals, oils, vegetables and fruits; they drink tea and *saké* (a wine or beer made of fermented rice).

In the cities, where the taste of the masses is more cosmopolitan, persons are to be found who eat flesh and fowl, and since the introduction of what is termed foreign civilization, many of the Mikado's subjects have taken to consuming beef, mutton and pork. In Japan, as in all other countries, the poor are obliged to content themselves with what is cheap and common, and the rich literally live upon the fat of the land. For instance: the diet of the men who drew my *jin-riki-sha* (man-pulled carriage) was: for first meal, cold rice and warm tea; for second meal, hot rice, salt fish, pickles and *saké*; for third meal, hot rice and tea; while that of my wealthy Japanese friends was always, excepting meat and butter, almost as varied as our own.

Not far from my residence was an establishment from which my cook procured supplies of ducks, chickens and meat. Like all native shops, it was open to the street, before it being a square sign, the paper sides of which bore these announcements:

"The Golden Sunlight. Kishi Seppo, the son, respectfully offering boar-flesh, ducks, geese, eggs, etc., in their season."

One morning when Izakura, my cook and provider, came from his marketing, he said:

"The keeper of the Golden Sunlight has some very nice monkeys. I was almost tempted to buy your honor one."

I glanced sternly at him, imagining he had been indulging in *saké*; however, the steadiness with which he held in one hand the bamboo basket containing ducks' eggs, and with the other grasped a bundle of leeks, and the gravity of his towel-enveloped face, assured me he was in earnest.

"Monkeys!" I exclaimed. "Do your people eat such things?"

"Some do," he answered; adding, as though thinking aloud, "I do not."

I obtained directions how to find the place, and after bidding Izakura make an omelet for my breakfast, started, and in due time found myself before the flesh-dealer's place of business, which was divided into two departments, and comprised a market and a restaurant.

On a low bench, in front of the right-hand division, was a wild boar, enveloped in a bamboo basket, labeled: "From the sacred mountain, Fuzi-yama. Will be cut up to-morrow."

The proprietor, a pleasant-looking man, was standing at a table slicing meat, and behind him were servants and cooks, busily preparing food for the customers in the eating-room.

"*Choo!*" he cried, to a city cur that was sniffing at the carcass; then turning to me, said: "Honorable stranger, what do you wish?"

"I came to see your display," I replied. "I was not, until this morning, aware that your countrymen ate monkeys."

"Oh, yes; they are every day growing more like your honorable people," he answered, rolling his eyes comically as he spoke (the Japanese equivalent for winking). "Since you have condescended to illuminate us with your gracious presence, our people have taken to eating monkeys, hares, squirrels and foxes."

"Foxes!" I ejaculated. "I thought you worshiped those animals?"

"I sell them, raw and cooked," he said. "You see, there is a larger demand for wild boar, ducks and chickens than our country can furnish. Young persons, who have American tastes, want meat of some sort, so we supply the demand. You see that fox on the bench?" pointing to a lean specimen with a knife laid across its throat; "it was caught in my garden last night. Won't you step into the restaurant and take a dish or two? I have a first-rate chief cook, who learned his business in the family of a foreign missionary."

"Surely my countrymen do not eat fox-flesh?"

The fellow's eyes twinkled and the corners of his mouth twitched, as he said:

"They eat a good many things that would surprise you. Why look so astonished?—you devour cows and butter; is that any worse than fox-meat? Come, sir, enter my humble place and try my fare."

"Not this morning," I said; "my cook has already prepared my breakfast."

Upon returning home, I asked Izakura whether he had ever treated me to any of the before-mentioned delicacies, when he said:

"No, honorable master. As to what that flesh-dealer told you, consider his words like the mist. Such people will say anything."

"Are there many shops similar to his in Tokio?"

"No, sir. There have always been some persons who would eat unclean food, and in the old times, during famines, our people have been compelled to subsist on all sorts of curious things, though, as a rule, we avoid them and live on nice food, such as fish. If you will go with me to the great market, near the Nippon Bashi, you will understand I speak the golden-flower words" (truth).

"Very well; call me to-morrow, when you are ready to start. I would much like to visit the place you mention."

I was awakened at five the next morning, and, after partaking of a cup of coffee, thoughtfully provided for me by Izakura, we started, threading our way in and out of throngs of house-coolies going and coming from the great market. The weather was somewhat misty, and the ground wet, so my guide enveloped his head in a towel and put on his high wooden clogs.

As we neared our destination, we met hawkers of bean-curd, *daikon* (pickled radishes, smelling worse than limburger cheese), perambulating tea-dealers, and the numerous traders who, as in every country, haunt a place where men do congregate.

On one corner stood a house-servant, muffled to the nose in a towel, who bore in one hand his oil-paper umbrella, and in the other carried a basket containing a baby shark, resting on a bed of rushes.

He was chatting with a vender of salt, who, as we neared them, remarked:

"I thank you, sir. Command me where to take your poor remuneration."

"If you will leave it at the sign of the Black Crab, on Shell-ear-fish Street, for my honorable father, you will confer ten thousand million obligations upon me," said the servant. "These little courtesies serve to make one esteem one's friends."

The dealer inclined his head and went off, yelling:

"*Shio! shio!*" (Salt! salt!).

The servant had been informing him where to take his commission on a purchase he had made for his employers—which bribe the salt-vender would deliver in kind.

Emerging from a side-street, we entered the Market of the Great Bridge of Japan—a tolerably open space near the water's edge, devoted to the sale of all kinds of fish, and lined with sheds, the slabs of which were piled with the spoils of the sea.

Threading our way among the noisy crowd, and avoiding the staggering coolies, laden with sturgeon, and runners who carried live fish upon their naked shoulders, we approached a platform heaped with dolphin, Spanish mackerel, ray, halibut, flounders, conger-eels, sharks and other big fish, flanked with tubs of oysters, mussels, clams, sea-eggs, and a number of flapping turtle, then halted and listened to the vender, who auctioned his fish as follows:

Taking an enormous skate, by a string passed through its gills, he raised it a little, and shouted:

"Hundred cash! hundred! ninety-nine! ninety-eight! ninety-seven!"

When he reached a figure that suited his customers, the latter held up their hands, doubling all but two fingers. Those who were anxious to buy, but who were awaiting a lower price, held up their hands, fingers down.

From his stall we went to a side-street, where the women were making purchases. I counted over seventy varieties of fish on exhibition, among them being whale and shark. This number does not include the shell species, of which I saw over twenty sorts.

Every part of some kinds, such as cod, is eaten—even the gills and intestines; the latter being made into a very delicate tripe much esteemed by epicures.

The proprietors of the stalls sat on raised platforms in the rear of their wares, watching their employés and entering sales in their books.

On one stall I saw many bushels of *echini* (sea-urchins, or sea-eggs). These appeared to be in great demand. Izakura informed me that only a portion of this fish was used for food, the rest being poisonous.

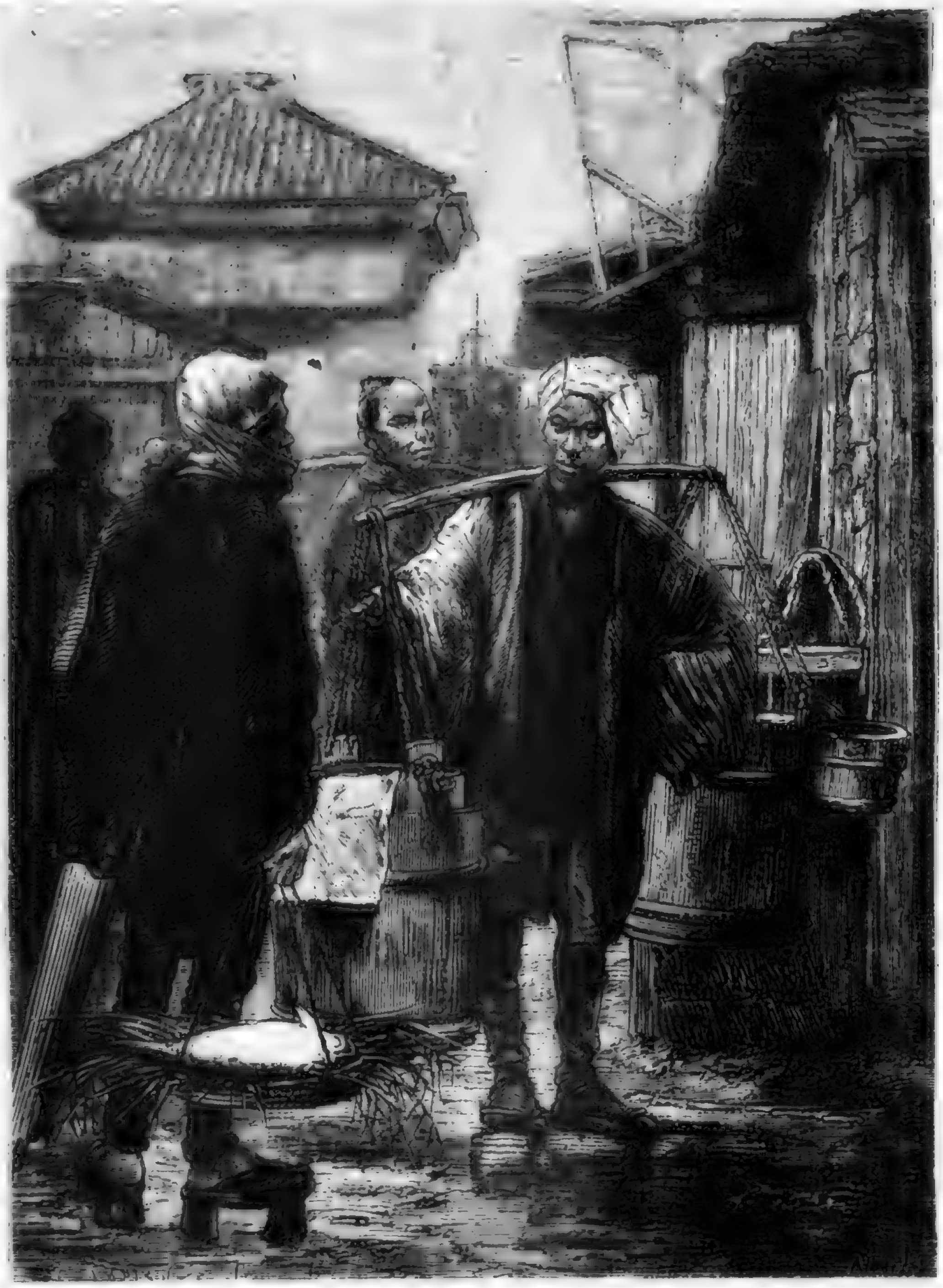
Among the curiosities of the market were enormous conger-eels and parti-colored fish, brilliant in red, blue and gold tints, sold alive in glass and porcelain jars. These fish capture flies, by spouting water over them. We also saw any quantity of tiger-marked sea-porcupines and zebra-soles, both of which are eaten by the natives.

While we were inspecting the stalls, men continued to arrive with enormous sturgeons and sharks, which were dumped upon mats placed on the ground and cut up with long, strong knives.

I was informed that several hundred tons of fish were sometimes sold in one day in the Market of the Great Bridge of Japan.

After minutely inspecting the fresh fish department, I visited the side-streets, devoted to the sale of the dried sorts, among these being oysters, shrunk out of all shape, mussels, sardines, clams, shrimps, cod, whale, shark, and almost every other kind found in the main market. I also saw a fish being cut up alive, to be eaten raw. This custom is, however, falling into disrepute.

"It is no worse than swallowing live oysters," a Japanese friend once remarked to me. "Your countrymen have written and said many hard things about this. We certainly kill our oysters before we swallow them."

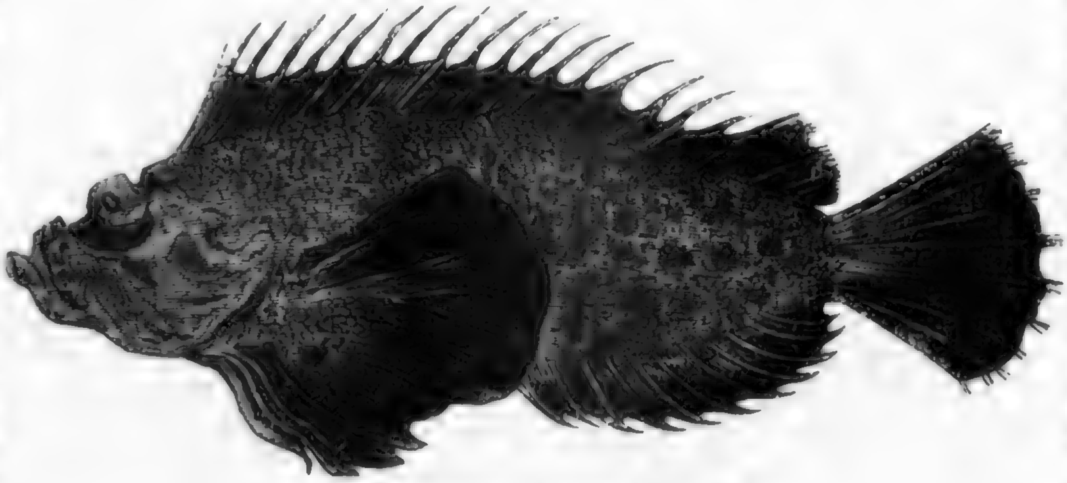


A SALT-VENDER AND HOUSE-SERVANT.

Apropos of these bivalves, the Japanese variety is large and coarse, and the people open them by crushing the hinge.

On the outskirts of the market were hundreds of shops devoted to the preparation and sale of fried fish. At one of these we found fried cuttle-fish, at another cod, and at a third fish-sausage, wrapped in colored paper. The cook stands behind a portable stove containing live charcoal, on which is placed an iron pan provided with a lid. In one hand he holds an oiled-paper fan, and with the other he raises the cover of his pan, and fills or empties it, fanning the charcoal and chatting with his customers as he pursues his occupation.

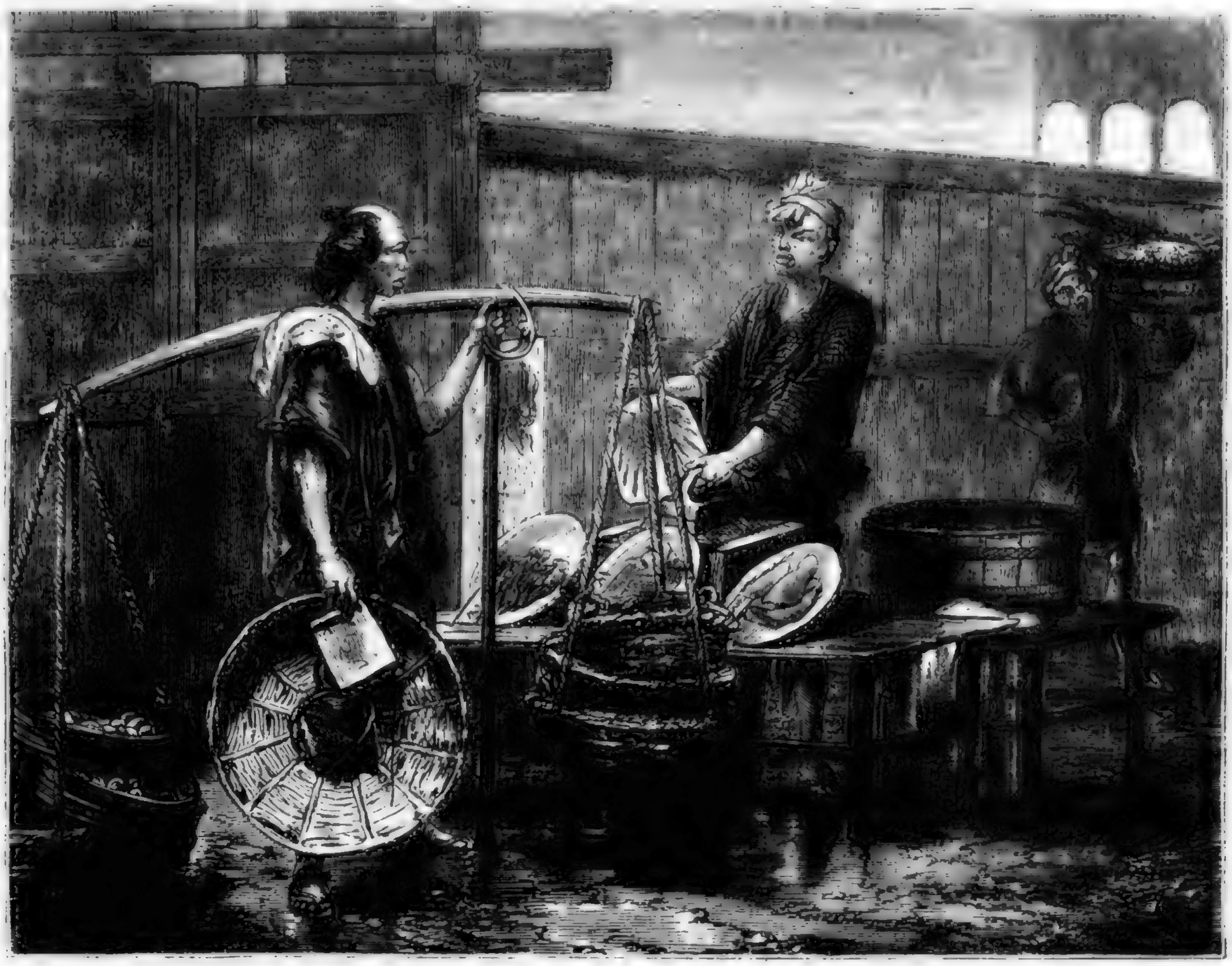
Although the market and its surroundings were, for such a place, remarkably clean, the odor was anything but delightful. I was, therefore, glad to quit the locality and follow Izakura to a street devoted to the sale of grain, where I entered a bean store, kept by an acquaintance of mine, who, with his family, was eating breakfast. My friend and his companions were in ordinary costume, and squatting on the floor, but the viands were such as are only served upon holiday occasions. There were five men and two women—the proprietor of the establishment, his sons and daughters.



THE PELOR JAPONICUM—A CURIOUS JAPANESE FISH.

Upon seeing me, the host rose and advanced, saying:

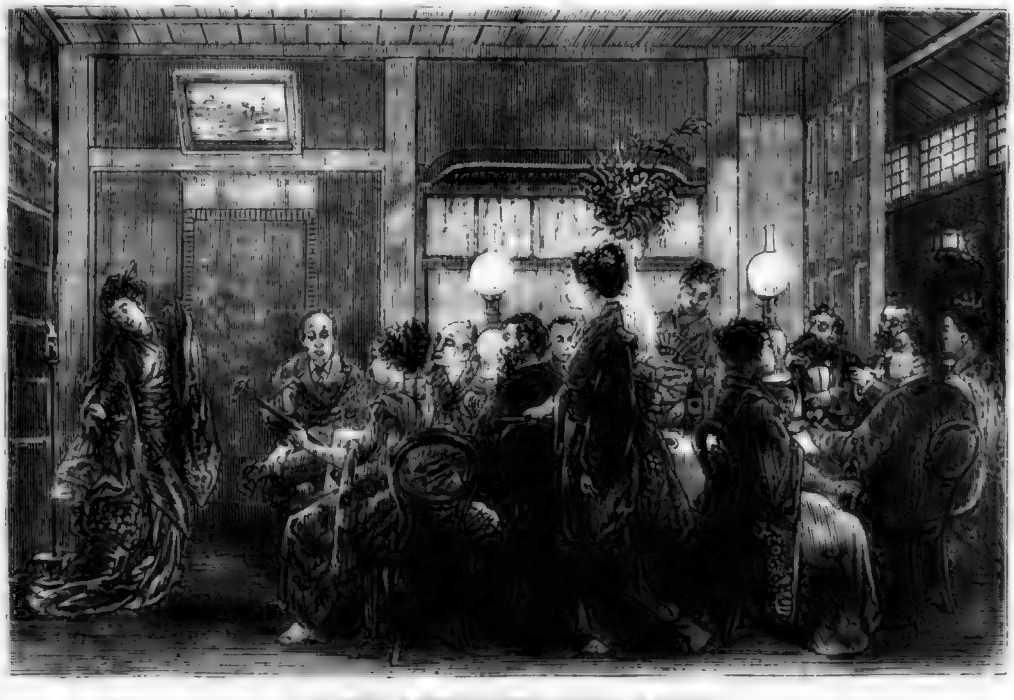
"I trust you are in



A DEALER IN FRIED FISH.

the enjoyment of good health, sir? You have arrived at a felicitous moment. We are about to eat some red rice" (rice in which red beans have been boiled, considered very lucky); "will you honor me by joining us?"

I accepted his polite invitation, and, squatting upon the floor with the rest, partook of a hearty meal, consisting of cold red and white rice, sponge-cake, buckwheat gruel and macaroni, boiled seaweed, fried fish and tea.



JAPANESE ENTERTAINING EUROPEAN GUESTS.

"We are having a feast to-day," remarked my entertainer. "I have received good news from America. My son, who is clerk in a business house in New York, writes me he is coming home, promoted; so wife has cooked the red rice, and we are making merry."

I do not imagine a foreigner, who had not been some years in the country, would have fully appreciated the fare. It takes time to accustom an American digestion to Japanese food.

The men and ladies smoked during the meal, using the national pipe, a tiny-bowled, bamboo-stemmed, brass article, holding a charge of tobacco about the size of a marrowfat pea. The weed is shredded very finely, and is exceedingly mild. *Tobako*, as they call it, was introduced into Japan by the Portuguese in 1627.

My entertainers puffed at their pipes, picked at the food, and drank many cups of somewhat bitter tea. *Apropos* of this, I would like to correct an error concerning the famous herb. It is generally believed the Chinese and Japanese people drink the very finest qualities of *cha*, as they term it, while, in reality, the contrary is the case. The choicest kinds are bought by wealthy persons and teahouse-keepers, who often pay fabulous prices for mere names; the second, third and fourth grades are exported, and the fifth, sixth and rubbish consumed by the masses of both countries, who drink a decoction astringent enough to tan the coat of the stomach. Many Chinese and Japanese kill themselves through excessive indulgence in the cup that cheers but does not inebriate.

At the conclusion of the meal I followed my host into his shop, which, like all establishments of the kind, was open to the street. He showed me, done up in neat paper bags, duly marked and priced, wheat, barley, spelt (German wheat), buckwheat, millet, and a great variety of beans and peas, all of which were used for food. In reply to my question as to whether he dealt in rice, he said:

"No; that is a separate business. You will find any number of stores solely devoted to its sale. Most persons purchase it by the bag. Poor people buy it in the husk and clean it themselves, others obtain their supplies from peddlers. It is to us what my son writes me bread is to Americans."

My entertainer then inquired if I would like to visit one of the rice magazines, and on receiving an affirmative, led the way into the street, where I found my patient cook, Izakura, awaiting me, basket in hand.

I told him I had breakfasted, and bade him return home; then, following my guide, soon found myself on the bank of a canal, the shores of which were lined with warehouses, built especially for the storage of the Japanese staff of life.

When we arrived the place appeared to be deserted, and we could only see a watchman here and there. It was the hour of the first rice—in other words, the coolies were at breakfast. In a few moments we heard a peculiar yell, sounding like "*Wan-yoong!*" then, from boat and warehouse, swarmed hundreds of sturdy men, dressed in cotton girdles and head-towels, who, responding to the signal with vigorous shouts, proceeded to unload the boats moored to the banks.

The scene was a most animated one; however, the fine dust from the rice soon formed a cloud which forced us from the place, we not having our mouths protected by towels, like the coolies.

Quitting the spot, we proceeded to a warehouse on a neighboring street, and after watching some men fishing for flounders, entered the edifice, where we beheld thousands of grass bags filled with rice.

The proprietor received us at the entrance and showed us over the place, which, in the old time, had belonged to the Shogun. The bags are turned every few days, in order to prevent their contents heating, and great care is taken to banish rats and mice out of the granary.

"Why do you not keep cats?" I asked.

"Cats!" said the owner. "My wife has one. We do not have luxuries" (literally, animals of amusement,) "at our places of business."

"But they would catch the rats and mice for you."

"Would they?" he answered. "I never knew that. My wife's cat, Ema, sits all day upon her robe, singing praises to the hundred million gods. One time a rat entered the house and ate some of Ema's boiled rice. The cat was afraid of him, and hid in my servant's garments. Come to think of it, I have read about cats catching mice, and so on. I fear our animals have no longer the admirable spirit of valor."

I explained that in America pussies were kept for their services as mousers, et cetera, hearing which he smiled and said:

"Honorable sir, even the animals of your country appear to possess useful qualities. If I kept cats I should have to employ persons to attend them. Why, my wife spends half her time looking after her dear Ema. I find it is cheaper to employ human beings as rat-killers."

This exceedingly Japanese method of settling the matter ended the controversy. I had forgotten I was in a country where a man was less valuable than a cat. I afterward saw Ema, a sleek, lazy, tailless creature, though his master's description of the uselessness of Japanese cats did not agree with my experience; I subsequently owning an animal named Mijopo, who not only killed rats and mice, but cleared a neighbor's henhouse. Like all his fellow-pussies, he lacked a tail, and upon inquiry I found that few of the Japanese grimalkins owned those useful appendages.

From the rice-warehouses we went to a dealer in seaweed, where I saw hundreds of bales of various kinds exposed for sale. The gentleman who owned the store informed me the red weed we call dulse is cultivated just like any other plant. In the Spring, branches of a peculiar shrub are laid down in the shallow waters of Yedo Bay. About June or July, small reddish buds appear on the fagots, which are then dragged up and conveyed to spots near the mouths of canals, or rivers where the water is brackish. This develops the dulse, which grows with great rapidity. All through the Winter, hundreds of men, women and children are employed in gathering the leaves; the best quality being secured when the water is thick with melted snow. The dulse is then dried, when it is used in a variety of ways, almost all ordinary dishes containing some of it. The Japanese name for the dried article is *Osakusa-nori*.

I was also shown many bales and packages of *fer* (carragheen moss). This is used for food and for sizing the warp of silk and cotton goods.

As we were moving through the warehouses, I noticed tubs containing a substance that looked like dry, spongy, light-yellow glue, which I was told was *kanten* (vegetable isinglass). The seaweed (*gelidium corneum*), called by the Japanese *tengusa*, and by American boys "popweed," is carefully washed and boiled into a sort of gluish decoction, which is strained and run into boxes. When cooled, it forms a stiff jelly, like corn-starch. This is cut into cubes and exposed to the frost, it only being manufactured during the Winter. The water in the mass freezes, leaving the glutinous substance in a sort of honeycomb. The semi-frozen blocks are then exposed to the sun, when the water melts, leaving a spongy skeleton full of holes. This is the vegetable isinglass. The latter is dried in ovens and sold for cooking and manufacturing purposes, hundreds of tons being yearly exported to Europe and America, where it is made into "finest fish-isinglass."

My guide informed me there were seventeen kinds of seaweed used as food, and that they were staple articles. I suppose the chemicals in the substance supply a lack filled in our own diet by green vegetables, of which the Japanese are not fond, they cooking those we eat raw.

After thanking my polite host, I accompanied my friend to the warehouse of an oil-merchant, where I saw thousands of tubs and jars of oil. This substance takes the place of meat in the native food, and is made from a variety of seeds and fishes.

The most common, used for cooking and lighting purposes, is called *egoma*. This has a rancid, penetrating odor, and is only eaten by poor persons. Well-to-do people buy a clear, rich article called *keyano abura*, something like olive-oil. Whale-oil, very strongly perfumed, is used in cooking, also *gioto* (fish-oil), under which head comes a variety of liquid fats, expressed from various fishes.

In a neighboring store I saw *ye-no-abura* (paint-oil), *natane* (rape), *goma*, *kiru* (cedar), *wata dane* (cotton-seed), clove, camphor, and mountain-tea-seed oils, besides a number made from wild-pig-fat and animal substances.

Neither of these magazines giving out a very pleasant perfume, I was glad when my guide proposed to visit a store devoted to the sale of wheaten flour, starches, macaroni and vermicelli.

Wheaten flour is not used by the Japanese for making bread, but mixed in various dishes and converted into cakes, vermicelli and similar substances. It is ground between granite stones driven by water-power, bolted free from bran, and is tolerably white and fine. They also make large quantities of rice-flour, which is used pure and to adulterate the wheaten article.

Vermicelli, macaroni and Italian flakes are made from wheaten and buckwheat flour, and are most excellent in quality.

The starches used for food and dressing fabrics are peculiar to Japan. The *kudzu*, made from a species of yam, is white in color, and very palatable and nourishing. The *kata-kuri* is manufactured from the root of the dog-tooth violet, and there is a fern-root starch. Both kinds are used for food, and the fern-root starch can be made into the strongest paste in the world, which would be priceless to our bookbinders and paper-box manufacturers.

Starch-sugar is largely prepared from millet and rice, and is so clear and tough that venders of the substance sell it on the streets, and blow it, while hot, into all manner of shapes for the amusement of children, who are very fond of such candies.

We quitted the dealer in vermicelli, etc., and entered a shop devoted to the manufacture of *tofu* (bean-curd, or cheese), a national dish. It is semi-gelatinous, white, delicious and wholesome. *Yuba* is another sort of paste food, made from white beans. *Misso* is a white bean paste, mixed with fermented rice and salt. It requires a Japanese-trained stomach to digest this.

Soyu (soy), a sauce made with boiled beans and wheat, was also sold at this establishment. The mess is fermented until it is a mass of fungi, then cooled and salted with hot lye. It is next transferred to enormous vats, in which it is kept for several years, then pressed in bags made of thick cotton cloth. The brown juice that runs from the horrible mass is *soyu*, and is not only palatable, but wholesome. The Japanese flavor dishes with it, and use it as we do vinegar, for pickling. It tastes like mushroom catsup.

I had seen the process of soy-making, therefore declined to visit one of those establishments; whereupon my guide took me to a candy factory.

As a nation, the Japanese are not large consumers of sugar. The cane is known in the southern part of the empire, and some sugar is made there; however, the greater portion of saccharine matter used in Nippon is manufactured from rice and millet. Some *jaggerry* (coarse, brown, granulated cane-sugar) is imported, but it is regarded as a luxury. So little importance is attached to this article, it is not even mentioned in the reports published by the Commissioners of Agriculture.

Quitting the candy-store, we entered a boat and were rowed to the only vegetable and fruit mart in Tokio—at least, the only place worthy of such a name. This is situated near the Rikogoku Bridge, and somewhat resembles Washington Market, being a mass of decayed, tottering buildings, laden with food and swarming with people. The staple vegetable of Japan is the *daikon* (radish), which is grown all the way from six inches to three feet in length, and thick in proportion. It is sweet when boiled, and bitter when raw, and is extensively used in making the pickle bearing the same name, to the malodorous quality of which I have already referred.

Among the products of the garden offered for sale were the *kabu* (turnip), *ningin* (carrot), *negi* (onion), *kiuri* (cucumber), *suikwa* (vegetable marrow), *fukube* (calabash), *gobo* (dock), *togarashi* (red pepper), *karashi* (mustard), *shoga* (ginger), *wasabe* (horse-radish), *imo* (Irish potato), *renkon* (lotus-root), *ju-ri-no-ne* (lily-root), *nassu* (egg-plant) and *mitsuba-zeri* (parsley). There was also a large kind of leek.

Of these the most common were the gigantic radish, the red pepper, the lotus-root and egg-plant.

Of fruits there were the *dai-dai-mikan* and *kan-rui* (oranges), *ume* (plum), *momo* (peach), *nashi* (pear), *ogaki* (persimmon), *kuri* (chestnut), *biwa* (loquat), *bondo* (grape), and any quantity of watermelons; the latter, persimmons, and oranges being most abundant.

I lingered among the fragrant-smelling fruits until past noon. The oranges were very fine, and of excellent quality; there were also some shaddocks on sale, but these, I believe, came from Amoy in China. The grapes and pears were poor and flavorless, and I saw a few green, colicky-looking apples. The staple fruit was the persimmon, ripe and dried; the latter, which were from three to five inches in length, tasting like figs.

"Come," remarked my companion, "it is time we took something to cheer our spirits. I know a place near by where they sell most excellent *saké*."

On our way to the establishment we overtook the proprietor, who, after being introduced to me, insisted I should visit his brewery, which was on a street near by.

Saké (rice-wine or rice-beer) is the principal and almost only alcoholic beverage of the Japanese, and is made of various qualities, flavors and degrees of strength. It is generally drank hot, at meals, but those who are fond of it, and their name is legion, swallow it cold at all times.

We followed the *saké*-brewer, who, leading the way, remarked:

"You Americans only require one more virtue."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"To appreciate *saké*," he slyly answered. "It is a heaven-sent beverage; was invented by the gods. It clears the soul of vapors, makes the sick man feel well, the poor rich and the weak strong. Taken in moderation, it is food, drink and medicine in one."

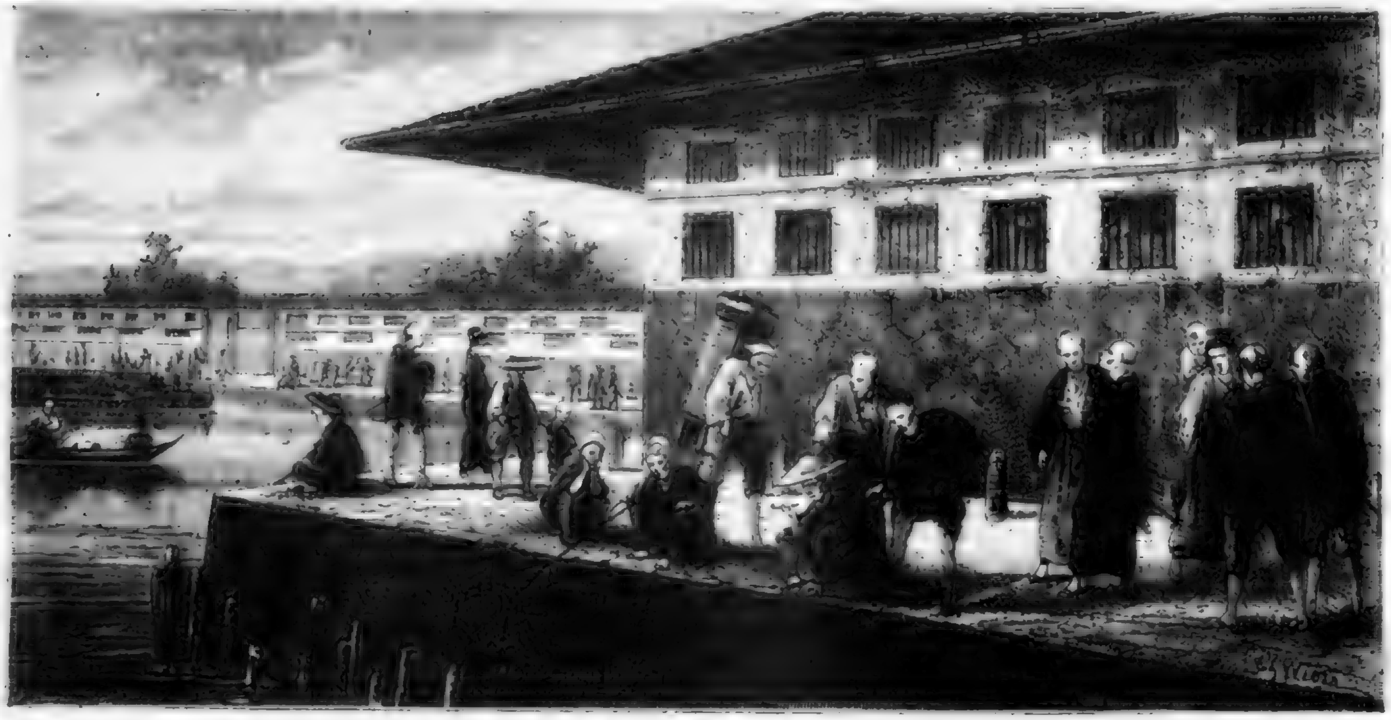
"What do you call moderation?"

"Oh, that is according to a person's temperament," he smilingly replied. "Some can take as many as sixty or a hundred cups, and still retain the perfect balance of the senses. I am a moderate man; I drink a little in the morning to encourage my heart, a good quantity at my midday meal, and a cup or two between times with my friends. I also take some at night. It keeps the soul from wandering away from the body," (dreaming). "Here," opening a door into an extensive range of buildings, "is my poor brewery."

We entered a storehouse, and saw stacks of bags filled with rice, then passed into a large shed where the grain was being washed.

"I am most particular about my *saké*," he remarked. "The rice is carefully cleansed and steamed for several hours, after which it is spread out on mats, to lower the temperature, and when it is blood-warm, mixed with old rice that is full of fungi; this soon spreads all over the mass."

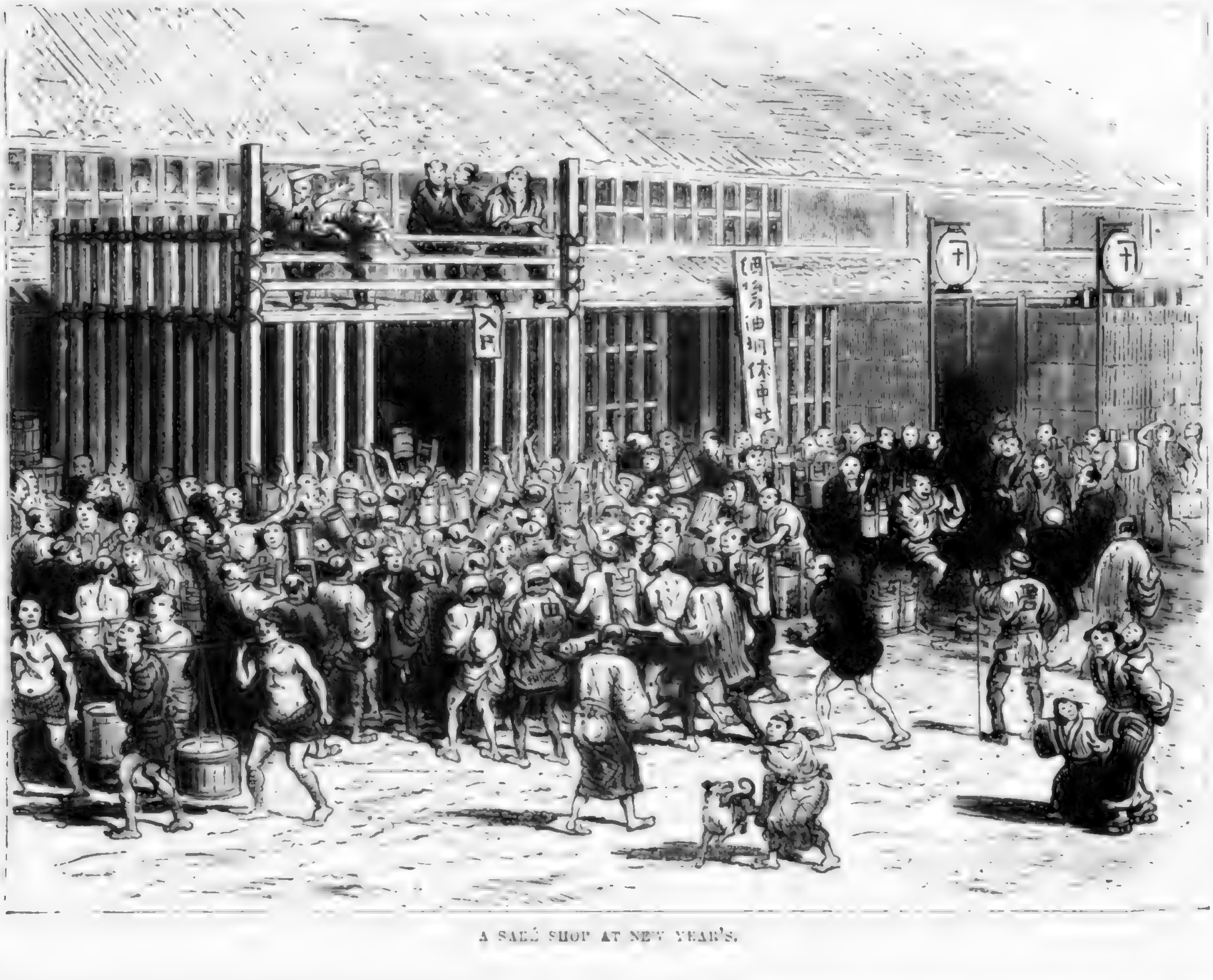
XUM



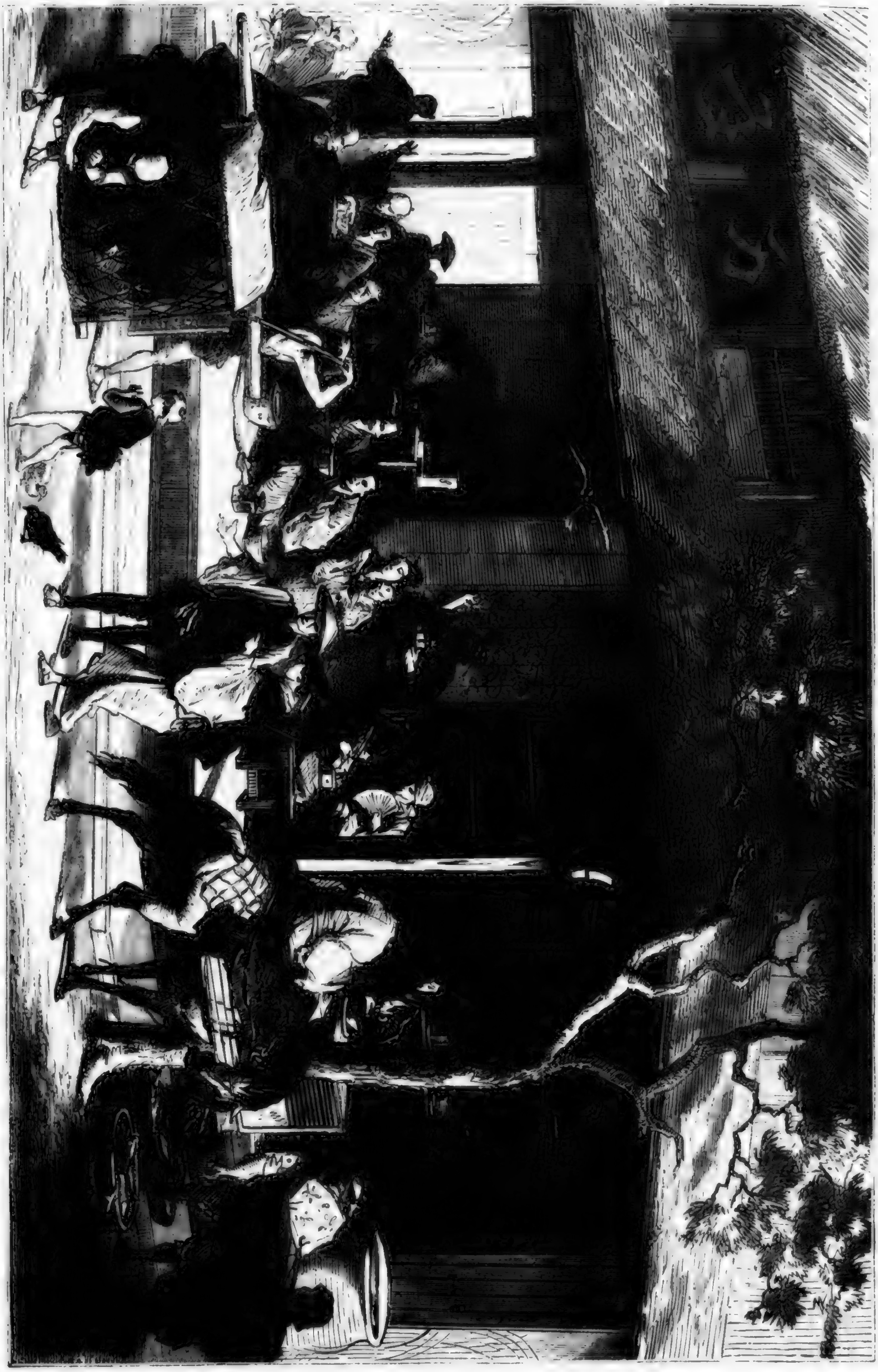
RICE WAREHOUSES NEAR TOKIO.

Our guide conducted us to rooms full of the stuff, which looked like brewer's grains turned moldy ; he then led the way into the mash-room, where we saw hundreds of tubs filled with wort, made of steamed rice and water, remarking, as he pointed to the horrible-looking mess:

"As soon as this sours a little we cool it off and put it in a cold place, so as to stop the fermentation. The wort then becomes bitter. In January the real brewing begins. We steam more rice and mix it with equal proportions of the fungus-covered mass and cold wort, to which we add a sufficient quantity of cold water. It is then poured into big vats and well stirred. When thoroughly mixed it is left for twenty days, at the expiration of which time it acquires the perfume of the breath of the gods (vinous smell), and has a taste of *saké.* Then our busy time begins. The delicious wort is poured into bags made of



A SAKÉ SHOP AT NEW YEAR'S.



JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

thick cotton cloth, and pressed; the liquid that runs off is put into casks, which are stored in tiers and allowed to stand until the contents have settled, when we draw off the clear, bright, beautiful *saké.*"

"Do you ever spoil a brewing?"

"Sometimes a thunderstorm will sour the wort, and render it unfit for working. We put the damaged liquor aside, and, when the yearly brewing is over, mix it with the residues of the casks and distil it, making *mi-rin* (literally, sweet liquor) and rice brandy—the latter is a drink to take you by the head and heels."

Some of the rooms smelt sour, and others musty; while the stores containing the beverage awaiting sale had a vinous odor, suggestive of what my Japanese friends termed "good drink."

"Now," said our conductor, "if you will come to my humble and miserable shop, I will give you some *saké* fit for the Mikado. It is twenty-five years old, and will make you feel that number of years younger."

We accompanied him to the place named, where we saw several parties feasting and drinking. Near us were four men and three women, enjoying a feast of the beverage, which they drank from large cups, one of them helping himself from a bottle.

"Those are country people," whispered the proprietor, as the leading man of the party turned his head in order to take a good view of me. "They have come to see the sights of Tokio and eat some carp."

As he spoke, a servant neared them with a stand on which was a baked fish, cooked whole.

"*Ahe, ahe!*" shouted one of the men, clapping his hands. "Now, then, my friends, let us demolish this dish. We are having a grand holiday."

None of the people were intoxicated, though some of their faces were slightly flushed. The Japanese can swallow large quantities of *saké* without showing any ill effects.

We ate some cakes, drank a few cups of a very delicious old liquor, and chatted with our host. When I rose to leave, the gentleman insisted upon my accepting a few bottles of his famous brew; then I entered a *jin-riki-sha*, and was drawn home by a coolie, who trotted every step of the way.

From the foregoing, the reader will learn that, while rice is the bread of the Japanese, they also consume large quantities of fish, beans and oil; the latter afford the necessary nitrogenous substances, and, to a certain extent, form a substitute for meat. This diet has produced a hardy race of men, who are not much troubled with nervous disorders; it has also developed several diseases almost unknown to a flesh-eating people. Ossification of the coats of the stomach is a common disorder, possibly induced by drinking the bitter tea of the country. Cases of leprosy are very prevalent, and *kakke*, a disease attacking the lower limbs—peculiar to Japan—is most fatal. Cholera, that scourge of Eastern races, annually sweeps off thousands of the people, and will do so as long as they retain their old style of living.

Within the last few years the masses have developed a taste for animal food, and the Government has established cattle and sheep-breeding farms. This will work as great a revolution in the national diet as foreign intercourse has in their costume, and it is probable, before the beginning of the next century, bread, beef and mutton will form the staple food of the inhabitants of Dai-Nippon.

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze, but a moment of sorrow seems an age of pain.

A DILETTANTE.

By Gabbleton Tidy.

CAN you recall an ode to June,
Or lines to any river,
In which you do not meet "the moon,"
And see "the moonbeams quiver"?
I've heard such songs to many a tune,
But never yet—no niver—
Have I escaped that rhyme to "June,"
Or missed that rhyme to "river."

At times the bard from his refrain
A moment's respite snatches,
The while his over-cudgeled brain
At some new jingle catches:
Yet long from the unlucky moon
Himself he cannot sever,
But grasps once more that rhyme to "June,"
And seeks a rhyme to "river."

Then let not indolence be blamed
On him whose verses show it
By shunning "burdens" (rightly named
For reader and for poet),
For rhymes must fail him late or soon,
Nor can he deal for ever
In words whose sound resembles "June."
And assonants of "river."

When "loon" 's been used, and "shoon" and "spoon."
And "stiver" sounded "stivver,"
Think of a bard reduced to "'coon,"
And left alone with "liver"!
Ah, then, how blessèd were the boon!
How doubly blest the giver,
Who gave him one rhyme more for "June,
And one more rhyme for "river"!

WAS IT BETTER?

By S. ANNIE FROST.

"BETTER in every way!"

I think if Amy Randolph had whispered these four words to herself once, she had fifty times, as she paced up and down her narrow bedroom, trying to solve the hardest problem her life had offered her.

She was a slender, fair girl of nineteen, with large, dreamy brown eyes and nut-brown hair. Her face was one that would attract little notice from a passer-by; but when you knew it well, when the large eyes and sensitive mouth had taken every varying phase of expression, as you touched the girl's poetic mind and tender heart, the pure loveliness of the countenance grew upon you till it became most beautiful.

And to Guy Chester Amy's face had become so. He knew how the little mouth could smile or quiver, how the large eyes could soften or flash, how winning and lovely every change became.

And he loved her, not as she loved him, with every thrill of her heart, every pulse of her being, but in his easy-going, vacillating fashion, as the most perfect little gem of womanhood he had ever met.

And he was Guy Chester, heir to Chester Hill, if—ah! that little word that makes or mars so many destinies!—*if* he pleased his mother. And she was Amy Randolph, his third cousin, and his mother's companion. She had been educated at a boarding-school, where she taught younger children in part payment for her own tuition, and had been offered her choice, when she graduated, of going to Chester Hill as Mrs. Chester's companion, or returning to her grandparents, who barely supported life upon a miserable little farm in Pennsylvania.

And Mrs. Chester, who was a bad-tempered, exacting woman, had so thoroughly cowed and terrified the timid girl that she seemed to her a pale, uninteresting nonentity, useful in writing letters, reading aloud and sewing, but utterly unattractive. She never saw the exquisite oval of the young face, the delicacy of the features, the dreamy poetry of the eyes.

"What Guy could find to admire in that washed-out girl," she could not discover. She worshiped her only son, but she was too innately selfish to give him his way when it interfered with her own.

And her own way, at that time, required Guy to marry a wife whose money would support his many extravagances, and leave his mother's purse full for hers. For they were extravagant, living in New York all Winter, in fashionable circles, and filling their country-seat with visitors all Summer.

And the very wife Guy wanted, in his mother's opinion, was ready to wed him for his asking. True, she was loud-voiced and vulgar, inclined to be fast, with rather a masculine cast of beauty—a sunflower of a girl, as Amy was a violet. But her father had left her a large fortune, and she had fallen in love with Guy Chester, making no secret of the fact to his keen-eyed mother.

That she had disgusted him at the very outset of his acquaintance with her by her frankly avowed preference for his attentions and society, troubled her but little. She had been brought up in the belief that money was the attraction no man could resist, and she had money. If she wore diamond earrings to breakfast, and a velvet riding-dress in the country, was not her wealth so proven? And if her complexion was often as red as the roses in her hair, so decided a brunette could bear a high color.

Altogether she felt herself a prize in the matrimonial circle, and Mrs. Chester encouraged her in her delusion.

And when she had accepted Mrs. Chester's invitation to spend a month at Chester Hill, in the Spring, when the house was not full, when Guy had remained at home ever since the return from the city, and everything promised well for the mother's scheme, she was coolly asked to accept Amy Randolph for a daughter-in-law.

Had she been a judicious as well as a loving mother, she would have seen that Guy, under Amy's gentle influence, was developing nobler traits of character than he had ever shown in his life before; that he was losing his taste for a life of whirl and excitement, was thinking of higher aims than the possession of the fastest horses and finest wines in his set of friends.

But she was blind to all this, and equally blind to the prospect that Guy, at home, in quiet domestic happiness, with a wife so careless of finery and gayety as Amy, could never make the inroads upon her income that Guy, as the most extravagant bachelor of his "set," made annually. She had set her heart upon Guy's marriage with Laura Marcy, and she was furious at the obstacle presented to her.

But Guy Chester was not the man to say "please mamma," and then submit without protest if mamma did not please.

He had never been crossed from the time he shrieked for tops and candy, and it was scarcely probable he would accept the first opposition after twenty-five years of unchecked pleasure.

"You can do as you like," he said, shrugging his shoulders, as his mother threatened to turn Amy out-of-doors; "but I shall marry Amy, be sure of that. As for Laura Marcy, I should as soon think of living with a stable-boy —a great, coarse, blowzy woman!"

"With half a million of dollars!"

"Ten million would not make her a lady!"

"And pray, what is supposed to support you when you marry Amy? Remember, my money bought this place, though it bears your father's name, and my money supports your extravagances! Your own income would not keep you in gloves and neckties."

"We can live on very little. Amy does not care for gayety, and I mean to take up my law studies in good earnest. I'm going to drop fast horses and bachelor suppers, mammy, and go in for legal honors. When I am Judge of the Supreme Court you can thank Amy for rousing my ambition, and making a man of me."

But Mrs. Chester was not inclined to thank Amy for anything that thwarted her own plan. She could not resist Guy's caress or his pet name of "mammy," and she was shrewd enough to see that active opposition would probably hasten the catastrophe she dreaded. Guy was just the man to walk off with Amy to church and come back bound for life, if he saw any prospect of separation. So the mother smiled and said.

"You headstrong boy! You always have had your own way, and I suppose you always will!"

"That's a dear mammy," was the quick reply. "Tell Amy it's all right. I'll not interfere till you settle it all."

Then he had walked off whistling, and Mrs. Chester had sent for Amy.

There was no anger upon her face when she bade the shy, gentle girl sit beside her, only a heavy shadow, as if from terrible grief.

"Amy," she began, and her tone had none of its habitual ring of imperious command, "I have just had a long, serious talk with Guy, and made no impression upon him. So I have resolved to make an appeal to your good sense and generosity."

Amy's lips quivered a moment like a grieved child's, but she made no reply.

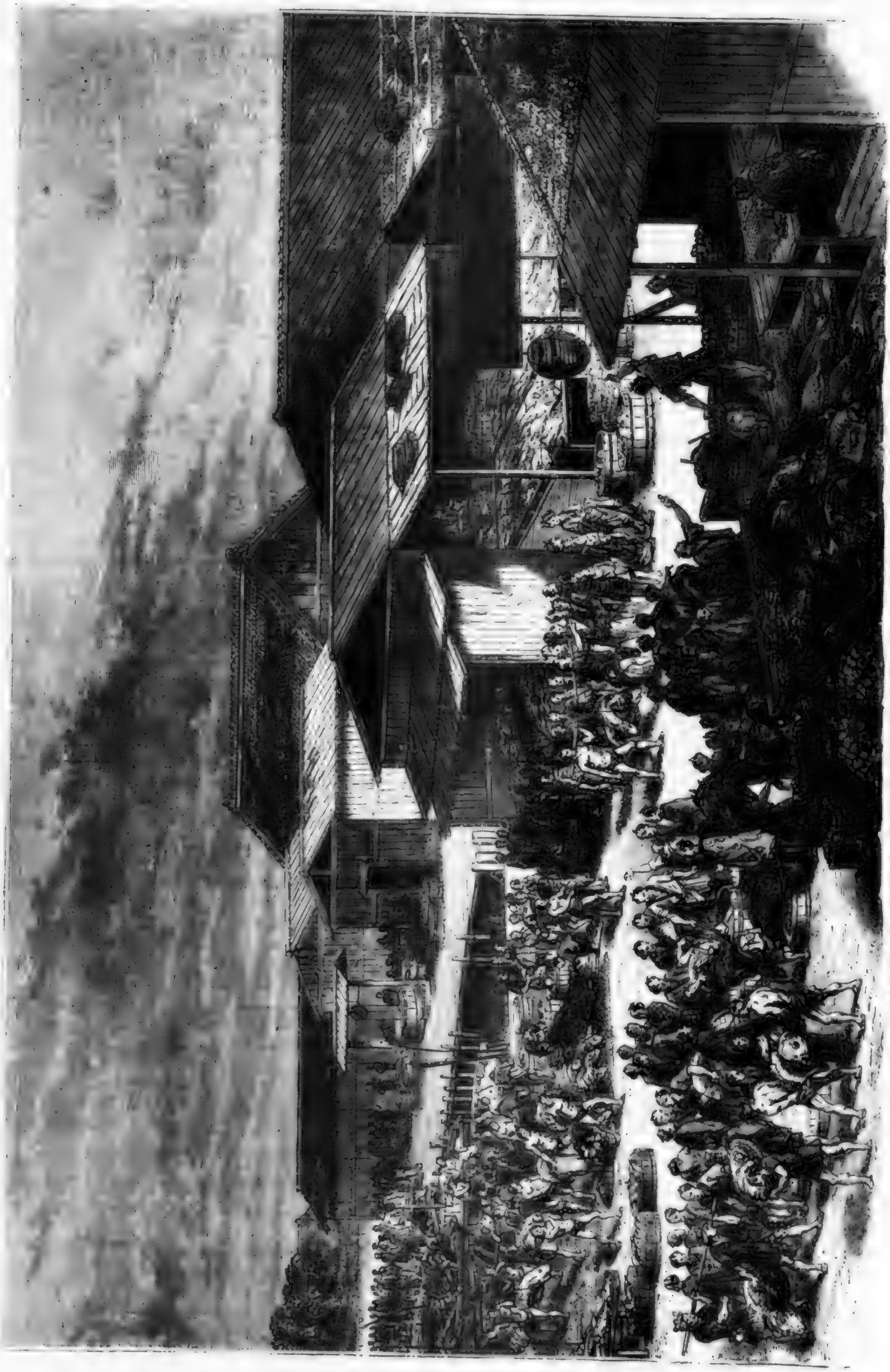
"You think Guy is wealthy," continued Mrs. Chester, "because the estate bears his name, and I supply his purse from my own; but he has less than a thousand dollars a year! If he marries to please me he can still have a home at Chester Hill, but his marriage with a portionless bride will not please me. You imagine love will make poverty easy to bear. You do not know Guy. He is self-willed and impetuous. If you uphold him in opposing me he will marry you, and take you to New York to live upon a thousand a year and his hope of being a great lawyer. And I," very slowly and distinctly, "will leave every dollar I own to a charity, for I will never forgive him. In a year or two you will be in debt, Guy will fret for his club, his suppers, his horses, and reproach you for his poverty. He will tire of you, as he has tired of a dozen fair faces before yours attracted him, and you will be the burden and torment of his life."

"But what am I to do?"

"Leave him. Go at once, without farewell, to your grandfather's, and I will allow your present salary to continue."

"No," was the quiet, firm answer. "If I go it will be for Guy's sake. I do not require a bribe!"

"It will be better in every way for you to go, believe me—better in every way. Guy will forget you in six months, and marry Laura Marcy, who will be able to give him every luxury he now enjoys, and who worships the ground on which he walks."



WHAT THE JAPANESE EAT.—THE FISH-MARKET ON THE GREAT BRIDGE OF JAPAN.—SEE PAGE 166.

Amy's sensitive lip curled. Gentle as she was, she had sufficient spirit to despise the unmaidenly conduct of her rival. A latent pride, almost hidden in her shy, modest nature, was asserting itself, and spoke presently.

"I will tell you to-morrow," she said, "what I will do."

"And Guy will persuade you to marry him."

"I will say nothing of this conversation to Guy. You may trust me!"

But Mrs. Chester did not trust her. She listened for Guy's step, and, meeting him in the hall, said:

"I wish you would go to New York for me, Guy."

"Won't to-morrow do?"

"No; you can stay over night, and come down in the morning; I particularly wish——" and then followed the long excuse for the trip.

"Where's Amy?" was the expected question.

"In her own room. Don't call her, Guy; she wants to be alone. We have had a long talk."

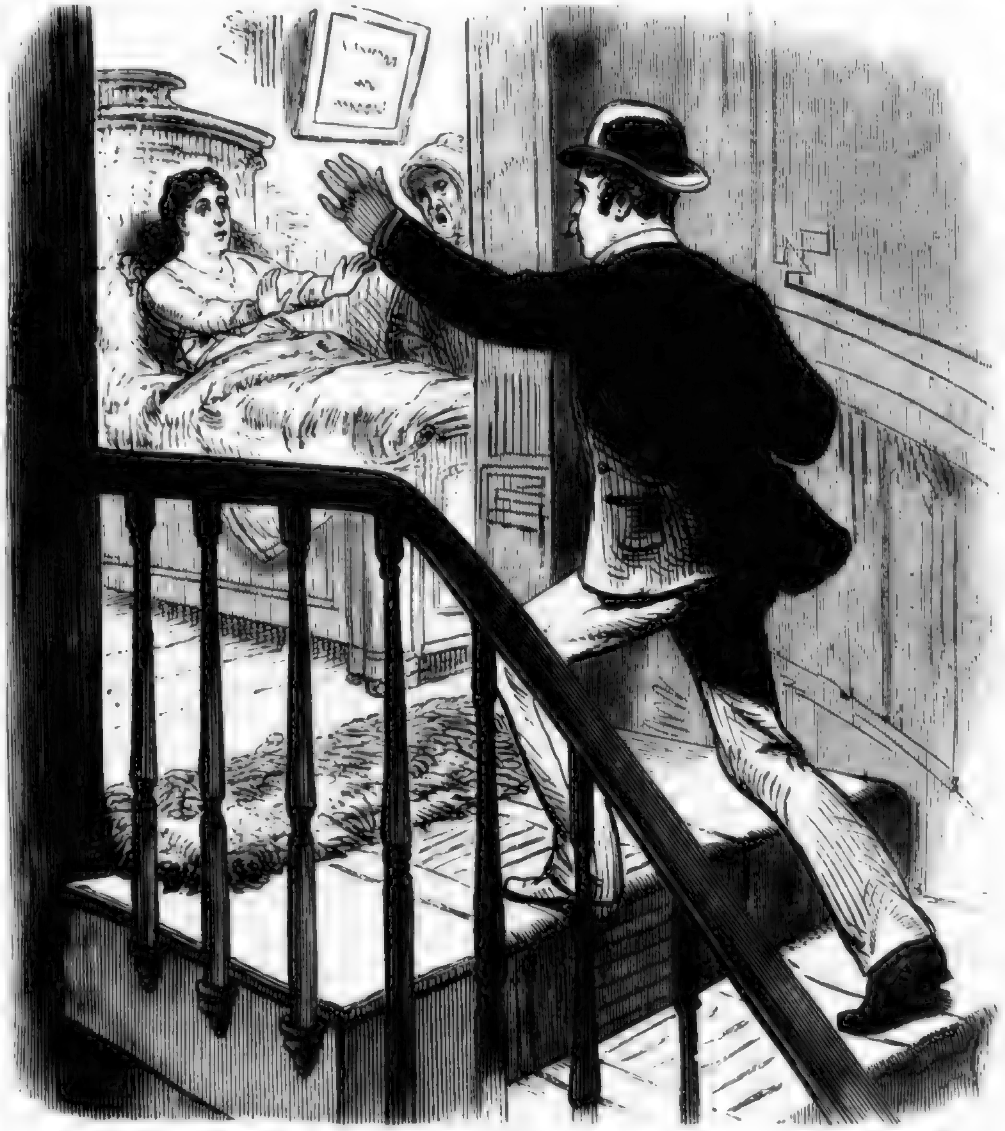
"And you were good to her?"

"I said no word of blame. She will tell you herself to-morrow."

"But she can come down just a minute?"

"If she does, you will miss the 4:30 train. Do go! You owe me some compliance after this morning."

And Guy—easy-going Guy—kissed her and strode away from all happiness. It was noon the next day when he returned, and his mother met him at the door again.



WAS IT BETTER?—"ONE LOOK SHOWED GUY A LITTLE FIGURE HALF LIFTED FROM THE BED, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, LIPS SMILING, EYES RADIANT."—SEE PAGE 174.

"Guy," she said, "Amy is gone!"

"Gone! Where?"

"I cannot imagine, unless she tells you in this."

And a little note in Amy's handwriting was placed in Guy's gloved hand. He tore it open quickly. No address, no date, no signature—only these words:

> "It is better in every way for me to leave you. I shall not return even if you seek and find me. A penniless wife would become a burden to you, even though you loved her. So it is better to say—farewell."

That was all!

There was a scene, of course. Mrs. Chester quite expected a scene, but her fastidious taste was shocked at the quantity of wine Guy drank at dinner. He was a gentleman, and it was against all his former refined ideas to confuse his brain with drink; but on that night his ascent of the stairs to his room was not easily accomplished.

But this was not repeated the next night, nor had it been when Laura Marcy came three weeks later. By that time Guy had worked himself into a state of sulky resentment against Amy. He had left no stone unturned to find her, but having troubled himself very little about her antecedents, beyond the fact that his mother and her own were cousins, he had entirely forgotten, if he ever knew of, the existence of her paternal grandparents.

She had never cared for him! She was a sly little flirt! She would have married the heir of Chester Hill, but was afraid to wed a student lawyer with a thousand dollars a year. She was mercenary!

So he rang the changes over the yearning grief he could not smother. And the ambition that she had roused, the aims she had encouraged, sank back before the reckless quest of pleasures to resist the only really deep love Guy had ever known.

Just in this state he met Laura Marcy half-way, flirted desperately, rode over the country roads beside her, till it was one of the unexplained problems what saved their necks in their headlong racing; sang with her, and found himself bound by an engagement before he half realized how far he was involved.

The marriage was hurried on,,both the mother and the willing bride energetically preparing all things for a grand wedding, and within six months Amy, in her dreary home, reading her cousin's letter, said, with a heartbroken sigh:

"She was right! Guy has forgotten me in less than six months. Oh, if only I could forget!"

But she could not, poor little crushed, faithful heart! She thought she was so far happy, that when her share of the farm drudgery was over she could wander off into the woods, and dream her love-dream over, comfort her aching heart with the memory of what had been, and whisper with but a faint, faint hope:

"His mother may be wrong. He loved me so dearly, he will be faithful, and when Mrs. Chester sees that, she will relent and send for me."

She drooped visibly in those Summer days, working over the unaccustomed routine of housework to keep her grandmother, having a tender love from both grandparents, but no mental excitement to drown her heart's hunger.

Had she remained somewhere in a situation suited to her capacity, where teaching or reading would have insured some hours daily of forgetfulness, it would have saved her. Had she studied, taught, or even had companionship, the dreary weight of thought might have lessened, till the sore heart, its old wounds closed, might have revived to new love and happiness.

But when she stirred porridge she could think of Guy; when her dainty little hands scoured tins and washed cups, she remembered her love. Her grandfather was nearly deaf, and constant intercourse with him had reduced her grandmother to a silence that was too strongly habitual to be easily broken.

Very conscientiously Amy tried to do her duty by the old people who had given her loving welcome, overtasking her strength to aid in the daily routine of work, and careful of many little attentions the young can so gracefully offer the old.

But there was nothing to feed the cravings of brain and heart but memory and that faint hope. And upon the yearning cry of the loving heart for love and life came the letter inclosing Guy's wedding-cards.

"She's over-quiet for one so young," the country people said, "and looks peaked."

But nobody saw the shadow under which the girl drooped and faded, her little feet treading unconsciously in the valley of death. And Guy, with his energetic and boisterous wife, was plunging into city life with a rush and fervor that rather amazed his old associates.

"By Jove!" Creighton Daly said, twirling his blonde mustache, "I always thought Chester was one of your slow, lazy fellows, who are too indolent to be vicious; but he has wakened up with a vengeance. He will break his neck yet on that brute he rides. I'm a pretty fair whip, but I wouldn't be on her back half an hour for half a million. No, by Jove! And he plays so high that even Grantley whistles over his stakes. Never in my life saw a fellow so changed!"

"Somebody said he was going in for law in earnest," said a second voice.

"Bah!" said a third; "his mother's estate must come to him, and there's all the Marcy money."

But Guy had found the "Marcy" had quite a shrewd commercial head of her own, and meant to keep her purse-strings in her own fingers. Every dollar of Mrs. Laura Chester's fortune was securely settled upon herself, and she gave her husband to understand plainly that if he would gamble and give expensive suppers, he must tax his mother for the cost.

And so, in a mad search for forgetfulness, a restless desire to be away from the uncongenial society of his wife, a dread of the self-reproach of thought, Guy Chester was throwing away all the finer instincts of his nature, sinking lower and lower in the scale of true manliness.

Spring was coming again, and, worn out, in spite of his perfect physique, by late hours and a Winter of reckless dissipation, Guy determined to run down to Chester Hill for a week or two.

"If there are any letters for me, you can open them," his mother said, rather careless, now that her point was gained, of Guy's knowledge of the machinery that had been put in operation to accomplish it. "I leave it to you to judge if any are important enough to forward."

There was but one, for most of Mrs. Chester's correspondents were sufficiently intimate to know they must use her city address between November and May.

But that one Guy tore open with trembling fingers, knowing well who had penned the address, in faint, wavering lines. The letter read:

> "Dear Cousin: I have been very sick all Winter, getting a little weaker every day, and now I know I shall never be better again. I know I ought not to love Guy since he is married, and I try to remember it is wrong; but when I am dead, will you not tell him I left him because I loved him, and you were so sure it would be better for him to forget me. Give him my love—my love that will not die, notwithstanding I try so hard to kill it.
>
> "Amy."

He never fainted, and he did not even groan as he read the words; but setting his teeth hard over a muttered curse that might have appalled even his mother's selfish heart, he went back to the railway station and took a train that would carry him to Harrisburg, the nearest route to the out-of-the-way town from which the letter was posted.

"Will it be to-day? Oh, doctor, not to-day!" said old Mrs. Randolph, when the doctor turned away from the bed where Amy lay.

He only shook his head and passed from the room, while the sobbing old woman bent over the white, unconscious face upon the pillow. For nearly a week, since writing her pathetic farewell to love and life, Amy had lain just so, without any sign of consciousness. She swallowed obediently all food, medicine or drink put to her lips, but she never spoke, never lifted the drooping lids that half covered her large eyes.

"Passing away peacefully, poor lamb!" the kind-hearted neighbors said, and no one hoped, ever so faintly, for a return of consciousness. But, as she lay on that still April day, her breath coming with more labored sighs, her face growing ghastly with the touch of the great seal, she suddenly lifted her hand, opened her eyes, and smiled.

"Hush!—he is coming!" she said.

"Wandering, poor dear," said one old crone.

"Guy! Guy!" the pale lips whispered, and in answer a quick tread crossed the porch, paused a moment, and came up the staircase.

One look showed Guy a little figure half lifted from the bed, arms outstretched, lips smiling, eyes radiant. Only one look! Before he crossed the room Amy sank back, dead!

When April came again, sympathizing friends, deciding which was the most becoming style of mourning for Mrs. Guy Chester, said:

"Very sad—so young. But, my dear, he really was most terribly dissipated. His mother is half ruined paying his debts, and he gambled fearfully, indeed; though, of course, one does not want to blame the dead, it really does seem providential that that brute of a horse threw him, at last, for his wife is young yet, and so wealthy—handsome, too, in that loud style—and really, you know——" and significant shrugs finished the sentence.

But Mrs. Chester, the heart-broken mother, alienated from her son by his bitter, reproachful speeches, after Amy died, impoverished, childless, leads the life a recluse, ever tormented by the haunting question, "Was it better to separate those loving hearts, remove Guy from tender, gentle influence, and dig two early graves, for money's sake?"

THE DEAD HAND.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

CHAPTER I.

THE ICY GRASP.

THE rich afternoon sunlight pours in at the tall western windows of the drawing-room at Oakleigh. Colonel Estcourt, the proprietor of that valuable estate, lounges at the mantelpiece, chatting listlessly with his wife, while at the other end of this handsome apartment Mr. Lionel Chataigne sits, examining a book of drawings, over which also bends the sweet face of Edith Belton. The most remarkable figure of this quiet group is Mrs. Estcourt. She is quite forty years of age; but still beautiful. Time has rounded a naturally elegant form; but has not dimmed the exquisite freshness of her complexion, nor dared to mar with a single wrinkle its smoothness. Cold and stately, and a little peculiar, is this lady; but Colonel Estcourt adores her. A year ago he brought her home to Oakleigh and installed her as its mistress. Where had he met her? No one quite new; but there were those who said she had been an actress, opera-singer, or something of the kind, and Captain Diggs, of the neighboring village, avowed distinctly that he had seen her on the stage, though he could not recall in what city. The captain, very much broken now and always a little tipsy, had been a man of fashion in his day, and was looked upon as an authority.

Handsome Mrs. Estcourt has one peculiarity. Her right hand, as you perceive, is sheathed in a black velvet glove; and so it is always, and no one has ever seen that hand. The glove comes up quite over the wrist. What can be the reason of this singularity? Is it merely a whim, or is the hand deformed in some way? No one has ever found out, for no one has had the temerity to inquire; it is called simply the Dead Hand. There are, however, theories, the most likely of which is that Mrs. Estcourt's hand is paralyzed, and perhaps withered, for, although she can lift it freely, she is never seen to use it in any way, and it always hangs listlessly at her side, or rests, as at present, in her lap.

As Mr. Chataigne chats so agreeably with Edith Belton, it is quite evident that he is not entirely absorbed, for now and then he steals curious little furtive glances at Mrs. Estcourt, and she also, when his head is turned aside, eyes him with a similar scrutiny.

It is surmised that they have no very great liking for each other. Mr. Chataigne is Colonel Estcourt's most intimate friend, and wives sometimes resent such intimacies, though often without any distinct reason, except that feminine jealousy which is occasionally so inexplicable.

Mr. Chataigne, in his turn, is rather formal and shy; a little reserved and cold toward Mrs. Estcourt. Perhaps she puzzles him, as she does others, and he is impatient of mystery.

The brightest face in the room is Edith Belton's. She is the youngest daughter of the Reverend Hugh Belton's large family flock—the learned and cheerful clergyman who had once been Colonel Estcourt's tutor, and she is here at Oakleigh on a visit. Those drawings before her are her own, and Mr. Chataigne, who has had a great deal of difficulty in obtaining permission to examine them, is delighted with the fire and spirit of some of those pretty scenes. A sunset at Wyndale Falls particularly charms him. What ease in the handling—what force! The rosy mist rising up cloud-like from the mad eddy is absolutely perfect—the artist has caught the evanescent tints of sunset—the very spirit of the time and place is there!

And so on he praises, now and then venturing a little criticism, and pretty Edith, with parted lips and a beautiful blush, deprecates those flatteries.

"I am sure, Mr. Chataigne, you are secretly laughing at me," she says. "You, who are a true artist, and have seen all the finest works of art, cannot be serious when you praise my poor, feeble attempts."

"How can you wound me by accusing me of such insincerity?" he replies. "You must have seen enough of me to know that the whole essence of my character is frankness, and that I detest hypocrisy and deceit in every form."

Mrs. Estcourt has been listening, and now at this she turns her head away with something of impatience. At the same moment a servant appears and announces:

"Mr. Silas Creep."

A very odd personage enters—a small old gentleman, dressed completely in black, and very much bent—and, with a bow and a smirk, he advances, and Colonel Estcourt, also stepping forward cordially, meets him half-way and takes his gnarled hand.

So Mr. Creep is introduced and welcomed, and bows propitiatively to everybody, and with special humility to Mrs. Estcourt.

"I have taken the liberty to come down," he announces, "about the Taxworth lease, Colonel Estcourt. The parties have proved very impracticable, and I thought I had better have distinct instructions before taking any final step."

Colonel Estcourt looks very much astonished.

"Instructions? Why, my letter was certainly plain enough, I thought."

"Quite so," said Mr. Creep, uneasily. "But—h'm—I had the time to spare, and I thought it would be as well to drop down for a brief personal interview, in order to avoid the possibility of mistake."

"You are very welcome Mr. Creep; but mistake there cannot be. You are to act just exactly as you think proper. However, there's no harm done—you can give me the programme to-night and we will talk it over, and the fresh air here will do you good."

It is a mystery to some people why Colonel Estcourt employs as his legal adviser a gentleman of such questionable standing as Mr. Creep, who is eminent in the city for nothing but a peculiar kind of sharp practice, which has got him the nickname of the "Ferret." With the sinuous agility of the ferret Mr. Creep squeezes into all sorts of dark legal holes, and with his keen eyes explores those recesses and hunts out his game there, and with the sharp and pitiless teeth of the ferret slays it. Less than a year ago Colonel Estcourt was one of the many distinguished clients of Cokely & Blackwood; but somehow Mr. Creep continued to supplant that eminent firm, and to take the colonel's business entirely out of their hands.

"I like old Creep," said Colonel Estcourt once, in explanation. "He is prompt, and you know that is a good virtue in the eyes of a client. You recollect Shakespeare speaks of the misery of 'law's delay,' and it is the most agonizing of suspense sometimes. Cokely & Co. were sure, but unfortunately slow. Now, old Creep is decisive, and, by Jove, *deadly*. He never spares."

Mr. Creep chats away glibly, sitting on the very edge of his chair, rubbing his hands and smirking benevolently,

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and, surprising to relate, he even infuses some life into Mrs. Estcourt. What is the magic spell this old man holds to charm away the *hauteur* and pallid scorn from that handsome face, and cast there instead the pleasant light of a smile?

Lionel Chataigne grows restless—his pretty companion's drawings interest him no more. His opportunity presently comes, and he quietly steals from the room. It is near sunset—very near—the western skies are green and crimson, and the long shadows stretch darkly over the earth. Shall he not have a solitary walk and a cigar this charming evening? He pops on his hat and starts away for a desultory tramp in the distant forest, his favorite asylum when in the mood for soliloquy and reflection, because he is quite sure no one but himself ever goes there, and he is not likely to be interrupted.

He is soon among the giant oaks, and the small birds are twittering over his head in these tenebrous solitudes. Here is a huge stump, upon which he sits and idly whacks the toadstools about him with his walking-stick. He is a little sorry that he came to Oakleigh. His old friend, Estcourt, is not the same. Just as cordial as ever—just as sincere—but there is something missing—he knows not what. And Mrs. Estcourt—"She does not like me—hates me, I think," Mr. Chataigne muses, a little despondently. "Strange woman — mysterious — unfathomable! That horrid dead hand—it has haunted me ever since I came here. I can't put from my mind the idea that it is mortifying and corrupting within that hideous velvet glove!"

He closes his eyes with a shudder, and shuts out this sickening image; and now the evening darkens, and he hears the crows flying homeward, high above him, with their shrill, melancholy cawing. Up he rises with a sigh, and strides away over the dead leaves to a point in the prospective, where he discerns the last gleam of sunshine.

"MUSIDORA." BY W. THEED.

On he goes in this dismal ravine. Suddenly he pauses—what does he hear—voices? He scrutinizes the dusk in front of him carefully. Persons are there by the fence, talking—a man and a woman. The man is a stranger, but the woman he knows instinctively—it is Mrs. Estcourt.

It is dishonorable to listen; but there are circumstances under which one cannot help it. Lionel Chataigne cannot retreat, for fear of being heard; cannot advance, for fear of being seen. He must simply remain in the position of an involuntary eavesdropper.

Mrs. Estcourt, with a burnoose on, is in close conversation with a very large, coarse-looking man, who wears a light, rather flashy overcoat, and a tall chimney-pot hat, set somewhat awry upon his ugly head, and he is smoking a cigar. They are talking excitedly; but Chataigne cannot make out anything distinctly. Mrs. Estcourt is agitated and alarmed, the stranger rude and stern. Five minutes pass, and they separate, with gestures of menace and defiance, and—horror!—Mrs. Estcourt takes the very path in which Chataigne stands. Her intention is evidently to return to the house by a detour, in order to avoid the possibility of suspicion. Alas! what shall this unlucky young man do? She already hates him, and now he has surprised her secret, and in a moment she will learn that disquieting fact.

There is no escape, and he stands perfectly still and confronts her. The look of terror, fury and hatred upon her handsome face when she sees him he will not soon forget.

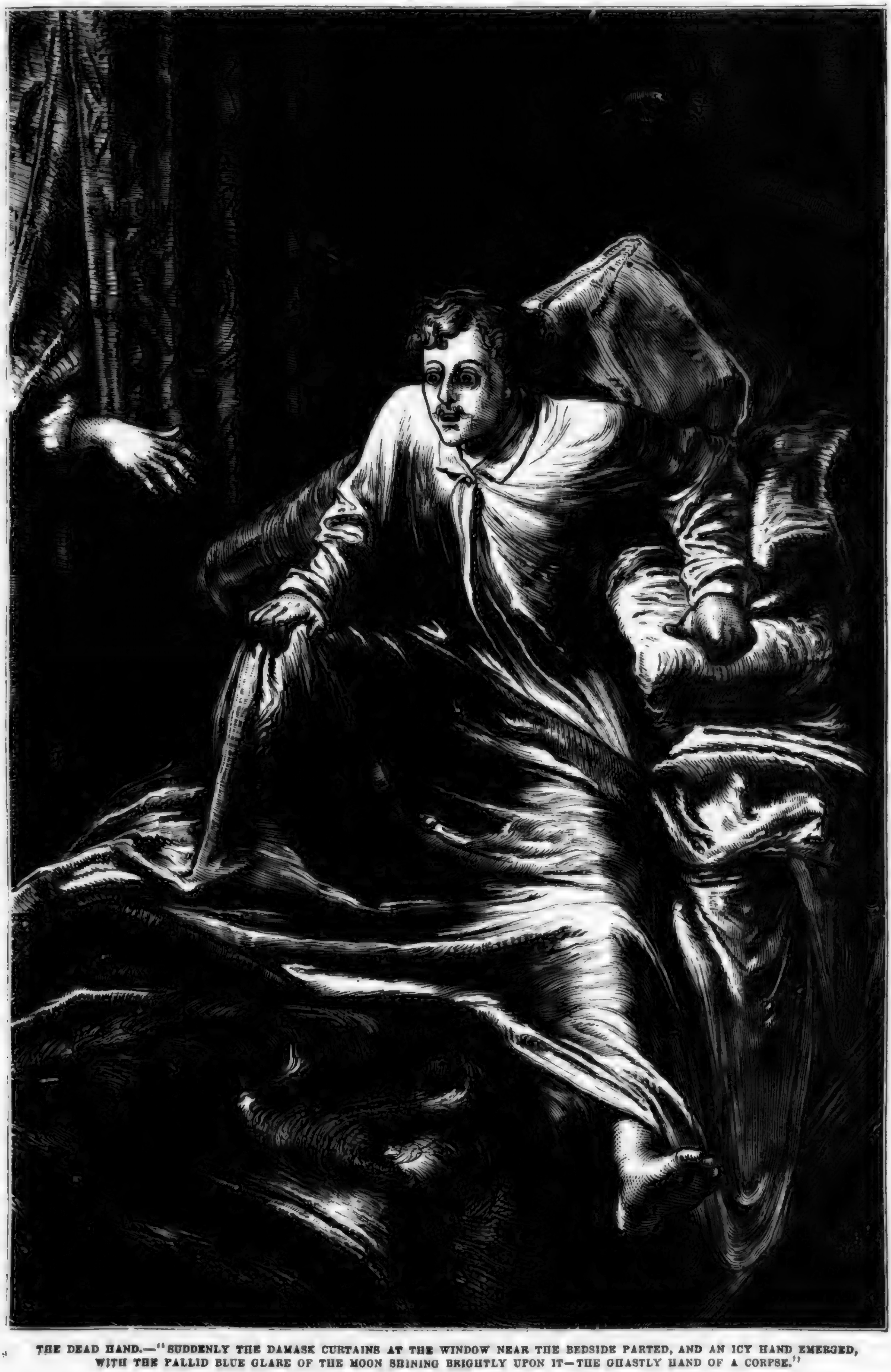
"So, sir, you have been playing the spy?" she says, with a gasp.

He tries to explain, and very lamely, I must confess; but she is not convinced — listens, with a sneer, to his bungling attempt to clear himself. With passionate rage she calls him a villain and a traitor, and uses such bitter language as makes his further sojourn at Oakleigh impossible. And then, while he is standing there, red, stunned, all confused, she disappears.

That evening, Mr. Creep and Mrs. Estcourt, sitting on a sofa together, while Edith, attended by Mr. Chataigne, who is out of spirits, sings at the piano, hold a mysterious whispered conference.

"I saw Harold Gravestone," she says. "This cannot go on much longer. His demands cannot be satisfied, and he has sworn to expose me. He professes to know where my child is, and declares that he can produce him at any moment. My poor Arthur! how my heart has yearned to see him all these years! Why did you deceive me—why did you tell me he was dead?"

"I did it all for your interest, madam," answers Mr. Creep. "I have dealt with far more complicated cases than this. Your position is simple enough. Twenty-five years ago you married James Gravestone secretly, and a son was born, who was taken away and hidden. You and your husband separated. No one besides ourselves and this brother Harold knew of the marriage. As soon as the father died, I thought it best, for your peace of mind, to lead you to believe the son had died too. Was not this magnanimity, after your cruel treatment of me? For many years you were free and happy, and then you became the wife of the wealthy Colonel Estcourt, without realizing that you had been a wife once before—the wife of a low outcast and gambler, which little fact might have prevented so brilliant a second match. Now, it appears the son was not really dead, after all, but still lives, and his uncle comes and tells you so, and extorts hush-money



THE DEAD HAND.—"SUDDENLY THE DAMASK CURTAINS AT THE WINDOW NEAR THE BEDSIDE PARTED, AND AN ICY HAND EMERGED, WITH THE PALLID BLUE GLARE OF THE MOON SHINING BRIGHTLY UPON IT—THE GHASTLY HAND OF A CORPSE."

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under threats of exposure. Such things we read of every day. All you need do is, leave the case to me."

"To you? Trust you, who have so terrible a cause to hate me—you who are so cunning and pitiless! I believe in my soul that all that has happened is only a part of your plot for some frightful revenge."

Mr. Creep smirks blandly, and shrugs.

"Don't be so hard upon me, Mrs. Estcourt. Could I injure one whom I once loved as wildly as I loved you? But beware how you act independently of me. You married Colonel Estcourt for his wealth. Now, if he discovers your secret, you will never get anything but what the law allows—a mere pittance beside his enormous fortune—and he will leave the bulk of his estate to the person you hate most in the world—I *think* you do—that young man at the piano yonder—Mr. Chataigne!"

"To him?"

"Your husband is devoted to that young gentleman. I never saw such affection where there existed such a difference of years. Remember how tenderly Chataigne nursed him when he was so ill in Europe, and brought him back to life. Colonel Estcourt has never forgotten that unselfish devotion from a perfect stranger in a foreign land. He loves him as he loves no man else."

"While *I* hate him! Rather than he should have one penny of the fortune I have so schemed to gain, I would—poison him!"

"Mrs. Estcourt, you shock me! This is folly."

"Is it? You will not think so when I tell you that he overheard my secret interview with my dead husband's brother this evening."

"Good heaven! is this possible? Are you sure?" said Mr. Creep, with genuine alarm. "But, hush—here is your husband."

Colonel Estcourt entered from the piazza. Dull enough was the remainder of that evening, and when the great hall-clock struck eleven, all, taking their lights, trooped away to bed.

Lionel Chataigne was quite out of spirits. The air of his room was oppressive, and before he got into bed he drew it to the window, raised the sash for the fresh night-wind to enter, and drew the heavy damask curtains together to shut out the brilliant moonlight. Then for a long time he lay thinking. He came to a resolution—to-morrow he would warn his friend Estcourt that his wife was playing him false, and that duty done, he would leave Oakleigh for ever.

Where he should go, he knew not. All his life he had been a wanderer—never had he known a mother's love or a father's care. The only place that had ever seemed like home to him was the little cottage where he had passed his boyhood with old Meg Dykely; but one day a man had come and taken him away and lost him in the great metropolis, and from that time Lionel Chataigne had been lord of himself—that heritage of woe.

And now he slept, and a strange thing happened. Was he quite asleep, or was it only that uneasy middle state between slumber and waking?

He was lying there perfectly still, and dreamed—if dream it were—that he saw the furniture in the room, the pictures on the walls, and everything, just as before he got into bed. Suddenly, and very slowly, the damask curtains at the window near his bedside parted, and an icy hand emerged, with the pallid blue glare of the moon shining brightly upon it—the ghastly hand of a corpse!

The apparition of this grisly hand paralyzed him, and he could neither move nor cry out. Quietly it pulled the bedclothes down and seized his left wrist, and clutched it hard with a frozen grasp.

By a tremendous effort he recovered power over himself, and, with a wild scream, he sprang out of bed. He was alone—no one was visible! But he still felt the pressure of that corpse-like hand. He darted to the window, which was but a step, pulled aside the curtains and went out upon the balcony.

Bright was the moon, and his shadow behind him assumed black and gigantic proportions. He looked at his wrist, and there were the marks of the icy hand that had held him, still visible.

CHAPTER II.

WHOSE HAND WAS IT?

LIONEL CHATAIGNE was troubled no more that night, but he arose late next morning and breakfasted alone. The spectre hand—was it not a dream, after all? He tried to reason himself with this belief; but, somehow, could not help associating the vision with the dead hand of Mrs. Estcourt in its black velvet glove.

And now the hour had come for the warning.

"Where was Colonel Estcourt?"

The servant thought he could be found somewhere in the grounds, exercising with a pistol, according to his daily morning custom for years. Chataigne soon made him out, and found him at this employment.

"Rather dreary fun, isn't it?" he said, advancing with a smile. "I never fired a pistol three times in my life."

"Great fun, on the contrary," replied Estcourt, reloading. "Byron loved it—don't you remember? Do you see that penny-piece in the knot of that tree?"

"You don't mean to say you can hit it?"

"See for yourself."

Estcourt fired, and struck the coin in the centre.

"My hand shakes, you see," he explained; "but it is the eye that practice trains, and not the hand." The hand! Chataigne shuddered. "Now, here is a card," continued Estcourt, producing the ace of hearts. He tossed it with a dexterous twirl far up into the air, and instantly fired his second barrel. The card fell to the earth, the red pip pierced through. "So I could pierce the heart of one who had wronged me," said Colonel Estcourt, with a smile.

"Estcourt," said Chataigne—for he felt that this was a proper cue, "you and I have been dear friends, and I feel that I must speak words that a friend only would dare to speak, that a traitor would conceal."

Estcourt raised his eyebrows, puzzled.

"Is this the prologue to a scene in melodrama? Has M. Dumas written a new play? What does he call it?—'A Wife's Honor; Or, The Husband's Vengeance!' That would look well in the bills, I think!"

"I am serious, and it is about your wife I would speak. You are of a trusting disposition—no longer a young man—you love her devotedly. Are you sure she is not deceiving you?"

"All wives deceive their husbands about trifles—the best of them. It is the feminine nature. What is her awful crime? Does she use rouge and powder on the sly—smoke a furtive cigar occasionally—drink a little champagne *sub rosa?* Out with the worst."

"I am not trifling. Watch your wife, Estcourt."

Chataigne could say no more—he dared not trust himself—and, with this valedictory, he walked off.

Estcourt looked after him, confounded.

"Poor fellow, he is mad!" was his comment. "Oakleigh has been dull enough to turn his wits."

But human nature is composed of strange elements. Estcourt laughed; but had there not grown up in his heart since those last few moments an agonizing distrust

—vague, unreal, a thing to be still laughed at, but a torture? Jealous? How absurd!

> "'Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
> To follow still the changes of the moon
> With fresh suspicions?'"

He laughed boisterously as he quoted these lines, but at the same time in his secret heart there was an awful aching.

He threw down his pistol and sauntered off. As he turned toward the house he encountered the pale, withered smirk of Lawyer Creep.

"Chataigne is out of his wits, Mr. Creep. He has just been warning me to watch my wife."

"Indeed! And whom else?" said Creep, with an oily leer.

"Heaven knows—you, perhaps. You are a fascinating fellow, Creep—a perfect Gramont or Villiers! No doubt your graces of mind and person have captivated Mrs. Estcourt. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Maybe you had better watch *him*, my friend," said Creep, with his odious smile. "There is such a thing as directing suspicion from oneself by accusing others."

The shot told. Estcourt winced as if stung.

"But—but—you are a fool! He has always hated my wife, and she him."

"I don't doubt it. But I have seen acting in my life that you would have thought nature itself," said Creep, with a low, hateful laugh, rubbing his withered hands.

Estcourt was in agony. It was all over for him. "Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, shall ever medicine him to that sweet sleep he owed yesterday.'

Meanwhile Chataigne had gone on. So his friend had refused to listen—had ridiculed his warning. The young man was a little angry. Would it not be best to quit Oakleigh at once, and trouble himself about its inmates no more? He felt that this would indeed be the wisest course; but at the same time something—was it merely that leaven of obstinacy in human nature?—urged him to save Estcourt from wrong in spite of himself. And so when he entered the house Chataigne resolved to write a second warning, this time addressed to Mrs. Estcourt.

In the privacy of his room he indited this monition:

"Madam: After what passed between us yesterday, it is impossible for me to remain at Oakleigh. I saw the secret interview in the forest between yourself and a stranger, but heard not a single word of the conversation that passed. This much I declare in order to free myself from the imputation of being a spy upon the conduct of my friend's wife. I add but one word more—for your own sake, if not for his, take care!

"Lionel Chataigne."

This message, a little studied and theatrical, I think, but very earnest, was conveyed through a servant to Mrs. Estcourt, who received it in her own room. Red and pale by turns, she read it, when the domestic had gone. Her enemy was going, then! Was this fortunate, or ill? And that last brief sentence, how pregnant with augury and menace! Again she perused those ominous lines and weighed them. In this absorption she did not notice that some one had silently entered the chamber and was standing but a few feet off, watching her in silence, with a dark smile.

The person was Colonel Estcourt. She looked up listlessly, saw him, and uttered a little cry.

"Madam, you will be good enough to let me see that letter," he said, coolly.

Her cheeks were crimson. With a slightly hysterical laugh she answered:

"This letter? Why do you wish to see it?"

"Give it me," he retorted, sternly.

"Charles, what do you mean? Is this some jest to frighten me? You cannot be serious, sir."

"Will you let me see the letter?" he cried, advancing. The smile was gone. His countenance was full of thunder and menace.

"You are mad, Colonel Estcourt. The letter is my property."

She was about to thrust it in her bosom, but a step brought him in front of her, and he snatched it. The delicate scrivenry of Lionel Chataigne is under his burning glance, and in a moment he will have read those fatal sentences. But no, he will never read them. Mrs. Estcourt has seized the missive again, turns and thrusts it into the fire smoldering in the grate behind her.

Pale and haggard, Colonel Estcourt falls back, while she surveys him with an agitated triumph.

"You shall rue this!" he thunders. "I recognized that handwriting, and I know who your lover is."

With these words he leaves the room.

Lionel Chataigne her lover! Mrs. Estcourt laughs shrilly. Her husband jealous of the man she hates most on earth!

Colonel Estcourt descends to the lower part of the house. On the piazza he meets the man he is looking for.

"Mr. Chataigne, you addressed my wife a letter this morning?"

Chataigne is startled. "Yes," he answers, after a slight pause.

"You understand my character, I believe. Our notions about dueling, if I mistake not," he proceeds, very coolly, to all appearance, "are both Continental, and agree perfectly. When I tell you that we can settle our little affair very quietly to-morrow morning on the other side of the wood, with any weapons you please, and that if you need a friend you will doubtless find one in Doctor Amyott, who lives two miles from here on his farm, I suppose there is nothing more to be added."

"Estcourt, *are* you mad?"

"The question is this—you have written my wife a letter. Now, will you tell me the contents of that communication?"

Expose her, bring ruin and desolation at one blow? Strike a defenseless woman to the heart? Might she not be perfectly guiltless, after all? What a fool he had been to act so precipitately. No; his soul revolted—he *could not* do it.

"Answer me, sir."

"I must decline."

"Then lose no time in finding your friend."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to kill you to-morrow morning."

Estcourt strode away. Chataigne stood there dumbfounded. Well, the mischief had been done—the hour had come. He knew Estcourt—a soldier he had been—his ideas about a resort to arms for the satisfaction of wounded honor were all old-fashioned.

"I accused his wife falsely, and so struck at him, and must answer for my blunder—that is all."

Here are the sworn friends and brothers of yesterday at swords' points. One word of calm inquiry will set them right; but, alas! that word can never be spoken. Both are blind, and the end is the darkness of death.

Chataigne rode over to see this Doctor Amyott, of whom Estcourt had spoken. They had already met once or twice, and the doctor welcomed him cordially, heard his errand gravely, with pursed lips and downcast intentness.

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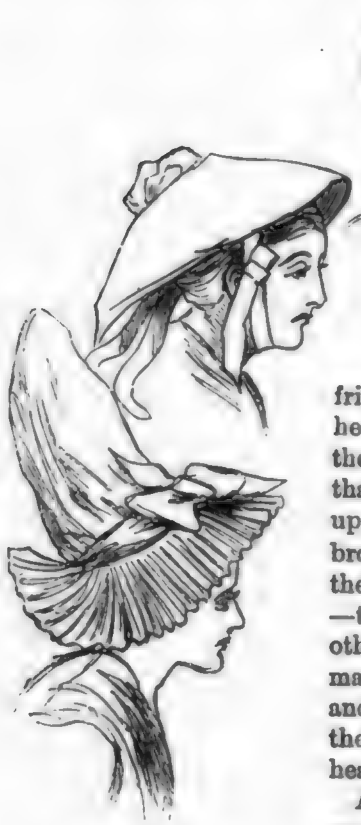
Doctor Amyott had been in affairs of this kind before, both as principal and second, and, it was reported, had killed his man—a Creole—in the neighborhood of New Orleans.



FRENCH HEADS AND HEADDRESSES.

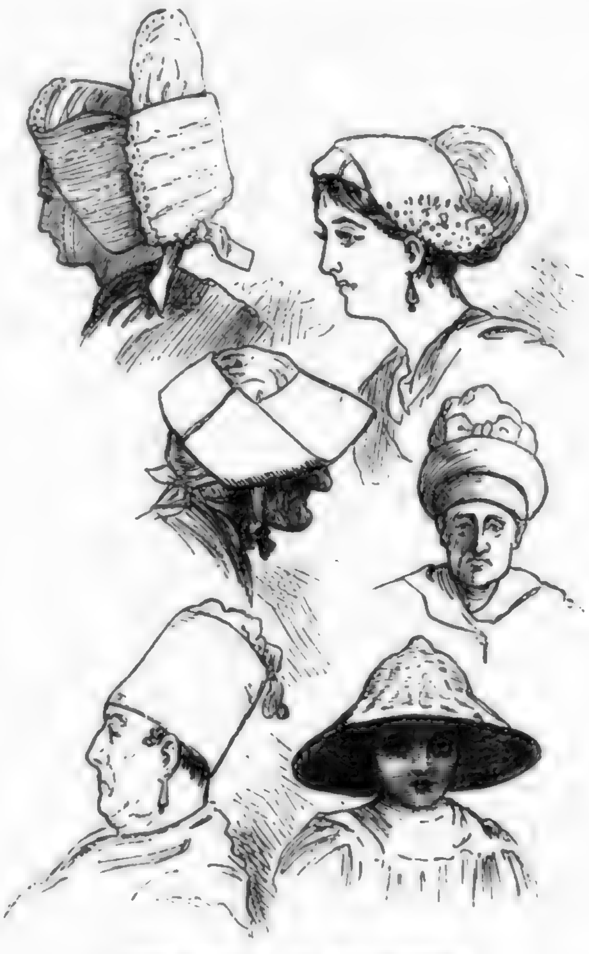
"Sad enough, these misunderstandings between old friends," he said, after he had heard all; "but those are the hatreds that can never be made up. I saw two twin-brothers fight once in the Mississippi swamps—they had loved each other dearly, but a woman came between them, and one of them pierced the other through the heart before my eyes."

And now about weapons? With a shudder Chataigne recollected the scene of the pistol-firing in the shrubbery that morning, and Estcourt's skill. But why not pistols as well as anything else? "He will kill me anyhow," he thought, and so those weapons he named.

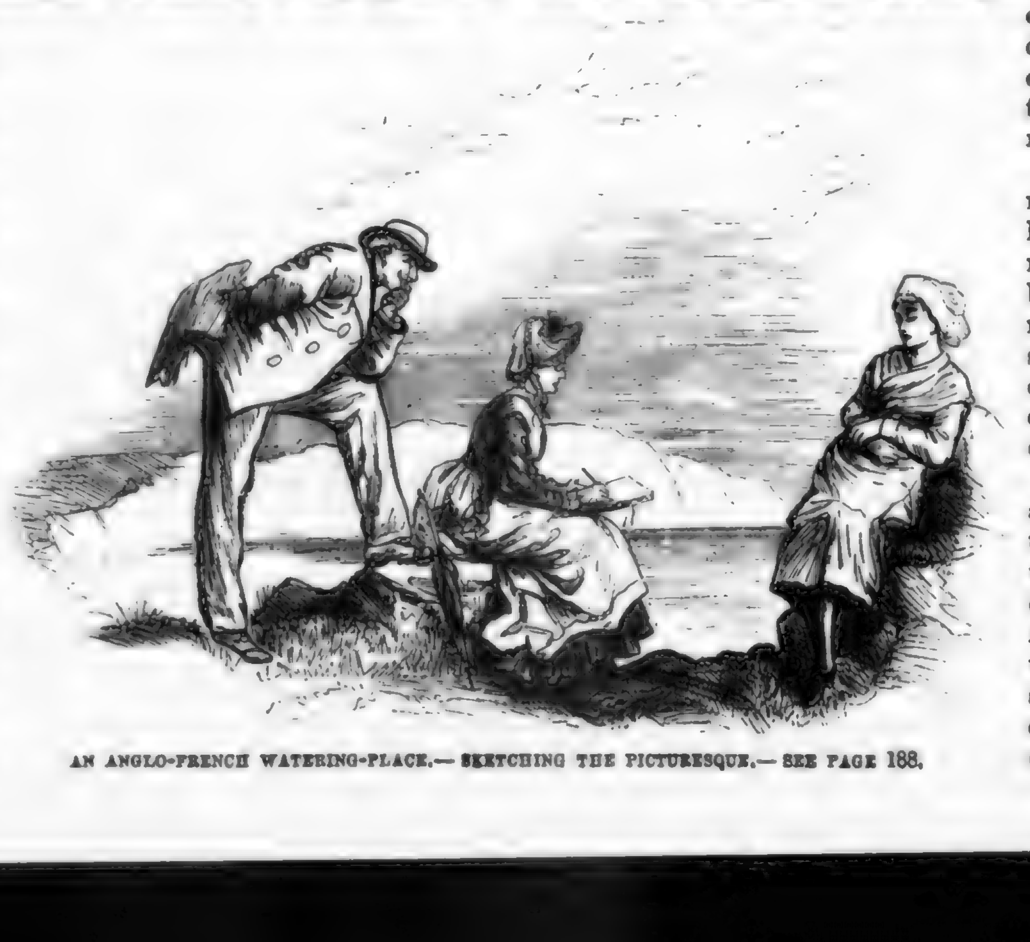
"You cannot return to Oakleigh," said Amyott. "Remain here as my guest. I shall run over there to confer with Estcourt's friend, and get back in time for a jolly evening with you."

"No," said Chataigne. "Absurd as it may appear, to Oakleigh I must return, otherwise there may be suspicion, and Estcourt wishes to have the business arranged entirely between ourselves."

So, after dinner, and about five o'clock, the two rode back to Oakleigh. Chataigne went directly to his room and secluded himself there. Doctor Amyott was introduced to an Irish gentleman living in the neighborhood, Mr. Fergus O'Grady, and consulted with that genial personage over some whisky-and-water and a box of cigars. Mr. O'Grady was, according to his own avowal, one of the most peaceful of men—wouldn't harm a fly. "But, me dear friend, what are ye to do in certain cases but appeal to arms? I niver felt so reluctant in me life," he declared, although it must be confessed that he went into the details of the contemplated affair with an air very much like relish and enjoyment.



FRENCH HEADS AND HEADDRESSES.



AN ANGLO-FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.—SKETCHING THE PICTURESQUE.—SEE PAGE 188.

And so it was arranged that host and guest were to meet on the field of death in the cold gray of the next morning.

Chataigne remained in his solitude, retiring to his bed late; and now, for the second time, a curious circumstance occurred.

He had been asleep about two hours, when he suddenly awoke. All his senses were alive instantly. He could not recollect having dreamed, and yet, somehow, he was frightened—awfully frightened.

He was about to sit up. Just then his eye caught sight of a movement of the damask curtain at his bedside. Some one was fumbling with it, attempting noiselessly to draw it aside. Chataigne watched the movement, paralyzed! Slowly a hand protruded, white in the livid glare of the moon, and in this hand a cloth was held.

"Some one is on the balcony — some one has come here intending to smother me in my sleep. Such a death leaves no trace," he thought.

By a supreme effort of will he recovered control of himself, and suddenly grasped that mysterious hand.

Then there was a struggle. But he drew the hand of the assassin up to his mouth, and bit with a cruel grip into the flesh, and then he released it.

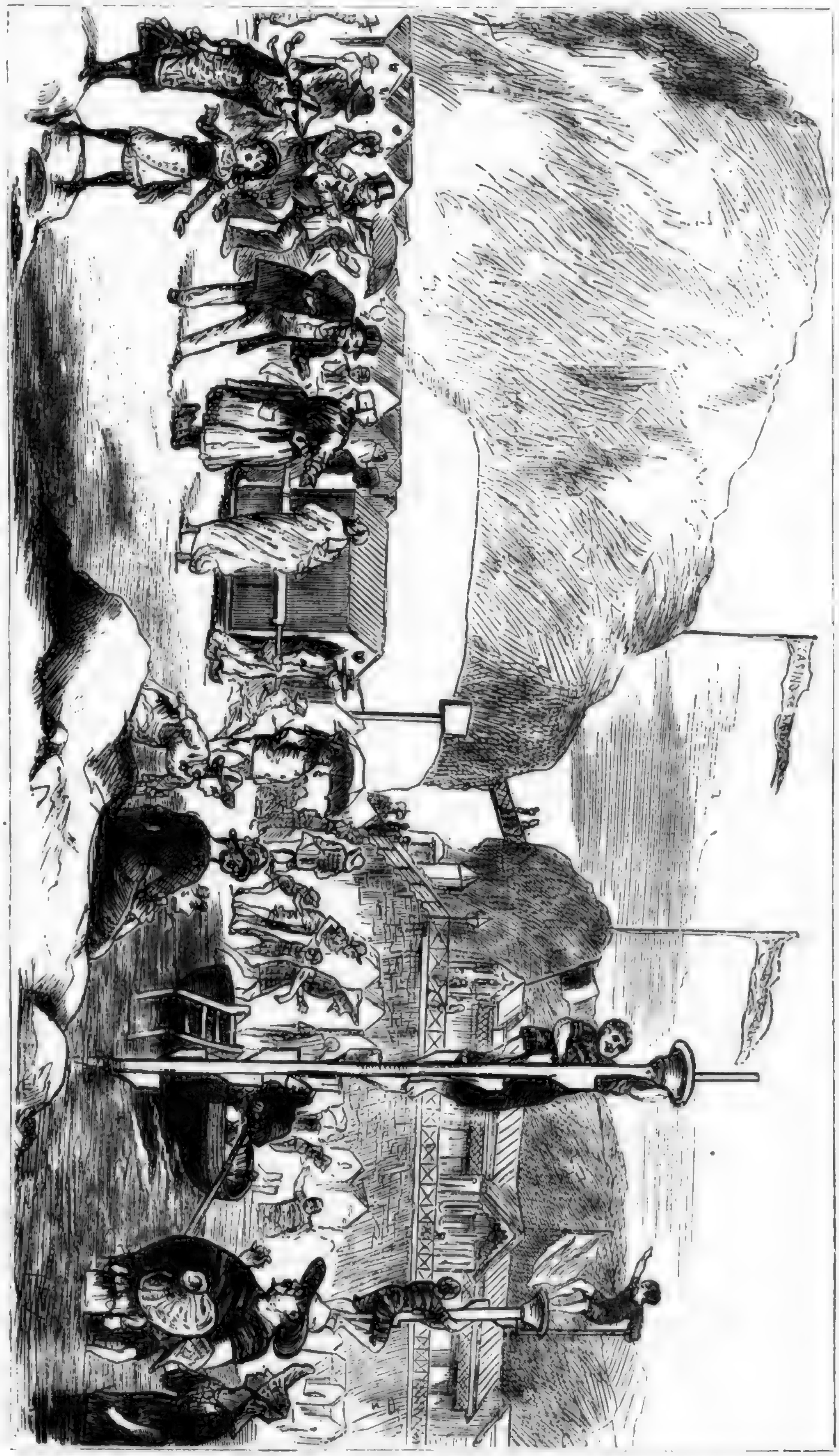
He sprang out of bed, pulled away the curtain, and stepped upon the long balcony, which extended the length of that side of the house. But he was alone! The shutters of all the other bedrooms were closed, and a dead silence rested upon all things. In the sky hung, as if ready to fall, the brilliant full moon.

"If Estcourt does not kill me," said Chataigne, "I shall know to-morrow who would have done so to-night!"

CHAPTER III.

MR. CREEP PLAYS HIS TRUMP.

It is seven o'clock. Two hours ago, in the chill light of the morning, all the gentlemen who had passed the night at Oakleigh, except Mr. Creep, rode quietly away, none but themselves aware upon what errand. Mr. Creep may have his suspicions. No one can read the thoughts of that inscrutable man. But he is radiant. He has walked about the grounds, and played with the dogs, and talked with the coachman, and had a glass of cream from the milkmaid, for which he gave that buxom Hebe the magnificent recompense of a shilling, with the jocular further offer of a kiss, indignantly declined.



AN ANGLO-FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.—THE BATHING HOUR AT GRANVILLE.—SEE PAGE 188.

Mr. Creep has sent a message to Mrs. Estcourt, desiring her to meet him at nine o'clock in the library. The communication was couched in terms so peremptory that he is tolerably certain that the appointment will be kept. Meanwhile he amuses himself in various ways, and at length the hour rolls round.

Very pale and composed is Mrs. Estcourt when she appears. Has she premonition that a crisis has been reached ?

Mr. Creep places a chair for her, but does not take one for himself. He assumes a position giving him a good view through the window, so that he may readily see any one who may come up the avenue outside.

"Madam," he begins, in a low, dry voice, rubbing his hands together, as usual, and wearing his malign smile, "had you any conversation of importance with your husband yesterday ?"

Her beautiful lips curled with unmistakable disdain.

"I suppose you have already informed yourself of everything," she replies. "My husband, I believe, is jealous of Mr. Chataigne ; but that delusion will soon be cured, for Mr. Chataigne leaves Oakleigh to-day for ever !"

"For ever !" repeats Mr. Creep, with his horrible smirk and a peculiar emphasis. "Yes, he has already left Oakleigh ; and, from what I learned through the servants this morning, I feel pretty confident that he will never return."

The insinuation—what can it mean ? She turns a shade paler.

"So part of my trouble is over, I hope," she sighs. "Harold Gravestone has been paid another installment, and will give me peace for at least a year. And you, I suppose, will go also to-day ?"

"I shall go to-day, but I have some business to finish before my departure. Mrs. Estcourt, you did me a wrong once. For twenty-five years I have patiently awaited the hour of vengeance, and at last that hour has arrived."

His voice is high and stern, and, for the first time since his childhood, there is some color in his cheeks. As he speaks, watch in hand, he vigilantly gazes through the window.

"Twenty-five years ago a young man madly loved you. He was poor and friendless, but determined to become rich and powerful for your sake. He wooed you, and you promised to be his wife. Blind fool, he trusted you. Neglecting everything but his purpose, he slaved day and night. What was his reward ? When the period of his promised happiness arrived, he found that you had betrayed him, and were the wife of another. That young man you deceived was I. Well, what followed ? Did I kill myself in despair, as so many others would have done ? Not I. I had cherished my love ; it had turned to hatred, and I now began to cherish my vengeance. I knew that your marriage must be unhappy, and so it turned out. You soon separated from your husband ; a son was born. That child you desired to conceal, and I became the agent for the accomplishment of your purpose, although you had no suspicion of the fact. After you had deserted the boy, you took no further interest in his fate, but, as he grew, my vigilant eye was for ever upon him. At length you came to believe he was dead, and I encouraged that belief. Years rolled on ; you followed a public career, and at length, in the course of it, met the wealthy and aristocratic Colonel Estcourt. You became his wife, concealing the former marriage ; but now the brother of your first husband appeared, and unvailed a fearful secret—that your son was still living. You were compelled to pay hush-money. In a little while another person appeared on the scene—Colonel Estcourt's former intimate friend, Lionel Chataigne, a young man in whom he had taken great interest and formed an ardent affection for. All this *I* brought about—by patience, resolution, cunning and money !"

His small eyes gleam luridly. Mrs. Estcourt has started up, and stands before him with clasped hands.

"Yesterday, events, which had been moving so slowly, at length began to concentrate and gather to a climax. Colonel Estcourt's free and noble mind was suddenly poisoned by a terrible suspicion. By artful hints he was led to believe that his guest, for whom he felt such affection, was secretly endeavoring to blast his domestic happiness. With a nature like his, a spark produces a conflagration. Do you not begin to perceive the drift of all this? One word more will enlighten you. Yesterday Colonel Estcourt challenged Lionel Chataigne, and they fought this morning. Your husband is a dead shot—Chataigne knows nothing of arms—by this time Colonel Estcourt has killed him !"

"Merciful heavens !" she cries. "Who would believe there could be such a fiend ? But, sir, this young man is nothing to me. If my husband has killed him, I am sorry, for he never did either of us any wrong, and I misunderstood his character altogether ; but he was Colonel Estcourt's bosom friend—not mine."

"Not yours !" exclaims Mr. Creep, almost in a shriek of horrid triumph. "Foolish woman, he was your son !"

She screams and reels backward. Mr. Creep springs toward her and saves her from falling. There is some cologne on the mantelpiece, and he hastily bathes her forehead.

In his excitement he has ceased his watch at the window. A group have come up the avenue, and they bear some one on a litter. There is a trampling of footsteps in the corridor, the door opens, and all enter.

On the litter, pale and bleeding, lies Colonel Estcourt. Mr. O'Grady and Dr. Amyott attend him on either side, while Chataigne and the servants bring up the rear.

Mr. Creep stares at the scene, appalled.

"Colonel Estcourt wounded !" he gasps.

"Yes, justly wounded," moans that gentleman. "Blind fool that I am, I would have shot an innocent man ! I don't know how it was—my hand, always so true before, shook—and—and I was saved from a dreadful crime. My darling," he says, addressing his wife, "you must forgive me. I did you a terrible wrong, and am sorely punished. Shall not this wound be sufficient atonement ? Come, you and Chataigne, who have always misunderstood each other, must henceforth be friends."

"No, Colonel Estcourt," says Chataigne, "your wife and I can never be friends, and I should be indeed an enemy to you if I concealed for a moment longer what I know of this evil woman's character. She has always hated me, and last night attempted to assassinate me in my sleep !"

There is a general cry of horror and amazement.

Chataigne proceeds to tell his story in detail, and concludes :

"When the hand of the assassin came within my reach, I seized it and bit into the flesh with my teeth, so that I should know it again. Look at Mrs. Estcourt's hand, and you will see the imprint of my teeth."

Dr. Amyott seizes her left hand.

"Not that !" cries Chataigne ; "but the right—the dead hand, sheathed in the velvet glove !"

Mrs. Estcourt smiles sadly.

"I have no right hand. It is dead, indeed, and buried. It met with an accident long ago, and was amputated, and my right hand, as you see, gentlemen, is of wax."

She has removed the glove, and at last the mystery it so long hid is revealed. Her right hand is, indeed, formed of wax.

"Could I, then, have been dreaming?" exclaims Chataigne, perfectly astonished. "But no, it was *no* dream!"

Mr. Creep has placed his hands behind him, and shows signs of being about to wriggle away, but Mr. Fergus O'Grady suddenly seizes him, and after a struggle brings his right hand before the light, and there, plainly enough, are the evidences of Lionel Chataigne's firm and sharp teeth!

The old man's face is livid.

"Well, the game is up, I suppose," he says, trembling with fright and rage, "and I don't mind confessing I did try to kill you in your sleep last night; but I shouldn't have done it if I had known the duel was to have come off this morning. If I had smothered you, everybody would have accused your mother of the deed, and that would have been revenge enough."

"My mother!"

And now Mr. Creep unfolds his strange story, while they listen breathless. Step by step he traces the progress of his dark plot, and when at length he concludes, and moves toward the door, no one opposes him, and he goes out, leaving his audience transfixed.

* * * * * * *

Colonel Estcourt recovered and forgave his wife, and when it was proved beyond controversy that Chataigne was really Mrs. Estcourt's son by the former marriage with James Gravestone, the young man became a permanent inmate at Oakleigh. Old Mr. Creep furnished the necessary proofs, with the understanding that he was not to be prosecuted for his attempt to murder. He strenuously denied to the last, however, that he made more than one attempt—that, of course, in which he was foiled and afterward detected—so the first apparition of the hand in the window-curtain must have been a dream. Dr. Amyott takes this view of the matter.

"You see," he said to Chataigne, "the morbid curiosity you felt with regard to your mother's dead hand, always hidden in that glove, weighed upon your mind, and the result was an unpleasant dream. You tell me that you felt the icy grasp and afterward saw the finger-prints, and I don't doubt it; but I suspect if you had been wider awake you might have traced that hand to its real owner of flesh and blood—in short, yourself. With your own right hand you had, in sleep, grasped your own left wrist, and the result was the vision, which, long as the time seemed to you, could not have lasted over half a minute in reality. In Abercrombie you will find similar instances, also in many other writers who have treated upon the human mind."

The Empress Eugenie's famous pearl necklace is now the property of one of the richest women in Europe, Countess Henckel. The Empress had the pearls sold in London. One of her ladies, accompanied by two friends of the imperial widow, carried them to an English jeweler, who bought them, and disposed of them to the Countess Henckel for 360,000 francs. This lady had some of the pearls, less beautiful than the others, removed, and added two other rows—one which came from the jewels sold by the Queen of Naples, the other from the necklace of the Virgin of Atocha, sold by a great Spanish personage. At present, the suite of pearls belonging to the countess, earrings and brooch included, is worth 800,000 or 900,000 francs. It is said to be the finest set of pearls in the world.

CLOCKS IN CHINA.

The Chinese as a people appear to take but little note of the flight of time when engaged with the industrial affairs of life, but the reverse is the case in certain events of frequent occurrence in human experience. By this we mean such occurrences as marriages, births and deaths, the first shaving of a son's head, breaking ground for a new house, etc., the times of which are recorded with peculiar care. The only means possessed in most cases of chronicling such an important event as the first shaving of a son's head are lighted joss-sticks, the crowing of cocks, hour-glasses, and other similar contrivances, all extremely rude and unreliable time-keepers. Compasses and small sun-dials are luxuries, and only employed by "professional men." The well-to-do sometimes call these gentlemen in—presumably to chronicle the hour of the first shave or the birth of an infant.

In large towns and cities the different watches of the day, as ascertained by the sun-dial, are sounded by huge drums at the principal places. One of the curiosities at Canton is a tower consisting of a system of tanks or vessels, one above another, perforated so that the water is kept dropping regularly through them for the purpose of keeping the time.

But some of the incidents which seem to arise out of this curious custom are very amusing. A child born at, say, December 31st, 1877, at eleven o'clock P.M., would, according to Chinese reckoning, be a year old the next morning, and two years old on his first annual birthday, and so on. They would say in explanation that he was born in 1877, and 1877 is ended; therefore the year 1877 must be counted in reckoning his age.

WHO FIRST DREW DOWN THE LIGHTNING?

The history of lightning-conductors extends over but a brief period of time. It is ordinarily dated from the memorable evening when Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by his eldest son, succeeded in the bold experiment of drawing the lightning from the clouds down the conductor afforded by the wet string of his silken kite. But we must antedate this triumph of experimental sagacity, though only by a few days, in favor of an experiment made at the suggestion of Buffon by M. Dalibard.

At Marly-la-Ville, about eighteen miles from Paris, on the road to Pontoise, M. Dalibard possessed a country house, standing on a high plain, some 400 feet above the sea-level. Here a wooden scaffolding was erected, supporting an iron rod eighty feet long and a little more than an inch thick. At about five feet from the ground this rod was connected with an electrical apparatus. Shortly after the whole was fixed—on May 10th, 1752, fifty-five days before the observation at Philadelphia—a thunderstorm came on. M. Dalibard was absent in Paris, but he had left the apparatus in charge of a faithful sentinel, one of his servants, an old soldier, Coiffier by name, with full instructions. Coiffier presented to the conductor an iron key, with the handle bound in silk, and was thus the first human observer who drew down, by tentative means, the electric spark from the clouds.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING.

The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford contains one of the oldest monuments of civilization in the world, if, indeed, it is not the very oldest. This is the lintel-stone of a tomb which formed the last resting-place of an officer who lived

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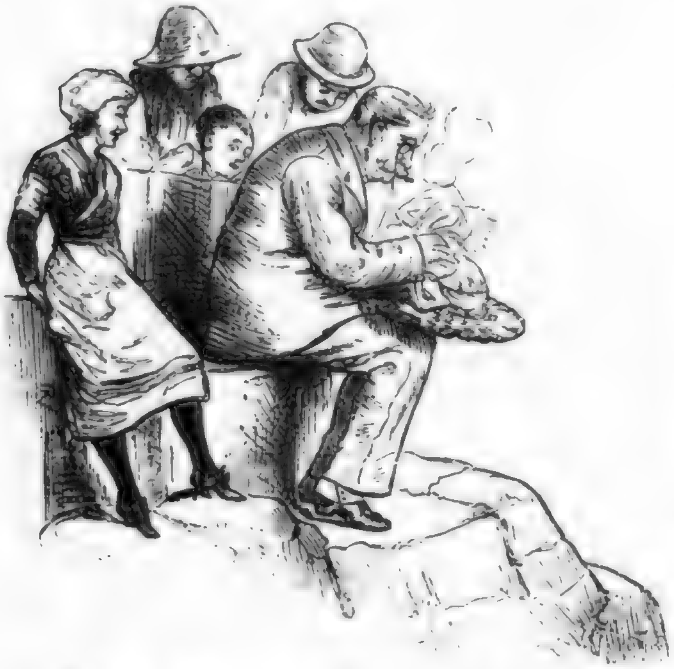
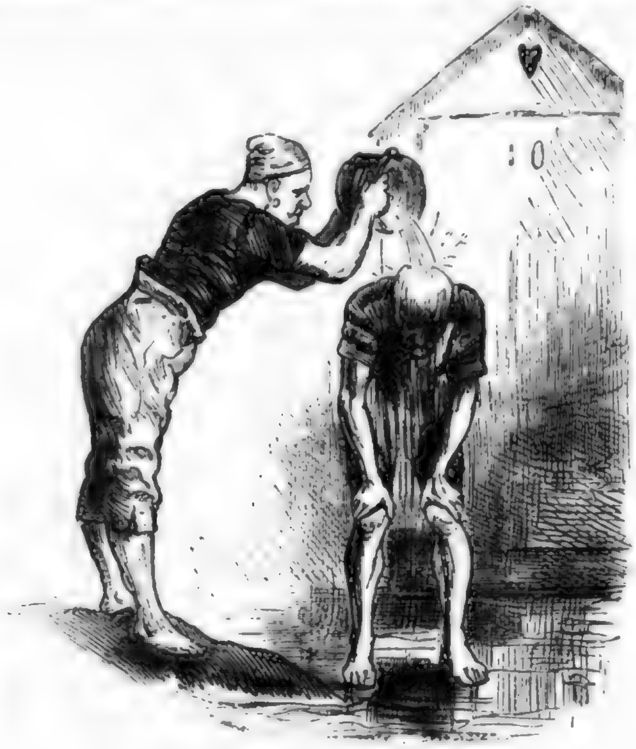


AN ANGLO-FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.—THE ART OF THE PUGAREE.



A FRENCHMAN'S NOTION OF BATHING.

in the time of King Sent, of the second dynasty of Egypt, whose date is placed by M. Mariette more than 6,000 years ago.

The stone is covered with that delicate and finished sculpture which distinguished the earliest period of Egyptian history, and was immeasurably superior to the stiff and conventional art of the later ages of Egypt. But it is also covered with something more precious still than sculpture—with hieroglyphics which show that even at that remote epoch Egyptian writing was a complete and finished art, with long ages of previous development lying behind it. The hieroglyphic characters were already used, not only pictorially and ideographically, but also to express syllables and alphabetic letters; the name of the king, for instance, being spelt alphabetically.

In the hands of the Egyptian scribes, however, Egyptian writing never made any further progress. With the fall of what is called the Old Empire (about B.C. 3,500), the freshness and expansive force of the people passed away. Egyptian life and thought became fossilized, and through the long series of centuries that followed, Egypt resembled one of its own mummies, faithfully preserving the form and features of a past age and of a life which had ceased to beat in its veins. Until the introduction of Christianity, the only change undergone by Egyptian writing was the invention of a running-hand, which in its earlier and simpler form is called hieratic, and in its later form demotic.

THE affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

THE humors and fashions of that piquant social mixture and medley of holiday folk with the more or less picturesque, and sometimes uncouth, native element of population, which Americans in Europe see at certain marine watering-places on the Continent, have frequently excited the notice of their visitors.

One place is apt to differ in many of its tricks and habits from another, if we survey the Continental seacoast, from the German Ocean down the Channel to the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic, with a minute observation of various classes of residents and occasional sojourners at the favorite points of Summer entertainment.

The small town of Granville, situated about thirty-three miles southeast of Jersey, near Avranches, which is not less agreeably situated, but apart from the sea, and the romantic structures of Mont St. Michel, has its peculiar attractions for some English people, who desire novelty with a touch of quaintness. "There are good hotels," says a correspondent, "plenty of amusements, and the bathing is characteristic of a free and easy disposition." The sands and the Casino Gardens are thronged with spectators at the usual bathing hour. Instead of machines, to be drawn from the beach out into the water, each lady or gentleman has to enter a small portable cabinet, made of canvas upon a frame, not unlike a sedan-chair, in which he or she will undress, and put on a prescribed bathing-dress, and then come out and walk down to the sea, perhaps loitering on the way to chat with his or her friends.

For the use of swimmers and divers—as the depth of water changes greatly here

ATTACHED AND UNATTACHED.

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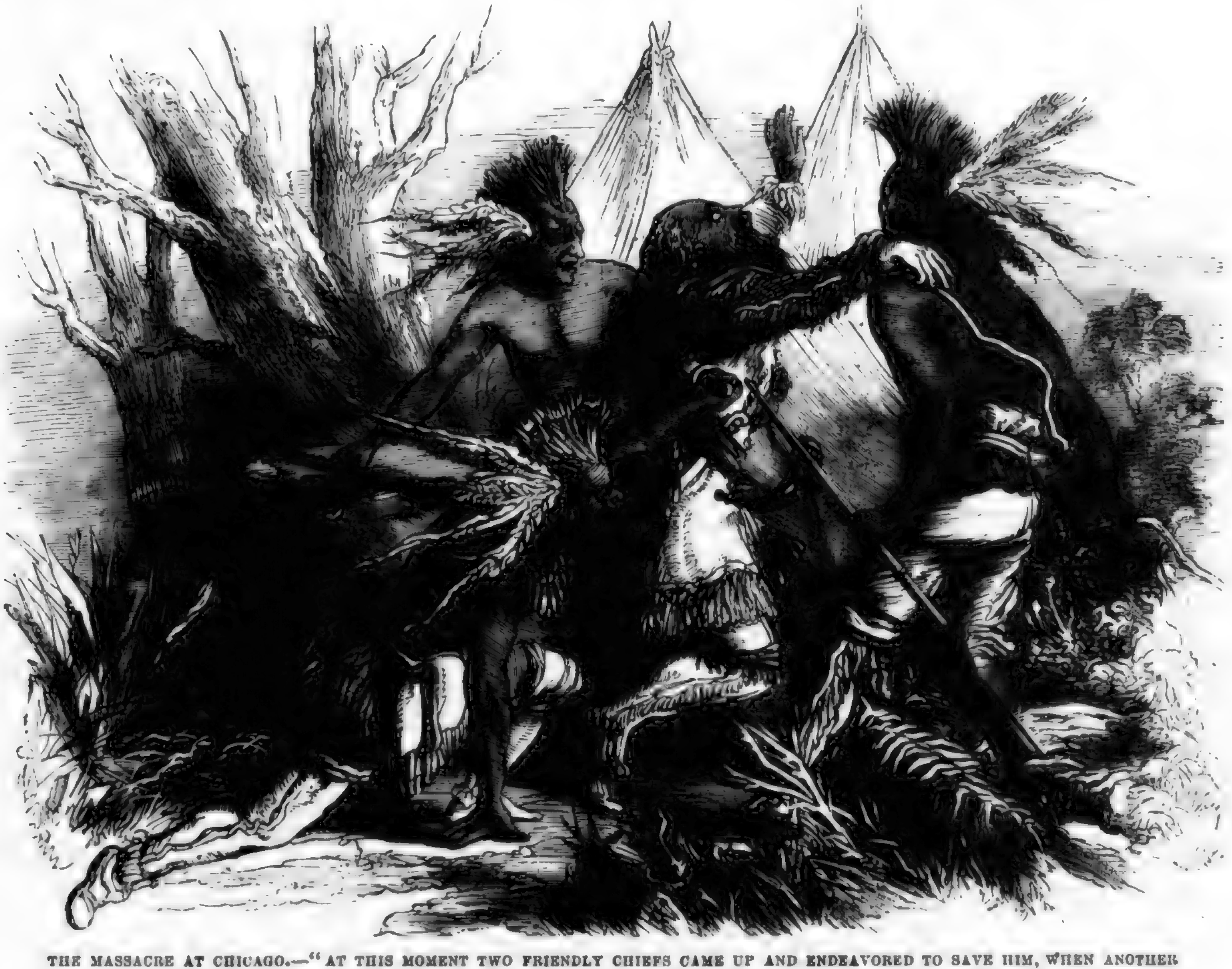
with the tide, sometimes rising and falling as much as forty feet—there are poles set up, with stepping-blocks at their sides, to afford a convenient foothold and place of rest.

These arrangements of the Granville bathing-place are shown in our sketches, with the example of a more passive method of taking the benefit of the sea-water, preferred by an elderly Frenchman who is not ambitious of natatory display. Lovers and other loungers, an Anglo-Indian officer adjusting the vail or *pugaree* to his straw hat, a young lady of artistic taste making a study of native costume among the granite rocks, and a collection of expressive heads with curious head-gear, fill up the remaining space.

"On entering Granville," says a pedestrian, "I was nearly blinded with the dust; it swept past me in regular clouds. I presume, however, that the good people here are too much accustomed to this visitation to entertain any thoughts of removing it by water-carts, for, on turning back on one occasion, I was surprised to see a party of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen standing quietly in the middle of the road, and engaged in animated conversation as composedly as if they had been in a drawing-room, though the dust regularly enveloped them in its white folds."



THE MASSACRE AT CHICAGO.—"AT THIS MOMENT TWO FRIENDLY CHIEFS CAME UP AND ENDEAVORED TO SAVE HIM, WHEN ANOTHER INDIAN SLIPPED UP BEHIND AND GAVE HIM HIS DEATH-BLOW BY A STAB IN THE BACK."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Granville is built on a hill and in the valley below. You enter, through a romantic fissure in the rock, to the seashore and the baths. Then there is the harbor and the pier. The church is situated on the hill, where also is the fort. There are two or three good streets.

Granville is nominally only a canton town, though, like many other similar places, it has assumed an importance far beyond its municipal position. Granville has become a seaside place of much resort. There are good sands for bathing, a fine pier for walking, and many characteristics calculated to attract the stranger. Steamers ply regularly between this place and St. Helier's, Jersey; consequently many English people, visitors to the Channel Islands, cross over here, stay two or three days, and then return.

VIOLIN-MAKERS.

In approaching Mittenwald, Bavaria, one would scarcely suppose that near upon 8,000 violins, which are made in that quaint village, are yearly sent to different countries. Violin-making has been carried on there for the past two hundred years. At present there are two depots, each of which sends out about 4,000 instruments every year. The inhabitants work in their own houses. These people get all the raw material from the two depots, where they give up the instruments when finished. The violin-makers, about 200 in number, unfortunately get but poor pay for their labor.

As short a time back as eighty years, the only agent they had was an old man, who went about from place to place with a box on his back containing specimens of their work. Most of them only do the violin work in Winter, as they are generally occupied in the Summer in getting in their little bit of corn and hay. A boy can

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learn the trade without any pecuniary assistance on the part of his parents, as the Bavarian Government started a school for violin-making some years ago.

SUMMER PLAYTIME.

WHAT wonder that the Summer warmth
  Is fragrant as the flowers?
What wonder that the Summer's spell
  Enfolds the sunlit hours?
A love-song ripples in the stream,
  And dances into rhyme;
It haunts me like a vanish'd dream
  That mocks at vanish'd time.

What wonder that the happy birds
  Sing on so loud to-day
An endless song of endless joy
  That never dies away?
They welcome back the Summer-time
  With all its golden glow,
That glistens on the burnish'd boughs,
  And fires the stream below.

I watch the wid'ning circles spread
  Where lazy fishes leap,
I [illegible] the shadow-haunted nooks
  Where water-lilies sleep;
And still my rod forgotten lies,
  And hours may come and go:
A sweeter spell is in your eyes
  Than woods or waters know.

The breezes woo the woodland scents,
  The sunbeams kiss the stream,
The earth seems full of untold joy,
  And life a happy dream—
A dream of glances swift and coy,
  And tangled gold of hair,
And rosy lips that shyly smile,
  And drive me to despair.

Ah, little love! beneath the trees
  You've smiled my heart away,
And turn'd to life-long earnestness
  My Summer-time of play.
I gather up my scatter'd thoughts,
  New-woven into rhyme;
So take the verse and take the heart,
  For both are wholly thine!

THE MASSACRE AT CHICAGO.

IT was early in the evening of April 7th, 1812, that Mr. Kinzie, one of the most prominent settlers of the West, was sitting by his fire playing the violin, while his little children were dancing over the floor in their merriment.

The tea-table was spread, and they were awaiting the return of their mother, who was absent at a sick neighbor's. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and, pale and excited, Mrs. Kinzie rushed in:

"The Indians!—the Indians!"

"The Indians! What do you mean?" demanded the husband, springing to his feet, while the children, with staring eyes and throbbing hearts, gathered around the almost fainting mother.

"Up at Lee's Place, killing and scalping!"

It was several minutes before Mrs. Kinzie could calm herself enough to give an intelligible account of the cause of her terror. Finally she related that while she was at the neighbor's, a man and a boy were seen running down with all speed on the opposite side of the river; that they shouted across to give notice to the family to save themselves, for the Indians were at Lee's Place, from which they had just escaped. Pausing but a moment to give this dreadful intelligence, they hurried on toward the fort, which was on their side of the river.

There was not a moment to be lost. Any moment might bring the merciless savages. The family were hurried into two old *pirogues* that were moored near the house, and paddled with the utmost haste across the river, to take refuge in the fort.

Lee's Place, later known as Hardscrabble, was a farm intersected by the Chicago River, about four miles from its mouth. The farmhouse stood on the western bank of the south branch of that river. On the same side of the main stream, near its junction with Lake Michigan, stood the house and trading establishment of Mr. Kinzie.

The fort was located on the southern bank, directly opposite the house, the river and a rod or two of land being all that intervened between them. The fort was of peculiar structure. It had two blockhouses on the southern side, and on the northern side a sally-port or subterranean passage from the parade-ground to the river. This was an ingenious plan for escape in case of great emergency, or for supplying the garrison with water during a protracted siege. The entire command consisted of seventy-five men, the greater part of whom were worse than useless.

The farm at Lee's Place was occupied by a man named White, who had three persons in his employ. On the afternoon of this day, April 7th, a dozen Indians, in their war-paint, made their appearance at the house, and, without the least ceremony, entered and made themselves at home. Something in the appearance of these visitors excited the suspicions of one of the men, who stated his fears to the others.

Two of these, a soldier and a boy, sharing the same uneasiness, determined, if possible, to get away from the place. Later in the afternoon the soldier walked in a leisurely manner toward the canoes, of which there were two tied at the bank. Several of the Indians inquired where he was going. He pointed to the cattle, which were standing among the haystacks on the opposite side, and replied by signs that it was time to go and fodder them.

He got into one canoe, and the boy in the other. The stream was very narrow, and it required but a few moments for them to cross; so narrow, indeed, was the river, that when they reached the other bank they were still fearful that their real design would be discovered, and they made a show of collecting the fodder, to deceive the Indians, several of whom were watching them, as though they half suspected their intention.

Keeping the haystacks between them and the view of the savages, the fugitives gradually left the river, until at a goodly distance, when they started on a full run for the fort. After running a few hundred yards they heard the discharge of two guns in succession, which, they had no doubt, were leveled at the companions they had left behind. They made no pause until opposite the family alluded to, whom they called to and alarmed, as we have already stated.

It now occurred to those within the walls of the fort that this same family were in imminent danger, and a young ensign, with five or six soldiers, started out to rescue them. They ascended the river in a scow, and on reaching the house found it still undisturbed. The mother, with an infant scarcely a day old, was carried on her bed to the boat, and, with the rest of the children, conveyed safely to the fort.

It so happened that on this same afternoon a corporal and six men had obtained permission and gone up the river to fish. As a matter of course, there was great anxiety for their safety, as, in returning, they would pass directly in front of Lee's Place; and, as it was night, they would have lighted torches, which could not fail to be seen by the Indians. The commanding officer of the fort ordered a cannon to be discharged, in the hope of warning them of danger. It was a fortunate thing, indeed, for the fishermen. When they heard the boom echoing through the woods and along the river they were about two miles above Lee's Place, descending in their canoe. Understanding the hint, they immediately dipped their torches in the water, and dropped silently down in the darkness.

On arriving at Lee's Place the fishing-party halted, for the purpose of warning the inmates. Cautiously paddling to the shore, they groped their way toward the building. All was as still as the grave. The corporal, springing lightly over a small inclosure, placed his hand upon the dead body of a man. Running over his head, he found that he had been scalped, and otherwise mutilated. A faithful dog sat by the corpse, guarding it through the still hours of the night. As the corporal saw that it was all over with their friends, they returned to their canoes, and reached the fort a little before midnight.

The next day a party from the fort visited Lee's Place to discover what had been done. The proprietor they found pierced by two balls and with eleven stabs in his heart. A Frenchman—he who had been the first to suspect the Indians—lay dead, with his dog still watching beside him. These were taken to the fort and decently interred.

It was afterward learned that the perpetrators of this bloody outrage were a party of Winnebagoes, who had come into the neighborhood with the deliberate resolve to murder all the settlers along the river. The report of the cannon had so alarmed them, however, that they descended no lower than Lee's Place, but returned at once to their homes on Rock River.

The inhabitants outside the fort now entrenched themselves in the agency house. And, as the Indians were believed to be still lurking in the vicinity, orders were issued prohibiting any soldier or citizen from leaving the vicinity, unless under the escort of a guard. This period, the reader will bear in mind, was immediately after the Battle of Tippecanoe, and the country was in a very unsettled condition. Indians were continually detected hovering in the vicinity, and on several occasions there were collisions between them and the guards, who had left the fort, for some cause or other.

Nothing worthy of mention occurred for several weeks, when Catfish—a Pottowattamie chief—arrived at the post with dispatches from General Hull, announcing the declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States, and that he—Gen. Hull— at the head of the Northwestern army, had arrived at Detroit; and that the Island of Mackinac had fallen into the hands of the British.

The orders to Captain Heald were: "To evacuate the fort, if practicable, and, in that event, to distribute all the United States property contained in the fort and in the United States factory or agency, among the Indians in the neighborhood."

Catfish, who was unquestionably well-disposed toward the Americans, and who had, in a marked degree, all the sagacity peculiar to his race, after delivering his dispatches, sought out Mr. Kinzie, and informed him that he was acquainted with the purport of his orders, and begged Mr. Kinzie to use all his influence to prevent the evacuation of the fort.

The garrison were supplied with fully six months' provisions, and they could certainly hold out until reinforcements could reach them; but if Captain Heald intended to evacuate the fort, it should be done without a day's delay, before the hostile Indians could ascertain the meaning of such a movement. Mr. Kinzie went immediately to Captain Heald and gave the earnest counsel of the chief, and united his own advice with it. The commandant replied that he should evacuate by all means; but, as he was ordered to distribute the United States property, he intended first to gather all the Indians in the neighborhood and make an equitable division among them.

It really seems as if many of the commandants of the frontier posts, during the Indian wars, were inspired with a stupidity such as might not be expected in a mere child.

In the face of the opposition of his officers and the leading men of the vicinity, Captain Heald persisted in his culpably foolish resolve to remain until the Indians could be gathered together, and then to distribute the valuable property among them. From this time a coldness sprang up between him and the subordinate officers, the latter holding aloof, and almost ceasing to hold communication with him.

In the meantime, the Indians began to gather at the fort. As might be expected, under the circumstances, they were impudent and defiant, passing at will through every portion of the buildings.

On the 12th of August Captain Heald called them together and informed them that it was his intention to distribute among them not only the goods lodged in the United States factory, but also the ammunition and provisions—with which the garrison was well supplied. He then asked, in return, that the Pottowattamies might afford him an escort to Fort Wayne, promising them a liberal reward on arriving there. Indian-like, this agreement was assented to with every appearance of eagerness and goodwill.

After the meeting was broken up Mr. Kinzie called on Captain Heald, in the hope of opening his eyes to the imprudence of distributing ammunition and arms among a people who, there was every reason to suspect, were hostile toward them. The commandant could not fail to see the force of this, and he resolved to destroy all the arms, except such as his own troops needed.

On the next day all the goods, consisting of blankets, broadcloths, calicoes, prints, etc., were distributed, as agreed upon. The same evening the ammunition and liquor were carried, part into the sally-port and thrown into a well; the remainder was secretly transported through the northern gate, the heads of the barrels knocked in, and the contents emptied into the river.

This proceeding was fairly completed, when Captain Wells—one of the most noted rangers of the West—arrived with fifteen friendly Miamis. He had heard at Fort Wayne of the intention of evacuating the fort at Chicago; and, knowing the hostile feeling of the Pottowattamies, he had made a rapid march across the country to prevent exposure to certain destruction; but he came, *alas! too late*.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 15th the garrison moved out of the fort, and started on their journey toward Fort Wayne. Early on the same morning Mr. Kinzie, who had many warm friends among the Indians, received a message from a chief of another band that the escort of Pottowattamies intended mischief, and urging him to abandon the party with his family and take passage in a boat whose safety he guaranteed. Mr. Kinzie, to his credit be it recorded, declined to do this, as he hoped that his presence might act as a restraint upon the fury of the savages.

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As the troops left the fort the band struck up the Dead March. Captain Wells took the lead, at the head of his little band of Miamis. He had blackened his face before leaving the garrison, in token of his impending fate. They took the route along the lake-shore. When they reached the point where commenced a range of sand-hills, intervening between the prairie and the beach, the escort of Pottowattamies, numbering about five hundred, kept the level of the prairie, instead of continuing along the beach with the Americans and Miamis. They had proceeded something over a mile in this direction, when Captain Wells, who had kept somewhat in advance with the Miamis, came thundering back.

SUMMER PLAYTIME.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 190.

"They are going to attack us," he shouted; "form instantly and charge!"

The words were yet in his mouth when a volley was poured in from the sand-hills. The chief of the Miamis rode up to the escort and told them they had acted treacherously, and that he would be the first to head a party of Americans to return and punish them. After this the Miamis fled, leaving the troops to their fate.

The troops, although but a handful, fought bravely, but finding their case entirely hopeless, they surrendered after the loss of two-thirds of their number. They stipulated that their lives and those of their wives and children should be preserved, and that they should be ransomed at the first opportunity. The Indians assented to this, but began tomahawking the wounded. Before the surrender a young Indian sprang into a baggage-wagon containing twelve children, and killed them all. Seeing this, Captain Wells said, in great excitement:

"Is that their game, butchering the women and children? Then I will kill, too!"

He instantly turned his horse's head, and started for the Indian camp near the fort, where had been left their squaws and children. He was closely pursued by several Indians. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, loading and firing in that position. At length his horse was killed, and he was badly wounded. At this moment two friendly chiefs came up, and endeavored to save him.

Taking him between them, they supported him along, when another Indian came up behind and gave him his death-blow by a stab in the back.

Many instances are recorded of the individual bravery of the soldiers, but it could avail them nothing against the ferocity of the savages.

Those who were not slain were captured and held as prisoners.

The Kinzie family were held for several months, and then delivered up as prisoners of war to the British commandant at Detroit.

Captain Heald received two wounds, and his wife seven, but they finally escaped.

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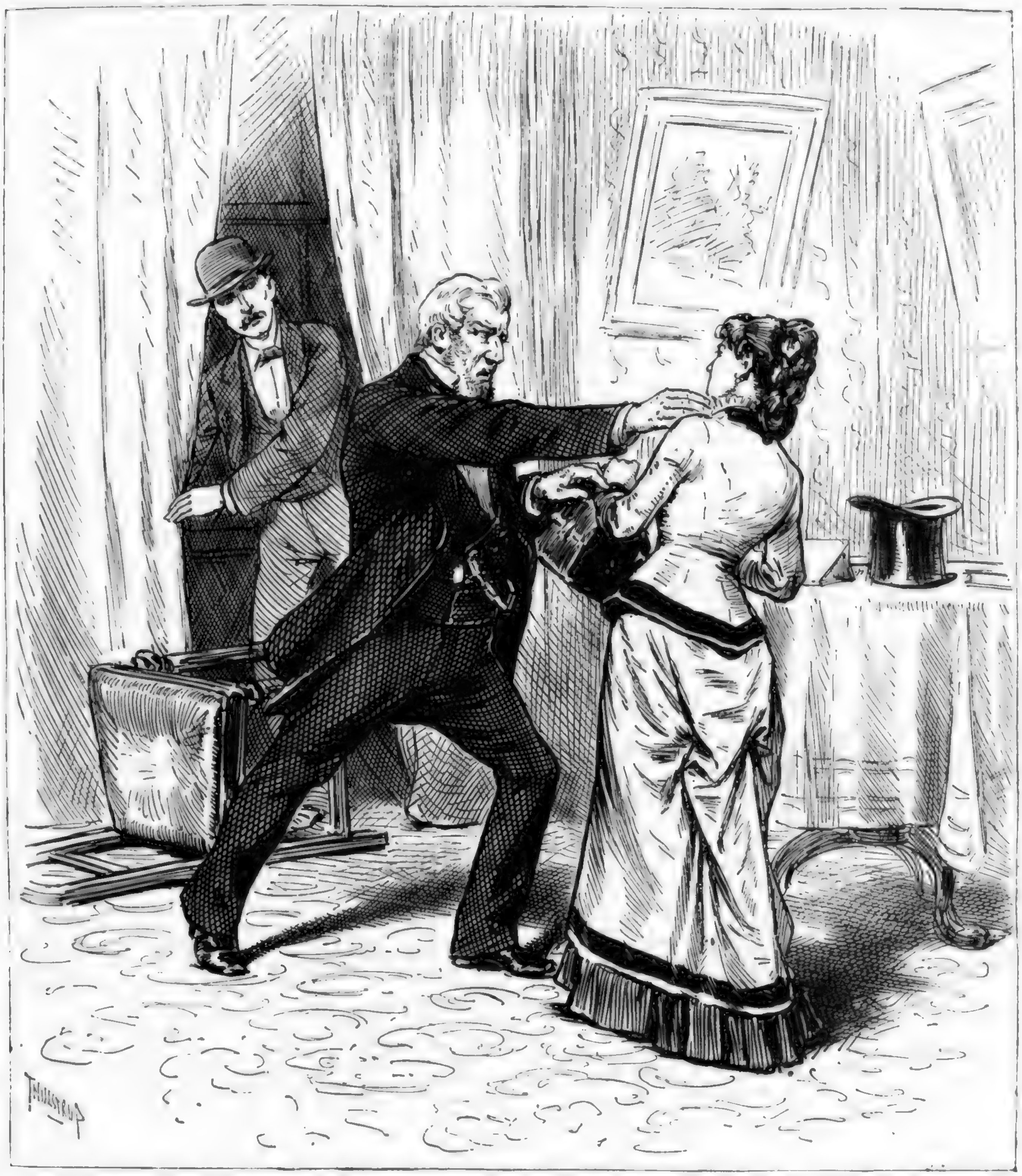

"NOT GUILTY!"—"HE GRASPED HER BY THE THROAT WITH ONE CRUEL HAND, WHILE WITH THE OTHER HE TORE THE PRECIOUS BAG FROM HER HOLD! AT THE SAME INSTANT A HUMAN HEAD APPEARED IN THE OPENING OF THE CURTAIN."

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXIII.—Continued.

At last Meg arose, took the little leather bag from a table, and returning to her seat, drew forth Agnes Harmon's journal. A passionate desire to open and search its pages rushed over her with resistless force. The prohibition of the dead no longer daunted her. She was alone in her own house, secure from interruption. To-morrow she would surely know all that the book contained. Why not to-night?

"When my mother," she argued to herself, "charged Philip Harmon to keep from my knowledge the things she had written here, she could not foresee the fatal importance which would be attached some day to these pages. She will forgive the daughter who disregards her request, not from curiosity, but from the hope of finding some proof of her father's innocence."

She opened the journal—she no longer had the power to withhold her hand from it—she *must* know what was concealed there; and, while the sea moaned, and the

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wind wailed without, and the fire snapped, and the clock ticked within, Meg began to read that which Agnes Harmon had written two long decades before.

It was a record of the last year of her brief, unhappy life. The ink was faded, blots here and there—the tears, perhaps, to which her servant had testified at Philip Harmon's trial—marked the pages.

The first entry ran as follows:

Jan. 1st, 18—. Another year. I wonder how happy, hopeful people feel on a day like this? Long ago, at school, I used to make it a time for rejoicing, especially when poor, impecunious papa sent me pin-money; but now—— well, now all is changed. I look forward to the year upon which I now enter, with fear and trembling.

"Those who have nothing left to hope
Have nothing left to dread."

That is not true. Dread remains after hope dies.

Bills, bill, bills! I sometimes wonder that Philip does not complain of my extravagance; but no—he shuts his lips, and spends his money upon me with reckless generosity. Gifts, also. From Gerald Fortescue a bouquet of heliotropes and lilies. I left a kiss on every blossom, then cast them all into my dressing-room fire, and stood and watched the sweet things shrivel in the cruel flame. From Philip, a pair of diamond bracelets, a check for five thousand dollars—he suspects that I have debts—and a pair of superb horses for the new carriage which he gave me on my last birthday. A groom brought the beasts to the door as I arose from breakfast, and Philip called me to the window to look at them, searching my face the while with wistful eyes. I pity him, I pity myself. Oh! if love would but come and go at one's bidding! but it will not—it does not. I have wrecked his life, and my own also.

Spent an hour in baby's nursery. I am not like other mothers. My heart is perverted—poisoned. I think the hired nurse loves my little one better than I.

Guests at dinner—among them Gerald Fortescue. I wore velvet and diamonds and the old point lace which has been in the Harmon family for years. Philip was morose, Fortescue brilliant and gay—the life, as he always is, of the company.

"What have you done with my poor flowers?" he whispered.

"Consigned them to the fire."

"As you did my heart when you married Philip Harmon. Agnes, you are making a brave struggle, but in the end you will find it vain!"

After we arose from table some one asked him to sing. He has a matchless tenor voice, and these words of his song still buzz in my head like so many bees:

"She taught me then, in my early youth,
That women were false and weak and mean;
Had she been true to her troth, who knows—
My life, what it might have been?"

A ball at Mrs. Orchid's, and a scene with Philip. He came out of the nursery as I was descending to my carriage, seized me in an iron grip, crushing my flowers and laces, dashed off my opera-cloak, and declared that I should not leave the house.

"Very well," I said, indifferently—"I would quite as soon remain at home."

When he saw that I was resigned, his manner changed.

"Go!" he sneered. "Dance, flirt, be merry—wring my heart! You are determined to drive me mad, and you will do it, without doubt!"

I am fast becoming hardened to these things.

I went to the ball, danced, received compliments, and tried to be happy, like other women. Gerald Fortescue was there. I did my utmost to avoid him; but in the midst of a quadrille, I lifted my eyes, and lo! Philip stood in a neighboring doorway. He had followed me to the ball. Of late he goes into society only to watch his wife.

Presently he strode to my side, and whispered:

"I forbid you to treat Fortescue as you are doing. You shall dance with him! Why are you so gracious to other men, so rude to the only one here that I can call my friend? Is it because your hatred of me extends to the few persons I really trust? Place his name at once upon your card!"

I always obey him when it is possible to do so. I danced with Fortescue; and the first thing he said to me was:

"Your husband is a blind idiot! However, I thank him. You dare not disregard his commands, and he is good enough to sometimes make them in my favor."

The music swelled mockingly, the lights blinded me, the perfume of the hothouse flowers made me faint and sick.

"Gerald!" I gasped; "again and again I have begged you to go away—to come no more to Philip Harmon's house—to see my face no more. *Will* you leave me in peace?"

We were passing through a change in the dance. His grasp upon me tightened.

"No!" he answered—"I will not! Ask me anything but that. You are leading a loveless life in the home of a husband to whom you are perfectly indifferent. Your heart is, and has always been, mine. I will never leave you."

"Gerald, I beg—I entreat——"

"Hush! Go from this city—live without a daily sight of you—without the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand? Not if eternal destruction was the penalty to be paid for such indulgence!" And so the year begins. How will it end?

Breathlessly Meg read on:

Jan. 3d. Philip insisted that I should ride with him behind the new horses. They ran away with us upon the Milldam road. We were thrown out. Somebody picked me up, senseless and bleeding.

Why was I not killed? At twenty I find myself quite willing to yield up this strange, wearisome, inexplicable thing that is called Life. I have no heroism, no power either to resist unhappiness or to endure it.

Lay upon my sofa for the remainder of the day and evening. Gerald Fortescue called, and lingered till a late hour in Philip's studio; but I positively refused to see him.

Jan. 6th. I have recovered from my late injuries.

A reception. Crowded rooms, magnificent toilets, endless compliments. Bah! I hate this life; and yet it distracts my thoughts, and keeps me from brooding over impossible things. Gerald Fortescue again. He was the first to come and the last to go. More brilliant and fascinating than ever. Philip gloomy and jealous, glowering at me from a corner, like the skeleton at the ancient Egyptian feasts.

In the small hours of morning nurse came to tell me the child was very ill. I had not yet laid aside my brocade and diamonds. Without waiting to do so, I hurried to the nursery. Philip there beside the little bed. He stared at my rich dress—at the crushed roses in my hair and bosom, and shuddered.

"She is going to die!" he said, in a strange, wild voice.

"How fortunate for her!" I answered, involuntarily.

"Why do you not weep?" he demanded; "she is your own flesh and blood. Have you no feeling? Is your heart stone?"

"That, or something like it," I replied. "I have forgotten how to weep. Moreover, I envy the child her happiness."

He flung his arms fiercely around me.

"Agnes! Agnes! You are miserable, and I—— But heaven forbid that I should speak of myself! Why cannot you love me? What is the fatal thing that holds us apart? Daily the breach between us widens—I see it, feel it, and yet am powerless to alter anything. Great God! do you *want* to have it so? You are my wife, and the mother of my child!"

"I do not *want* it," I answered, listlessly—"neither can I prevent it."

"You will not love me, then?"

"I cannot."

"Try, Agnes, for the sake of this little one."

I broke from him quickly.

"Love will not be coaxed or coerced," I coldly answered. "Do not distress me with vain pleadings, Philip. I do not, I never can, love you. It is my unhappy fate to make you miserable!"

He turned abruptly from me.

"God help us both! Go and rest—I will watch with the child!"

I left him with his face buried in the pillow of the little bed, and went back to my own room. To sleep? No—to weep the rest of the weary night away.

Jan. 8th. The child is better—she will live. Philip is still by her bed. Dined at Mrs. Millionaire's. Gerald Fortescue there. Later, one of Verdi's operas; and after that a superb fancy ball at Mrs. Oleander's. I appeared as *Anne Boleyn*, in purple velvet and gold brocade. Fortescue made an excellent Charles I., with his dark, melancholy face and long love-locks falling over a collar of diamonds and Flanders lace.

Entry after entry went on like this. The life of her

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unhappy mother was spread out before Meg like a picture—a life crowded with every sort of fashionable dissipation—balls, operas, receptions, dinner-parties—a grand merry-go-round. Everywhere she seemed constantly to encounter Fortescue. Meg sickened at the frequency of that name in the record of Agnes Harmon's days. She read:

> His intimacy with Philip increases daily. He has free access to this house. My husband often forces me to accept him as an escort, and I dare not refuse. He wields a mysterious power over Philip, and as for myself, I feel like a feeble bird caught in a snare, from which there is no escape.

In another place Meg learned that Agnes Harmon, absorbed in her own unhappiness and her feverish pursuit of fashion and frivolity, did not visit her child's nursery for days and days together. It was a dreary story, and the girl's heart ached as she read it.

After a while a change in the record occurred. The season was over—Summer had come. Agnes Harmon had left the Beacon Hill house, and was established in a Newport villa. Her fashionable friends still surrounded her—there, as in town, she was a reigning belle, a Circe, to whom throngs of admirers paid homage. The journal now told of moonlight and sea-breezes, drives upon the wild, winding road leading to Fort Adams, *fêtes*, hops, flower-decked piazzas, dinners, balls, splendor, and the central figure of it all was still Gerald Fortescue. He was at Newport, a guest in Philip Harmon's villa. She saw him hourly. His name was mingled with the moonlight, the waltz-music, the wrinkled gray rocks, the rides, the gayety; and, alas! Philip Harmon, blind beyond belief, was still jealous of all men save the one whom he had most reason to fear.

Mention was made of a French count, the lion of the season, who paid assiduous court to the beautiful Mrs. Harmon. "I show him plainly that his marked attentions are offensive to me," the red book said. "I am no flirt. From my heart, I wish that I might never hear another compliment, nor meet another admiring look!"

Meg read on:

> A garden-party at the Linden Cottage. Fortescue and the count there. Philip very jealous of the Frenchman, therefore very harsh and stern with me. Some time I think he may be goaded into doing me positive violence. A triumph which made me the envy of every woman present, yet in which I experienced not one thrill of satisfaction. Private theatricals ended the evening.
>
> In the solemn hours that precede dawn, I sit in my silent chamber, and look out upon the sea, stretching dark and low under a sinking moon, and these pathetic lines of Owen Meredith's rush to my lips:
>
> "Whom first we love you know we seldom wed.
> Time rules us all, and life indeed is not
> The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
> And then we women cannot choose our lot!"

Meg read of the Summer's close, and the return of Agnes Harmon, in the chilly gray Autumn, to town. On every page the heart of the writer was laid open to the reader's shrinking eyes—a weak, passionate, discontented heart, for which, under the circumstances that hemmed it about, earthly peace and happiness were impossible.

After the return to Beacon Hill the entries grew brief, and sometimes incoherent. She had fallen into a morbid state. She was consumed by a hopeless melancholy that wasted her strength like slow poison. Colonel Dysart's arrival upon the scene was briefly chronicled. "He watches me very closely," she said; "I fear he suspects the secret which is wearing my life away."

But she still kept a brave front before the world, which regarded her as the blameless wife of a jealous tyrant. The routine of fashionable gayety was resumed more recklessly than ever, and the unloved child in the nursery seemed at this period to be quite forgotten.

Over these pages Meg's eyes flashed swiftly. At length she came to the following:

> Last night I went to the play with Philip. Gerald Fortescue was in the box. He talked only to my husband. By-and-by I became ill. The lights grew dim before my eyes, the hot air seemed stifling me. I turned to Philip, and begged him to take me home. He arose at once. Gerald Fortescue made some polite inquiries, and bent to gather up my opera-cloak, which had fallen over the back of the chair—at the same instant, he slipped into my hand a bit of paper. I could not refuse to take it without attracting attention, so I hid it in my glove, and, more dead than alive, went home with Philip.
>
> I read his note in my dressing-room, after I had dismissed my maid. Great Heaven! shall I ever forget the horror, the shame, the despair with which those few lines filled me? I have fallen very low, indeed, for Gerald Fortescue has dared to ask me to leave all, and fly with him across the sea!
>
> I am humiliated to the dust. I have made up my mind to go to Philip, show him the note, and confess the baneful love which has held possession of me so long. He surely will be lenient with one who is more weak than wicked, more sinned against than sinning; or, at the worst, he can only kill me.
>
> Fly with him? God help me, no! Henceforth I will treat him with the contempt he deserves. I will root out this unhappy passion from my heart, even if the heart itself breaks in the effort. I will forget him—I will never give him another thought. I hate, I loathe myself for my own weakness. Philip shall now know how false and treacherous is the man he calls friend, and how unworthy the woman who is his wife.
>
> *Dec. 1st.* I have tried to speak to Philip, but in vain. My coward tongue shrinks from the task. As I approach the miserable secret, fear and trembling seize me. He is my only refuge, my sole salvation—but how can I tell him? He is violent and distrustful, and I have embittered his life—robbed him of all earthly happiness, squandered his money, neglected his child, scorned his love, trampled upon his heart—and these facts now terrify me, strip me of confidence and hope—of all faith in myself, and all trust in him.
>
> *Dec. 3d.* For two days I have not seen Gerald Fortescue—I pray that I may never see him more! After the answer which I sent to his note, he surely will not annoy me again. Philip perceives that I am more unhappy than usual, and holds angrily aloof. Nurse brought me the child for a little while; but her prattle, her cunning ways, were unbearable to me to-day. After lunch I drove to Easel's art-gallery, to see some foreign paintings. There was one of "Iphigenia at the Sacrifice," which thrilled me strangely. I was standing before it, awed by the tragic beauty of Agamemnon's daughter, when I heard a step, a whisper, and Gerald Fortescue stood by my side.
>
> "You will not leave the man to whom you are utterly indifferent," he said, "to go with one who adores you, and to whom your heart was given years ago? You cannot defy the world nor laugh at its judgments? My poor child, do you not know that Love's law is the highest and strongest in the universe? That law makes you mine! I have sworn to free you from the misery of your present life—from the tyranny of that blind, jealous idiot whom you call husband, and I shall keep my oath! Sit down here—no one is observing us. Look at the pictures, if you like, but listen while I speak. Agnes, I shall never leave you till you have promised to go with me."
>
> It is done! Heaven help me! I have promised! Before his prayers and entreaties in that fatal gallery, my will swayed and went down, leaving me to his mercy. Treat him with contempt? —I cannot. Forget him?—only in death. I have consented to leave husband, child, home, friends, and fly with him to the world's end. I seem to be struggling with some terrible nightmare. Can I live the life he has marked out for me? I feel like some hapless prisoner of medieval times shut in a dungeon, whose four walls he sees closing slowly in upon him, crushing him to death. I have still forty-eight hours before I take the irrevocable step. My child! my husband! How can I bear to look upon either of you now? Already I am tortured with remorse—a foretaste of that perdition into which I am about to plunge.

Meg had now come to the last entry. With an indefinable thrill she saw that it *was* the last:

> To-morrow I shall leave hope and heaven behind me, and fly

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with Fortescue. I shudder at the very thought! All the arrangements are made for our secret and speedy departure, and Philip suspects nothing.

A dinner at the Orchids', and a scene. My husband was in one of his blackest moods. He carried me home insensible. Reproaches and accusations—the old story. He left me at last, in a rage.

For a long time I remained shut up in my dressing-room, thinking, thinking of many things. Then I crept up to the child's nursery. The night-lamp shone softly upon her pretty bed, and over her blossom-like beauty. She has her mother's face. Heaven grant her a happier fate than mine! I bent down and kissed her. She stirred, opened her big eyes, recognized me, and held up a pair of dimpled arms.

"God bless mamma!" she murmured, drowsily.

No one but Philip Harmon could have taught her that! I felt as if I had received a blow. Immediately she fell asleep again, and I, her wretched mother, flung myself prostrate by her bed, and groveled there, weeping such tears as I never wept before. And to-morrow I shall fly with Fortescue!

Shall I—must I? Is there no escape for me? I have returned to my dressing-room. The clock is striking two. The house is very still. Outside, the great world sleeps, and in my heart a dreadful purpose—no! a grand, good purpose, gathers form, then fades away, and then returns, with steadily increasing strength.

Philip, my husband, to you I address the last words I shall ever write. When you read this book, you will see how weak I was, how helpless in Fortescue's hands; and you will pity, perhaps, even while you condemn, me. Escape that man by my own strength I cannot—and there is no one to shield me from him. Ah! if your eyes had not been sealed, Philip! or if I could have summoned courage to confide in you—to appeal to you, my husband, for protection, all might have been so different! But now it is too late.

Listen! As a wife, as a mother, I am a total failure. Freed from me, you may yet be happy. I have thought until my brain seems turning. Can I bear to disgrace you and my child? No! Can I evade Fortescue, and the toils he has spread for me? If there was one friend to whom I could turn at this hour, it might be possible; but, alas! among all who have flattered and followed me, I do not possess a friend. My sole refuge is death. Therefore I have decided to end my miserable life.

Farewell! Had I never known that man, I might have loved you. A few moments ago I stole down to your library, and took from your table the sharp little dagger with which you cut the leaves of your books. That weapon shall free me from all earthly ills. I would prefer poison, but there is none at hand, and I dare not send my maid to purchase any at this hour—I might be discovered and foiled. No; I will trust this little blade to release me.

As you will see, Philip, my journal is my confession. May your eyes be the first to see it. I shall leave it open upon the table at the head of my sofa. Read, and, if you can, forgive me. It is better to die than live—often you have heard me say that. I shall have strength, I know, to strike the blow.

"God bless mamma!"

How that drowsy little voice rings in my ears! I die, Philip, and it is for you to decide whether or no the world shall be told of that which drove me to this deed. Would God that I had been kinder to you—that I had tried a little, a very little, to make you happy! The clock strikes the half-hour. I am not afraid. What is death but a moment's pang? Take back your freedom, Philip, and forget the woman who has made you so miserable. I have been but a feeble creature in life, but I will be strong to die. Say, at least, that there was a vein of heroism in my nature, since I preferred death to disgrace, and the freedom of death to the bondage in which Fortescue would bind me. Farewell."

That was the last word traced upon a stained and blotted page. Tears gushed from Meg's eyes, her heart swelled almost to bursting. Her mother had died a suicide on the eve of an appointed elopement with Fortescue—had died to save herself from that bold, bad man. Without doubt he had driven her mad with misery, and he was as truly her murderer as though he had planted the dagger in her heart.

Meg understood at once that this journal had been seized by Fortescue in the confusion attendant upon the discovery of the dead body, and securely hidden by him from mortal knowledge. Knowing, beyond doubt, that Agnes Harmon had died by her own hand, he had deliberately concealed the fact, and suffered her husband to be tried and condemned for the supposed murder. To satisfy his thirst for vengeance, his insane hatred of his more fortunate brother, this man had consigned Philip Harmon, innocent as he was, to the gallows—yea, and deceived and robbed him even in its ghastly shadow.

It was too terrible for belief! But one thing Meg comprehended perfectly—her father was saved, this book would open his prison doors and free him from a living tomb. Joy! joy! She kissed the blotted page wildly. To-morrow she would place it in his hands—her wronged, long-suffering father! Oh, that she could fly this very moment to his dreary cell!

Hush—hark! Close at hand a sudden sound recalled Meg's thoughts to herself. She heard the creaking of a sash, a footstep, and with a great start she awoke to the consciousness that the hour was late, and that she was alone by a dying fire in the silent and sombre drawing-room. She sprang up from her chair and looked toward the window. Was it a sea-gust that rattled the heavy frame, or the obtrusive arm of a fir-tree? Neither.

The sash was noiselessly lifted, the curtain swayed, a human hand thrust it violently aside. The next instant the tall, dark figure of a man leaped from the terrace into the room, and confronted Meg with a death-white face. He shut the window, then took a step toward her.

"I have found you!" said Gerald Fortescue.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRUGGLE.

MEG'S blood grew cold. He advanced into the centre of the room. His face looked sharp and wolfish, his dark eyes burned with an evil light. She saw that he knew all—that the lover was transformed into the angry enemy. He had followed her to Gull Beach. It was no apparition which had alarmed her by the colonel's grave, but genuine flesh and blood. For a moment she was benumbed with fear, then she rallied, and, swift as lightning, flung the journal back into the leather bag.

"I have found you!" he repeated.

"Found me!" echoed Meg, with a sort of brave scorn. "I am not hiding from you, Gerald Fortescue! I left your house only to pay my last respects to a dead friend. I am no coward, to run from my foes. Danton Moultrie, I see, has told you everything."

He seemed a little staggered by her boldness. She stood up, tall and straight, on the hearth, pale, but self-possessed, her grand, dark eyes flashing, her whole bearing resolute and fearless. It was as well to have it out with him here at Beach Hall as in the house on Beacon Hill. He had closed the window behind him, and the curtain had swung into place. They were shut in together. One door alone communicated with the hall and the remainder of the house, and before Meg could comprehend his intention he had walked to this only means of egress from the apartment, turned the key swiftly, withdrew it from the lock and thrust it into his pocket.

"Yes," he replied, advancing toward her, tall, dark, threatening, "Danton Moultrie has told me everything!"

Meg's hot temper rose quickly.

"I command you to replace that key!" she cried, like an outraged queen.

He smiled in derision.

"I regret that I cannot obey you. It is time for you and I to understand each other, Margaret, and an interruption would be awkward just now."

In his slouched hat and long cloak, with his pallid face and disordered air, the elegant, aristocratic Judge Fortescue presented an appearance altogether new and strange. In spite of her composed demeanor, Meg's heart beat loud and fast. These two had parted as lovers, they met as deadly foes. No attempt was made by either to affect ignorance of this fact. The time for dissembling was past. Both ignored all former relations, and openly accepted the present dark and hostile situation.

"You enter here in a most extraordinary manner," cried Meg; "like a stage villain, in fact."

He had fixed his eyes upon the leather bag and the old letters. Almost unconsciously Meg snatched up the former—her fingers closed in a convulsive way upon the handle.

"Am I not quite as welcome by the window as by the door?" sneered Gerald Fortescue. "We must dispense with ceremony to-night. Let me hear it from your own lips—*are you Philip Harmon's daughter?*"

"Yes," replied Meg, quite undaunted; "and you—oh, I well know who and what *you* are—his brother and his destroyer!"

She saw him start.

"Girl, who told you there was a tie of blood between us?" he demanded, fiercely.

"My father!"

"Then you have seen him?"

"Yes, in his prison; and he bade me say, Gerald Fortescue, that a day of reckoning is surely coming for him and for you."

His face grew paler yet. He took a step nearer to her.

"How dared you come into my house?" he said, wildly; "how dared you deceive me? Great heaven! *You* Harmon's child!—and three days ago you were my betrothed wife, and I was your lover, loving you to madness!"

"I entered your house," replied Meg, calmly, "utterly ignorant of your connection with my poor father. I deceived you in nothing—I simply remained silent concerning my own history. I knew nothing of the infamous part you had played in Philip Harmon's ruin, until the morning when you left me to pursue Lilian. Then I heard the whole story from Colonel Dysart."

He answered not a word, only stared at her darkly.

"Agnes Harmon's spirit must have guided me to your door," continued Meg. "Gerald Fortescue, men call you a just judge, a person of probity and honor, they admire and praise you; but *I* know you to be a thief, a traitor, the would-be murderer of my father, the actual destroyer of my poor, foolish mother; and it was reserved for me to make this discovery, and proclaim it to the world that holds you in such high esteem—it was reserved for me to free my long-suffering father from the prison to which your vengeance consigned him nearly twenty years ago."

A bold speech! It defined her position and his own most accurately—showed him that he had nothing to expect from this girl, the daughter of fair Agnes Harmon. A frightful smile curled his lip.

"You speak with assurance! Tell me what you know—*just* what you know. I barely missed a meeting with you on my arrival in Boston, so I have followed you here. God knows we must come to some sort of terms! The sooner we understand each other, Margaret, the better for us both."

"I know all that Colonel Dysart could tell me," cried Meg, clinching her slight hands—"all that my father could tell me, and more—much more! You drove my wretched mother to suicide, and allowed the world to think that she was murdered. You abandoned Philip Harmon to the gallows, you stole his entire fortune, you left me to charity in my babyhood—you, his brother, did this! What do I know? That you are an infamous scoundrel, a man who would stop at nothing to serve his own ends. I know that my father has suffered nineteen years for a crime that was never committed, and that all this while you have held in your possession undeniable proofs of his innocence, and have kept them hidden from the light of day—that you have rejoiced in the agonies he was enduring, and in the thought that he must live and die in the four walls of a prison."

He quailed visibly before these accusations. Something like weak fear flitted over his face. He raised his hand to his throat, as if choking.

"That will do!" he said; "you know enough, I see—certainly more than is good for you! You have heard my enemies speak—now hear *me*. Philip Harmon and I were sons of the same father. In the will which made my brother a millionaire, not a penny was left to me, and that from no fault of mine, but out of pure contempt for one who had come into the world under ban. It was then that I swore to have my own, sooner or later, by fair means or foul. I was not a man to be robbed with impunity—not one to readily love my enemies, according to the Scripture law. Agnes Ferrol gave her heart to me months before she ever saw Harmon's face. She was sold into his arms. I, his baseborn brother, was driven half mad with my loss, and the heart of the unwilling bride was broken; but what did these trifles matter? The wealth of our father had fallen solely to him—he could purchase a wife, if he liked; *I* might have won her in his place, or even if my rightful portion had been assigned to me. Here again I vowed to take, not his, but my own. She had loved me as Agnes Ferrol, she still loved me as Agnes Harmon. My intense hatred for Philip was but the natural result of the injustice I had suffered. When the time came for me to retaliate, I did so with unsparing hand. No mercy had been shown to me; I, in turn, showed none. The fortune which I took from Harmon was my own. He had enjoyed it exclusively for years; it was my right, when the opportunity came, to do likewise."

"You reason well," sneered Meg; "but I fail to see why you are not a murderer, thief and traitor—why my father does not owe nineteen years of imprisonment entirely to you. I fail to see any excuse for the atrocity of leaving him to die on the gallows, when you held in your hand certain writings of my mother's, declaring her intended suicide, and the reasons that drove her to it."

His dark, sallow face grew livid.

"Margaret, by some means unknown to me you have secured that journal. What fiend directed you to its hiding-place?"

"No fiend," answered Meg; "but the good angel who is helping a daughter to rescue her deeply injured father from a cruel and undeserved fate."

"You have taken my property by stealth, Margaret—you need not be told that I am here to recover it."

His tone was moderate, but a tigerish gleam in his eyes warned Meg of danger. She threw back her fearless young head, her lip curled disdainfully.

"The letters which my mother wrote you are doubtless yours—her journal is mine, and that you cannot have."

He drew stealthily, almost imperceptibly, toward her.

"Listen to reason, Margaret! I do not wish to harm you, but I am a desperate man. I have climbed, with much pains, to a high pinnacle, and I will not be cast down without a struggle. For me exposure means hopeless ruin, and to that I cannot tamely submit. If you will look at me attentively you will see that I am not to be trifled with. This catastrophe has come upon me like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I had not dreamed of danger, especially from such a source. But some superhuman power has worked for you. It was madness for me to keep her letters, her journal—I see it now—but I could not bear to destroy the assurances of her love for me, written by her own hand. Can you understand such weakness as that in a character like mine? Now hear me. As Philip Harmon's child I hate you, as the daughter of Agnes Ferrol I love you. You must enter into some compromise with me—that is inevitable. Restore that journal or destroy it here before my eyes, and I swear to obtain your father's pardon and release him within six months, and return to him half of the fortune which we have both possessed successively."

Meg's face glowed with indignant scorn.

"You would obtain my father's pardon for a crime which he never committed?" she cried, in a voice that rang like a silver bugle through that close-shut room. "You would open his prison-door and send him out into the world with the stigma of wife-murder still fixed upon him, like leprosy? You would give him back a portion of the *whole* of which you robbed him? What generosity! What noble reparation! And you think *I* will help you to cover up your sin, and preserve, in the eyes of men, the integrity which you never possessed? No, Gerald Fortescue! The truth, the whole truth, shall be published to the world! My father's innocence shall be everywhere proclaimed. Men shall know how wrongfully he has suffered, and the guilt, the shame, the disgrace shall be cast upon him to whom they rightfully belong—yourself!"

He grew white to his very lips.

"You are a bold girl," he said, hoarsely. "Think well of what you are saying. For your mother's sake destroy that journal! Could you bear the talk that would ensue, should its contents be made public? Consider the judgments that would be passed upon Agnes Harmon—the condemnation that the world would heap upon her memory."

"She was weak, but not wicked—she herself says it," replied Meg, calmly.

"She had consented to leave husband, home and child, and fly with me," he answered, with a wicked smile.

"Whatever blame may be poured upon my dead mother," said Meg, with dignity, "the sufferings of my living father shall now cease! If Agnes Harmon could speak from the grave to which you drove her, I feel assured that she would tell me to clear her husband's fame at any cost to her memory. That I mean to do, and no earthly power, no consideration for the dead or the living, shall turn me from it!"

The look that flashed into his face was not good to see. He was, in truth, a desperate man, ready to employ the most desperate measures to effect his escape from the peril that threatened him.

"Accept my terms, Margaret, or it will be the worse for you!" he cried. "You had better not provoke me too far."

It was a very unpleasant situation. The door was locked, and the key in Gerald Fortescue's pocket. The servants slept in a distant part of the house, out of reach of Meg's voice. It was midnight, and she stood alone with this unscrupulous, reckless man.

"I shall protect that which is mine with my life," she said, calmly.

"You are in my power," he answered, with a menacing gesture. "You are a weak girl, and I am a strong man. Your life? I would not hesitate an instant to take it, if necessary."

"That assertion, my dear uncle, is quite in keeping with your character."

"Give me Agnes Harmon's journal!"

Grasping the bag desperately, she retreated as he advanced.

"Give it to me!" he repeated.

"Never—never!"

She ran toward the window; he overtook her swiftly. His heavy hand clutched her dress, his hot breath brushed her cheek, his murderous face bent down to her own.

"Give it to me, or I will kill you!"

Oh, was no one near to help her now? A terrified shriek burst from her lips.

"Hush!"

He grasped her by the throat with one cruel hand, while with the other he tore the bag, the precious bag, from her hold! At the same instant the sash rattled—was thrown hastily up. A human head appeared in the opening of the curtain.

"Meg!—where are you, Meg?" shouted a voice. With one bound a man sprang into the drawing-room. That scream had found him on the terrace without. Half-strangled in Fortescue's grasp, Meg saw, as through a glass darkly, the brown face and broad shoulders of Robin Leith. The next that she knew, he had torn her swiftly from her assailant.

"Robin!" she cried, in a tone that went to his heart of hearts; "save me, Robin!"

He seized Fortescue in a powerful grip.

"What are you doing here?" he thundered. "How dare you lay hands on Miss Harmon?"

They eyed each other darkly for a moment, then, without a word, Fortescue flung off the younger man's hand, rushed like lightning to the window, leaped out upon the terrace and disappeared, like a spirit of evil, among the fir-trees. Leith turned to Meg.

"Are you hurt?" he cried, breathlessly. "What has he been saying to you? The scoundrel! He must have learned in some way that you were here alone."

She uttered a frantic cry.

"Robin, Robin! he has taken from me the little bag you saved at the station. In it are the proofs of Philip Harmon's innocence. Heaven have mercy! my father is lost!"

It did not occur to her, in her great distress, that there was anything strange in Leith's sudden appearance there in the drawing-room of Beach Hall, at twelve o'clock at night. He had assisted her in so many emergencies, it seemed but natural and proper that he should be at hand now.

"Lost?" he echoed. "God forbid! Call the servants; I will return directly."

That was all he stopped to say. The next moment she was alone. Through the open window he had gone like a shot, on the track of Fortescue and his booty.

As he gained the garden, the moon broke out of a fringing cloud, and shone brightly down through the fir-trees. He felt the need of haste quite as keenly as Meg herself. Down the graveled way he dashed to the high gates. At that hour, no living thing was stirring anywhere, but the evergreen boughs whispered in the wind, and the restless pulses of the sea beat loudly in the midnight stillness.

Leith paused to look around. The gate was wide open. Plainly some one had just passed through, for ten minutes before, on his way up the drive, he had closed it with his

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own hand. Had Fortescue taken the highroad, or the path to the beach? Leith possessed the keen vision of a hawk. Far away on the shingle he fancied he saw a black speck moving in the uncertain light. Scarcely had he discerned it, however, when the perverse moon plunged again into a bank of windy clouds, and darkness suddenly vailed land and bay.

Swift as a fox he crossed the road, and over a stretch of low, marshy ground, marked here and there by salt pools and patches of dead brown leaves, he gained Gull Beach. In this wintry midnight the spot looked lonesome and dreary enough. The troubled bay tossed and wailed with dismal monotony. No sound save the wearisome complaint of wind and wave was anywhere audible. Overhead, through gray clouds, the moon waded with fitful gleams. Where was the figure which Leith had seen at a distance? To his great relief, he descried it only a few rods in advance of himself, walking along the sands at an ordinary pace, and evidently unconscious of pursuit. The long cloak and slouched hat were easily recognized. It was Gerald Fortescue, and his face was set toward Blackhaven.

Noiselessly the young lawyer followed in his footsteps, past the tumble-down boathouses, past the rotting hulk, half buried in the sand, where once he had asked Meg to wed, and round an abrupt curve that made a deep depression in the bare, uneven shore. There, unluckily, he stumbled against a loose stone. The noise reached the alert ear of the man in advance. He turned, discovered his pursuer, and, taking promptly to his heels, vanished at once from view.

Leith hurried round the curve. An old boat lay near, bottom-up on the sand. He lifted it, but found nothing beneath. No other hiding-place was in sight—softly!—a few rods away, in the dim light, stood a rude, weather-beaten structure, with a rough door and one window, over which a board was nailed—Dawson's shanty.

At this season of the year it was always empty. Leith went up to the threshold and tried the door—it was fast. He listened, and distinctly heard within labored breathing, like that of some hunted animal.

"Open!" he cried, sternly.

No answer, save the noise of the buffeted waves on the beach.

"Judge Fortescue, you are in there!" called Leith, loudly. "Open, I say! I have business with you."

No reply. Leith waited a few moments, then put his stalwart shoulder to the door, and burst it from its rusty hinge. It fell with a crash, and the moonlight streamed into the interior of the shanty, and showed Leith the tall, black figure of the judge, standing in the middle of the old floor, his extended hand clutching some polished, gleaming thing.

"Enter here," he cried, "and you are a dead man!"

Leith was unarmed, but to this fact he gave no thought. Promptly he stepped across the fallen door.

"I demand of you that which you have taken from Margaret Harmon!" he shouted.

"Stand back!" answered Fortescue; "you are meddling in a dangerous business."

Against a background of smoky wall and low rafter, his livid face and fiery eyes were plainly visible. He towered in the centre of the rude hut, the embodiment of hate, rage, violence.

"Give up that bag, you scoundrel!" cried Leith.

"Come and take it!"

He sprang forward. There was a flash, a report. He felt a slight shock, but straightway grasped Fortescue in his strong arms. The latter closed with him. Crack—crack! Where the shots hit, he knew not, but he felt warm blood—his own or his antagonist's—on his face, on his hands. The two men struggled fiercely for a moment, then, by a supreme effort, Leith wrenched the emptied revolver from Fortescue's hold, and dealt him a stunning blow. He dropped like lead. Leith groped and found the leather bag, for which he had since morning twice periled his life, and stepping over the prostrate man, he walked out of the shanty, and away up the beach, and across the marshland to the hall.

When he reached the house, he found that Meg had succeeded in arousing the three servants. The drawing-room door had been forced open—she stood on its threshold, white with suspense and terror. He went up to her and held out the bag. It was dabbled with blood.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried, in a transport of gratitude. "You pursued him—you overtook him?"

"Yes," he answered, faintly. She drew forth the luckless journal, safe, untouched, and pressed it to lips and heart.

"Robin, Robin, how came you here to-night? What sent you to me at the very moment when I needed you most?"

He leaned heavily against the door.

"I had a presentiment that something was wrong at the hall," he answered. "I could not sleep, so I arose and walked the four miles hither from Blackhaven, to see with my own eyes if all was well with you."

Surprise held her dumb for an instant, then a great light and splendor dawned in her eyes.

"You have saved my life!" she cried, fervently. "Fortescue would have killed me but for you. More yet, you have saved my father. See! here are my mother's letters—take them, take this book, best, truest of friends!—I intrust my father's cause to you. Free him—show the world how unjustly he has suffered. Is it too much to ask this of you? Are you tired of serving an ungrateful creature like me?"

"Tired? No, no," he breathed, rather than spoke; "I accept with joy any service that you may lay upon me."

She glanced breathlessly around.

"Where is that man? Will he come here again?"

"I left him at Dawson's shanty on the beach. He will trouble you no more to-night."

Before the words were fairly out, he staggered. She touched his hand—it was red and wet. For the first time she saw something strange in his appearance.

"You are wounded!" she cried, in alarm; "you are bleeding! I understand—he did not yield up the bag without a struggle."

He groped for the nearest chair, and fell heavily into it. He was past speaking. She rushed to the door and called the man-servant.

"Mr. Leith is hurt—dying, perhaps!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, come and help him!"

The person addressed hurried across the hall, and followed Meg as she flew to Leith. The young fellow had fallen back in his chair, insensible.

* * * * * * *

When Gerald Fortescue picked up his scattered senses there on the cold, dirty floor of Dawson's shanty, the echo of Leith's retreating footsteps along the sands of Gull Beach had already died away. He lifted himself up. The moonlight was pouring in through the shattered door. He looked around for the bag; it was not there. He thrust out his shaking hands and searched about the obscure corners of the hut. In vain! his worst fears were realized. It was gone, and he was a lost man!

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Dizzy from the blow he had received, he staggered to the broken door, kicking aside the revolver whose barrels he had emptied at random in the struggle with Leith. Another weapon, loaded and ready for use, was in his pocket. He felt and found it secure, then stepped out upon the beach.

The tumultuous sea was complaining wearily under the half-vailed moon. He heard the cry of some strange ocean-bird, the sough of the wind, as it fled along the lonesome midnight shore, but no human thing was anywhere in view.

"Lost—ruined!"

That was what the waves said to him as they beat against the sands. By the morrow the whole world would know his story. Retribution, swift and pitiless, was on his track. He had plotted and executed, schemed and triumphed in vain. The child of that woman whom he had loved with all the might of his passionate, unscrupulous nature had brought him, at last, to destruction—strange fatality! By treachery, guile and crime this man had climbed to the topmost round of the social ladder, to power and wealth and high honor. But his day was done. He must now descend from his lofty position. A girl's weak hand had lifted the vail from his evil past. She was merciless—she would show him as he was to the whole world. A shudder shook his tall figure. He knew it would be useless to attempt to regain possession of the journal—Leith was at the hall, the servants by this time were aroused and on guard. No! Fate and Margaret Harmon had been too much for him. The game was lost.

As he stood alone on that moonlit shingle and thought of Meg, the dark, agitated soul of the man burned with a fierce, ungovernable rage, mingled with something like tenderness still. He now saw that it was the dead Agnes Ferrol whom he had, from the first, loved anew in her child. An inscrutable Providence had made that child the mother's avenger, the father's deliverer. He had loved her to madness—had held her in his arms and called her his betrothed wife, and she had destroyed him!

He turned from the sea that vexed him with its sad, denunciatory voice, and plunged into the bare marshes—wastes of brown grass and salt pools, all lying dead and dark under the moon. There he wandered unconsciously back and forth all the remainder of that night, pursued by the ghostly shapes of his past, by shadowy faces of the living and the dead. Nemesis, the dark daughter of Nox, had found him out! Through sluggish pools he went, through long, dead, rustling reeds, over wastes of sand and pebble, like a lost soul on the shore of Hades, vainly seeking a resting-place.

Hour after hour dragged by. Presently he awoke to the consciousness that he was approaching the Blackhaven road. The moon was down, the stars were fading. In the purple east a rosy glow appeared, the heaving bay reddened, a light broke on the desolation of the shore. Day had come at last—that day which would bring to him exposure and despair. How could he meet it? How face the scorn and condemnation of men who for years had honored and admired him? This stern and pitiless judge, this terror to all evil-doers, was now himself to appear at the bar for trial and sentence.

He struck into the Blackhaven road, and starting forward at a good pace, reached the town just as the first sunbeam smote upon its death-in-life dreariness.

Gerald Fortescue entered the one hotel which the place boasted, and ordered breakfast. There he arranged his dress and resumed the calm, high-bred air peculiar to him—to the last moment he would wear a bold front. He ate little, but drank a glass of brandy neat, then settled his score, crossed the street to the station, and stepped aboard the early train for Boston.

His thoughts now turned to Lilian—the beloved daughter to whom he had always been the best and kindest of fathers. In a fashionable New York hotel he had found her, the happy wife of Moultrie—had forgiven and blessed her, shaken hands amicably with the bridegroom, written him a check for a handsome sum, and left the pair in bliss, to return and confront Philip Harmon's daughter.

Of the judge's past life, of the disaster which threatened his future, Lilian and her husband as yet knew nothing. Verily, Moultrie would be amazed at the mine he had unwittingly sprung, while only striving to spoil a brilliant match for the girl who had scorned and rejected him.

"Poor Lilian!" mused Gerald Fortescue; "poor, frail, foolish child! She has been nurtured like a hothouse flower. How will she bear misfortune, disgrace, ruin? I pray God that Moultrie may be kind to her. There *must* be some good in the fellow. I trust her to him."

The train rumbled into the city depôt. Gerald Fortescue alighted from the car, and went straight to the office of a legal friend in a neighboring square. He was perfectly composed in manner, but his bloodshot eyes and haggard, worn-out look told of the sleepless, miserable night which he had passed in the marshes of Gull Beach.

"I wish to write my will," he said to his friend, with a strange smile; "men often take odd freaks in regard to such matters, you know."

In a private office he sat quietly down, and drew up the important document, giving back to Philip Harmon every dollar of that fortune which he had wrested from him by cruel fraud long years before, and praying the wronged man to pardon all the past. This paper was duly signed by himself and competent witnesses. Fortescue then left the place, and turned his steps toward the house on Beacon Hill.

Ill tidings travel fast, saith the proverb; but the hour was still early, and Gerald Fortescue found himself in advance of the pursuing evil. His servants' faces assured him that they were, as yet, ignorant of his crimes and his misfortunes. He made some inquiries concerning Mrs. Maitland, and learned that she was taking breakfast in bed. Would he see her? No; her tongue was a terror to him at all times; he surely could not consent to run the gantlet of its curious queries to-day. He passed quietly up the stair, looked into the red boudoir, stooped down to caress Lilian's lapdog in his satin basket, let his eyes wander to her closed piano, her books and nicknacks, then went on to his own chamber, and locked its door betwixt himself and the world.

The cloudless sun was shining gayly down into the stately street, and over the brown Common, and the roofs and spires of the busy city. The hum of life sounded loudly in the great human hive. Betwixt the rich draperies of his window he could see the distant crowds rushing up and down, back and forth, hither and thither; and only a few days ago *he* had been one of that hoping, struggling, living, loving throng! To-day, what was he? Before high noon his name would be covered with disgrace. Men would call him a monster, and heap upon him scorn, reproach, contempt without stint.

And Philip Harmon? Fortescue needed not to be told that the unhappy prisoner would be released, and extolled as a hero and martyr—that he would yet be blessed in Meg's love—that the latter would do her utmost to recompense him for his terrible past, and that neither would ever think of Gerald Fortescue without a shudder. Yes, he knew how it would be.

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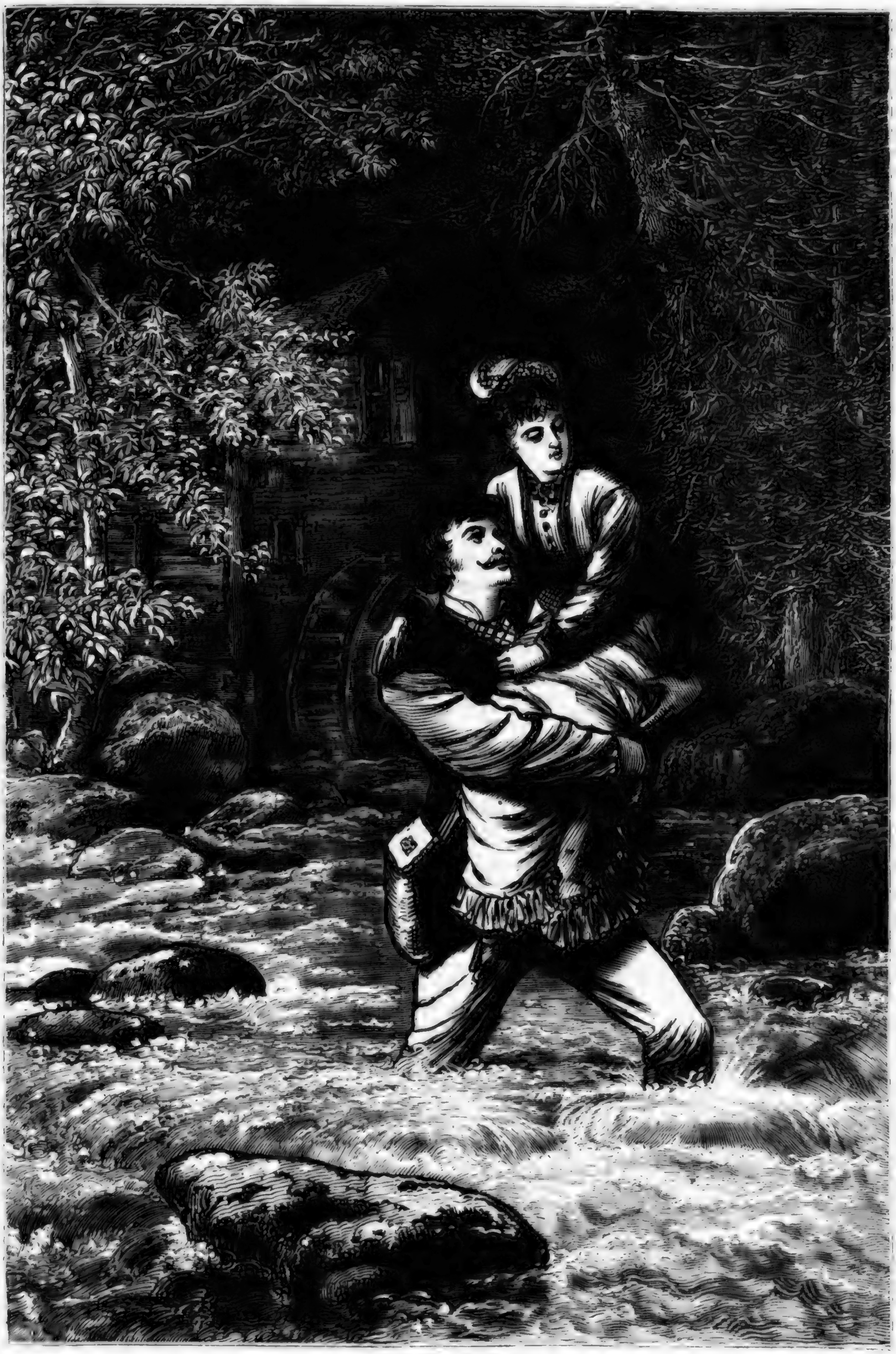

A PLEASANT RESCUE.

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He seated himself at his table, drew out pencil and paper, and wrote as follows to Meg:

> "On the morning of your mother's suicide, I was one of the first to reach this house. She had placed her journal in a conspicuous place upon her toilet-table, open for all eyes to see; but in the horror and fright of the moment, it had quite escaped notice. I secured it unseen, and carried it away; and when I found how circumstances conspired to aid me, I determined to allow my hated brother to suffer for her murder.
>
> "Be kind to Lilian—do not visit my sins upon her. She has always loved you sincerely. If you can hide any part of my history from her, do it, I beg you! I say it again, Margaret—be kind to poor Lilian!"

He left the letter upon the table with the will which he had that morning written; then, with a heavy sigh, he arose and stood before the picture of Agnes Ferrol—the lovely shadow of a once peerless substance. Fair, fatal face! For love of it he had sinned and suffered beyond the measure of ordinary men. He stood for a while with haggard eyes fixed on the canvas, behind which the proofs of Harmon's innocence had so long been concealed. One word, remorseful, despairing, escaped his lips:

"*Agnes!*"

Then he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out the loaded revolver that he had brought from Gull Beach. There is one last refuge to which all may flee. Disgrace nor punishment can overtake the dead. Censure and praise are alike to the ear that has ceased to hear, looks of approval and of aversion the same to the eyes that have ceased to see. Deliberately Gerald Fortescue placed the muzzle of the weapon to his heart. Farewell, beautiful pictured face! Farewell, the injured and the innocent! A golden sunbeam stole through the rich curtain, flashed upon the metal of the revolver and across his haggard, shuddering eyes. He closed them involuntarily, and fired.

There was a heavy, headlong fall, then all was still. Gerald Fortescue had settled his accounts with the world, and left it to deal as it would with his once honored name.

CHAPTER XXV.

POOR LILIAN.

THREE months had come and gone—a brief time, indeed, yet long enough to effect a radical change in the lives of more than one of the actors in this little drama. Winter was over, the early days of Summer had arrived. The world began to pant under the rays of a too ardent sun; the city pavements burned the feet of unhappy pedestrians; the heat was oppressive. Every one to whom such indulgence was possible had fled to green fields, breezy mountains and cool seashore. The fashionable streets were well-nigh emptied of inhabitants. Only the workers and the unfortunate remained behind.

It was a breathless morning in a shabby, dingy, cheerless West End lodging-house—a house of forlorn, one might say dubious, aspect, standing in a narrow, stifling street, with a placard conspicuously placed in a front window, calling public attention to the fact that within were rooms to let. Up two flights of stairs, covered with dirty, worn-out oil-cloth, in the holes of which the unwary feet of lodgers were constantly tripping, upon a ragged hair-cloth sofa, in a dismal back chamber, a woman was lying, on this particular morning, half suffocated with the heat, and grievously oppressed with the general discomfort of the place.

She was painfully thin and wasted in appearance. Her mourning-dress hung loosely upon her limp little figure; her eyes were hollow, her cheeks sunken. A sharp cough tormented her constantly. Her listless hands were like bird's claws. She was stretched upon the very slippery and uncomfortable old sofa, nerveless, and, as was plainly apparent, hopeless, her hair twisted in an untidy knot, her sad eyes fixed on vacancy—altogether a picture of quiet misery. And this was Lilian, the bride of three short months, the frail hothouse flower, upon which Gerald Fortescue had never suffered a rude wind to blow!

The chamber which she occupied was close, ill-ventilated, and furnished after the usual style of a third-rate lodging-house. The carpet was threadbare, the furniture bore the scars of long and severe usage, the wall-paper was torn and soiled, the handle was gone from the ewer, the housemaid's broom had dealt lightly with the cobwebs and dusty corners, the window-panes had long been strangers to soap and water. Outside were glaring pavements and dingy brick walls, over which the sun blazed pitilessly. No breeze invaded the narrow street. A sad contrast this chamber presented to the red boudoir, the silken hangings, the splendor and refinement of Beacon Hill. Alas! poor Lilian! Life had gone ill indeed with her in the last three months.

A step on the stair. She started, and a faint color flashed into her thin cheeks. The door opened, and Danton Moultrie entered. As usual, he was well-dressed, but he looked sulky, sour and extremely disagreeable. He gave a disapproving glance at the frail little figure on the sofa—a plain and ailing woman could never be an attractive object to Moultrie's eyes. He liked only pleasant things.

"What a beastly hot morning!" he said, throwing down his hat like some irritated schoolboy; "one can scarcely breathe in this wretched den!"

Lilian looked up timidly.

"It *is* warm," she answered—her voice, like her body, was thin and weak.

"How do you find yourself this morning?" he asked, with a sullen, aggrieved air, as if he were laboring under a sense of personal wrong.

"Better, I think," she answered, with a painfully apparent effort to assume a more lively manner. She had learned that low spirits and pale cheeks were extremely distasteful to her fastidious bridegroom.

"I am glad to hear that," said Mr. Moultrie, "for if there is one thing more trying than another to the patience of a man, it is a sickly, complaining woman. For heaven's sake, Lilian, why do you wear your hair in that manner?—it is simply hideous. To tell the truth, I have not seen you decently dressed since Celeste went away."

Her hectic color came and went, her thin hands worked nervously together. The quick tears rushed to her eyes, but she restrained them bravely.

"You forget that I was never before, in my whole life, dependent upon myself, Danton. It seems quite odd to live without a maid, but I dare say I may like it in time. I will try to do my hair in better style. It tires my arms to arrange it now, but I shall be stronger soon."

He flung himself into a chair, and dashed off his hat with increasing ill-humor.

"And whose fault is it," he queried, sulkily, "that we are obliged to forego the luxury of servants—that we have been forced to take up our abode in a place like this? Whose fault is it that we have nothing before us but poverty, obscurity—starvation, for all that I know? It was not enough for your father to overwhelm us with the blackest of disgrace, in less than a week after our marriage

—not enough for him to take his own life, like the coward which he was, and leave others to bear the consequences of his misdeeds; not enough for him to have beguiled and deceived a man of birth and breeding into marriage with his daughter, but he must leave that daughter a beggar—he must turn over his money to Philip Harmon—curse the luck! For that spasm of conscience I will never forgive him! A man who can for twenty years enjoy his brother's possessions without any inward qualms, had better let reparation alone altogether."

Gerald Fortescue had desired that his innocent daughter should be kept in ignorance of her father's sins. Vain wish!

Neither from the world at large nor from the child whom he deeply loved, could any portion of that dark story be concealed. Justice is inexorable. From end to end the city had rung with this nine days' wonder; it had filled the columns of newspapers and the mouths of men. How, then, could Lilian fail to read and to hear?

The poor child knew all, and her father's suicide, the dark revelations, the change of fortune which followed it, had left her stunned, overwhelmed, heart-broken. At her husband's words she raised herself from the slippery sofa.

"Danton! Danton!" she cried, in a trembling voice, "do not sneer at my poor father for that one redeeming act, that one proof of his sincere remorse! I am glad—glad that, of his own will, he returned to Philip Harmon the money he had taken from him. That deed, at least, I can always think of with satisfaction."

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Lilian, you are growing idiotic. What, I wish to ask, is to become of us? I tell you it was simply preposterous for a scoundrel like your late father to attempt an act of justice at the very close of his career, and by that freak make his only child utterly destitute. Does it give you satisfaction to know that we have now absolutely nothing—that you have been obliged to sell your jewels to pay the bills of the greedy doctors—that we are reduced to lodgings like these?—and heaven only knows how long we may be able to remain even here! The manner in which your father deceived the public, his skill in confounding his enemies, and pushing himself along in the world, was really worthy of admiration; but at the last he spoiled everything—acted like an idiot. Why the deuce should he voluntarily give up all that he had gained, and thrust you, a sickly, helpless creature, upon me for future support? Bah! it makes my blood boil when I think of it!"

She had grown very pale. Her hollow eyes dilated with mingled fear and consternation.

"Danton," she sobbed, "we have been married three months. Are you tired of me already?"

"Yes," he answered, with cruel candor, "I am. It was a bad business altogether—our marriage. The devil's own luck has attended all my attempts at matrimony. To be frank, Lilian, I feel that I have been abominably swindled."

She cowered as if he had struck her a blow. Sore distress appeared on her pinched little face.

"Oh, Danton, did you marry me for my money?"

He was scowling at the threadbare carpet. Though in good society Mr. Moultrie passed for a gentleman, in private life, of late, his language and conduct had been such as to utterly disqualify him for that time-honored title.

"For what else than money would I, or any other man, have married you?" he answered.

"When you urged me to fly with you, Danton, you said you loved me—you promised to love me all the rest of my life."

"You were a precious fool to believe it!" said Moultrie, with an unpleasant laugh. "Confession is good for the soul—you may as well know the truth now as at a later day—I never cared a straw for you. Do you think yourself the sort of woman to inspire passion? Ugh!"

"Then it was true," she gasped, "all you said that night in the conservatory, to Margaret Grey?"

"True as truth itself!"

She fell helplessly back on the sofa.

"Margaret tried to save me," she sobbed. "I see it now. She was my true friend; but I would *not* be saved."

"For heaven's sake, don't talk about Meg!" he cried, coloring with wrath. "I was an ass that I did not marry her years ago; my cursed prudence ruined me. And to think that, after all my caution, I should have been entrapped by the daughter of the real criminal! Jove! it looks like a just judgment. If I had remained true to that handsome vixen, all might have been well."

She lay quite still for several moments, with her face buried in her frail hands. Danton Moultrie felt no throb of pity for this girl—scarcely more than a child—who, innocent herself, had been stripped of fortune, father, friends—all in a day, and forced to bear a load of shame and sorrow that might have broken stronger shoulders than hers. Disappointment, chagrin, the ruin of all his fine plans, made him brutal. He had married a sickly, ugly girl for her fortune and grand connections, only to find her the daughter of an infamous scoundrel, penniless, helpless—an unloved burden that would yet weigh him down, he wrathfully felt, to the very dust. And Meg, grand, beautiful Meg, whom he had loved and deserted—to her had fallen the money and all the good lost by Lilian. No wonder he saw something like retribution in this unprecedented turn of affairs.

"Danton!"—she raised her white face at last—"it is true that I am ugly and sick and unattractive, but why did you ever tell me you loved me? Was it right to deceive me like that? Could any good come of it? I loved you, and so believed you. And now I am your wife, you are my husband. What is to become of us?"

"Heaven only knows," he answered, sulkily. "Our money is spent—we have been living for three months at an expensive hotel, paying doctors' bills and incurring all sorts of ruinous expenses on your account. For instance, you have but just discharged that girl, Celeste."

"I was ill; it was necessary that some one should take care of me—*you* would not."

"Nursing is not my forte. Don't cry, Lilian—a crying woman gives me the horrors, especially one to whom tears are unbecoming. The situation is just this: we have reached the bottom of our purse, we are in abominable lodgings, I have lost the situation which your father obtained for me some months ago, and can find no other suited to my peculiar abilities; the landlady here looks upon us with doubtful eyes; she evidently suspects something wrong—in short, it's the devil's own dilemma!"

"What are we to do?" she said again, with a look of absolute despair on her wasted face.

"That's a question more easily asked than answered," replied Danton Moultrie. He sprang up from his chair, and walked the floor for some moments in silence. After all, he had an apology for a conscience. Lilian watched him with a vague presentiment of evil. "I have had letters from New Orleans," he said, at last, keeping his eyes averted from her breathless face and limp figure, "calling me thither to settle some old business affairs, and it is absolutely imperative that I should go at once."

She clasped her hands involuntarily.

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"New Orleans!" she shuddered. "Surely you will take me with you, Danton?"

"My dear child," he answered, with forced lightness, "that is quite impossible! Where is the money for such a journey? Moreover, in your state of health it would be very imprudent. At this season of the year the South is scarcely the place for you."

"When will you return?—how am I to live while you are away?"

"Of course I shall return at the earliest possible moment. Meanwhile, I have an idea—a good one, I think. Address a few words to Margaret Harmon, and I feel sure she will open her home to you. Her father was sick with fever, or something, after his release from prison, and she has been attending him down at Gull Beach. I learned this much from the newspapers. I am confident that the Harmons are ignorant of our whereabouts, and of our pecuniary troubles. Appeal to them, and you will be helped."

Weak and spiritless as Lilian was, a flash of indignant red appeared in her sallow cheeks.

"Ask help of Margaret, and of that man whom my father so deeply injured? Danton, Danton! how can you propose such a thing? If I were starving I would not dare approach that pair! Think of all they have suffered—think how they must hate the child of Gerald Fortescue! Betwixt Margaret and me stand my father's sins, too terrible to be forgiven. Let her never hear my name again—never see my face."

"Stuff! She was fond of you three months ago, and Meg is steadfast by nature. I'll wager my head that she would fly to you on the wings of the wind if she knew your present predicament. However, I shall not argue the point. I suppose you have no other friends of whom you could ask aid?"

"None. My father's disgrace has alienated all who called themselves by that name. You know yourself that no living creature has approached me since the truth was made public."

"It's the way of the world. Well, then, I shall be obliged to leave you in this execrable place alone."

She shuddered.

"Alone! that is a terrible word, Danton. Tell me the truth. Do you mean ever to come back to me?"

He paused in his uneasy tramp around the room.

"To be sure. What a question! Don't fall into the doldrums, Lilian; don't bore me with lamentations. A man must attend to business."

"*What* business?"

"You would not understand if I should try to explain," he answered, with an impatient wave of the hand; "it is enough that I must go. Be reasonable. Tears annoy me. Since you will have nothing to do with the Harmons, you must content yourself to remain here in solitude till I return."

With a cry she sprang up from the old sofa, and cast herself in a trembling heap at his feet.

"Danton, in mercy do not leave me here, sick and friendless! If you go, something tells me I shall never see your face again. Pity me, even if you cannot love me. I am your wife—do not desert me like this!"

He thrust her rudely from him.

"Don't be a fool, Lilian! This is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. You agitate yourself without cause. Our honeymoon is over. We must now begin life in earnest. I think there's an opening for me at New Orleans. Dollars and cents must push sentiment aside. Consider the situation, and act like a woman, not like a child."

She was little more than a child, and a weak, heartbroken one at that, and she clung about his knees, sobbing and crying violently.

"Danton, Danton! it was cruel of you to swear that you loved me, when you cared for nothing but my father's money—it was cruel to deceive me, to stoop to falsehood to win my hand; but it is still more cruel for you to forsake me in this manner. If papa had lived—only *lived*, even in poverty and deep disgrace, I should have had one on whom I could rely, but now—now I am utterly forlorn and desolate!"

Like the majority of his sex, he hated scenes. He raised her up, forced her back to the sofa, and tried to say something soothing and consoling. He had decided in his own mind what he would do, but he preferred duplicity to violence, a little harmless dissembling to the outcry which would certainly follow should he frankly confess his plans.

"Be calm, Lilian. Some other time, when you are more reasonable, we will talk further of this matter. I must ask the physician to give you something for your nerves. You are not forsaken—how absurdly you talk! I had no idea that your nature was so suspicious and crotchety. Though I do not pretend to love you, I dare say we shall live as happily as the rest of the world. I have made a bad bargain, and so, for that matter, have you; but thousands of others do the same, and yet get on very well together. Let us reconcile ourselves with the irremediable. There's a vast deal of cheating done, consciously or unconsciously, in the matrimonial line. Come, I will say no more about New Orleans. Dry your eyes, kiss me, and be comforted."

He bestowed upon her a hasty caress.

"Then you will not go?" she said, gazing at him with strange solemnity.

"Not at present. I will write to my Southern friends and excuse myself, for a few weeks, at least. Meanwhile, something may turn up—like Micawber, I base my hopes on that. You will grow stronger, and I may somehow obtain the funds necessary to take you with me. Let us not despair."

He sat down to a table and began to write a letter, with a vast show of ease and unconcern. Was Lilian deceived? Not at all. Suffering had sharpened her eyes. In the last three months she had obtained frequent glimpses of the real nature of this man. He was heartless, cold-blooded, unspeakably selfish. He cared not a fig for her; he looked upon himself as injured and cheated, and upon the girl he had married as an intolerable burden, to be shaken off at the first opportunity. She lay and watched him as he wrote, or pretended to write, the message which was to appease the impatience of his Southern friends. How hot and stifling was the shabby room! The monotonous rumble of wheels on the pavement outside, the "one demnition grind" of a wheezy hand-organ under the window, filled up the dreary silence. Everything was disagreeable and exasperating. And this was the end of that wealth and splendor to which Lilian Fortescue had been born—worse yet, the end of that love-dream on which she had staked her hope of earthly happiness.

At last Danton Moultrie arose from the table, with his letter in hand. Strange to say, it was addressed to Margaret Grey Harmon, Gull Beach.

"I am going out to mail this," he said, carelessly. "Heavens! the room is like a furnace! It will be impossible for you to exist here long. Take courage, I will be back directly."

She made no effort to detain him, but her weary, miserable eyes followed him to the door. He turned about on the threshold, met that pitiful gaze, and looked uncomfortable.

"Good-by!" she said, almost solemnly.

"That's a very unpleasant word, my dear," he answered. "I prefer the Frenchman's more hopeful *au revoir.*"

And with that he closed the door of the stifling little chamber and went off down the stair.

She listened till the last echo of his footsteps had died away, then fell back wearily on the slippery sofa. There she lay all the remainder of that broiling day, staring into vacancy. An apathy of utter despair had seized her. She was stunned by this new calamity. She felt that Moultrie would not return—she would see his face no more; he had deliberately deserted her.

Her flesh burned like fire. She knew that she was very ill, but the knowledge gave her no uneasiness. Whether she lived or died was of little importance now.

The room grew dark, lights began to shine in the street outside. A cool wind blew up from the harbor over the parched and dusty city. Presently the landlady, a sour, ill-favored woman, opened the door, and looked in upon the sick and wretched girl.

"You here alone?" she said, distrustfully. "Where's your husband, ma'am?"

Without lifting her heavy head, Lilian answered:

"*Gone!*"

"Gone!" echoed the woman. "Goodness me! do you mean to say he has left you?"

"Yes."

She advanced to the sofa, and holding up her kerosene lamp, surveyed her lodger with wrath and amaze.

"Well, I never! 'Twas pretty sudden, wasn't it? I suspected something wrong betwixt you two the first time you darkened my doors. Now, who shall I look to for my rent, I'd like to know? and I a poor widow—and you sick enough to be in a hospital this very minute. I gets my living by the lodgings, ma'am, and you'll have to pay or quit. What ever made your husband leave you?"

Aroused from her stupor by this new tormentor, Lilian lifted herself on her elbow.

"That is no matter of yours," she answered, with a touch of anger. "Let me remain here a while—you will be paid for your room. I have clothing in my trunks, and valuables—take them, if you like, but leave me in peace."

"I've heard of trunks being filled with stones and bricks and such like, just to cheat honest people out of their proper dues," said this keen landlady.

Lilian drew some keys from her pocket and feebly held them out to her.

"Look for yourself," she said.

Without the slightest hesitation, the woman unlocked the trunks, and briskly turned over their contents. Yes; rich fabrics were there—velvets, silks, laces, fine embroideries. With a mollified air she arose from her investigation.

"Would you like to have me send for a doctor, ma'am?" she asked.

"No," replied poor Lilian—"doctors are for people who wish to live—I do not."

"Lor', how shocking! Husband or no husband, *I* should want to wear out some of those fine gowns, ma'am. Don't you fret. Like enough he'll come back soon. What can I do for you?"

"Leave me," repeated Lilian. And the woman gave her a glass of water, and went away.

All that night the fever-stricken girl lay, now in a stupor, now tossing upon her hard bed, half-delirious, calling the name of the husband who had so basely deserted her. In the morning, when the hard-featured landlady came again to the door, she recoiled, aghast, at sight of Lilian. Even the contents of the trunks might not pay for a prolonged illness and burial expenses.

"If you've any friends, ma'am, they ought to be sent for," she said, decisively.

"I have none," answered Lilian.

"Shall I set a police officer on the track of your husband?"

"No; oh, no!"

"Don't you want food, or medicine, or something, ma'am?"

"Nothing, nothing!"

But as the morning advanced she grew worse. The landlady looked in upon her again, and, alarmed at the change in her appearance, sent a messenger for the nearest physician. After some delay the disciple of Esculapius mounted the narrow stair, catching his professional toes more than once in the holes of the worn-out oilcloth; examined the patient, and shook his head.

"A serious case. Some trouble here," lightly tapping her chest; "much fever. Needs rest and quiet above all things."

He wrote a prescription, and departed.

A little money still remained in Lilian's purse. The landlady went to the nearest drug-store, procured the medicine, and returned somewhat sulky and troubled.

"You'll have to leave in the morning, ma'am, trunks or no trunks," she said. "I couldn't take the responsibility of keeping you here sick on my hands. Besides, it might be something infectious, and that would scare the other lodgers. So to-morrow you must quit."

A cry of despair burst from the girl's pale lips.

"Whither shall I go?"

"That's *your* affair, ma'am. Every one for him or herself in this world, say I."

"Oh, what a hard world it is!" moaned Lilian. "I never, never dreamed before that it could be so hard and cruel."

The landlady retired without further words. No entreaties could touch her heart. She had kept a lodging-house for twenty years, and her sympathies were as a dried-up fountain. But she sent a slip-shod maid to give Lilian a narcotic which the doctor had ordered, and directly a merciful oblivion overtook the sufferer—for a time, at least, she ceased to think or feel.

The sultry, oppressive day wore on, the afternoon shadows grew long in the shabby chamber, but Lilian slept, and forgot her misery and despair—forgot that she was an unloved wife, a deserted, friendless creature, who was to be driven on the morrow into the street, or to some public institution. Vague dreams began to throng her brain. Now she was back in the red boudoir on Beacon Hill; now she was listening to Danton Moultrie's love-making; then Margaret Grey, in her splendid beauty, had stepped before her, and was waving the Southerner angrily away.

"You must not marry him!" she heard her rival cry. "He is false and worthless—he does not love you!"

But Moultrie's voice drowned the other—lured, constrained, overpowered her. In darkness and secrecy she was flying with the idol of her fond, foolish, all too credulous heart—flying from father, home, peace, happiness. Again she lived over her brief time of bliss, the terrible news of Gerald Fortescue's tragic death, the more terrible discovery of her husband's indifference—his deceit and selfishness.

"Margaret! dear Margaret!" she moaned in her

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dreams. "I would not believe you—I would not believe my own eyes and ears. Was there ever such infatuation as mine? and now see how I am punished! Oh! where are you? Come to me! Have you quite forgotten Lilian?"

A cool hand suddenly touched her burning forehead. She started, opened her eyes. A face was bending down to her own, lovely, tearful, yet smiling; soft lips pressed her hot cheek.

Two persons had just entered the chamber. One, a man, stood in the background, waiting; the other, a fair woman, folded Lilian in two imperative arms.

"I am here!" cried the voice of Meg herself. "My poor, poor darling! I have found you, at last!"

With a wild scream, Lilian tried to rise up.

"Margaret! Margaret!"

Yes, it was that very person, radiant, beautiful, but with a look on her face which told that she fully realized the solemnity of this meeting, overshadowed as it was with spectres of change, sorrow, shame, death.

"I have come to take you from this place, darling," she said, tenderly. "We are cousins, you know, and it is my right to care for you now and always."

"How did you find me?" gasped Lilian, with a great joy dawning in her wasted face.

"Yesterday Danton Moultrie wrote me a letter," answered Meg, as she held the worn little figure close to her heart, "telling me that he was about to depart for the South, and that you were here, penniless, sick, alone! the weak, contemptible villain! At noon to-day his message reached me—the first news that I had received of you since Gerald Fortescue's death. Forgive me, dear, for not seeking you sooner. Papa has been ill—very ill, and I did not know—I could not dream that you were in this strait."

Lilian tried to shrink away.

"You forget that I am Gerald Fortescue's daughter, Margaret. As such, I could not expect you to give me a thought."

Meg clasped her closer yet.

"Not upon you shall Gerald Fortescue's sins be visited—God forbid! Poor little martyr! Did Mrs. Maitland forsake you, too?"

Lilian shuddered.

"Yes. She left the Beacon Hill house on the very day of my father's suicide, and I have not heard one word from her since that time."

"Shameful! How you must have suffered!" sobbed Meg. Then, in a loving, tremulous voice, she called, "Papa!"

The figure that had been waiting by the door stepped forward and paused beside Lilian. A pale, stooping man, with hair as white as snow, and a delicately molded face stamped with profound melancholy. Philip Harmon, free once more, but with his life wasted and ruined—with a weight of sadness and loss upon him, which not even his daughter's love could ever lift.

"Lilian," said Meg, gently, "this is your uncle Philip. He wishes to know you. In him you will find a good friend, a tender guardian."

Lilian's timid heart seemed to stand still in the presence of this man who had suffered such injury at her father's hands; but with a compassionate look, and a manner so kind and gentle that she was reassured in spite of herself, he bent and embraced her.

"Dear child," he said, tenderly, "from this moment you shall be my especial care! Henceforth I have two daughters instead of one. There's a carriage at the door. We must take you away with us at once."

"Papa and I will nurse you back to health and strength again," said Meg, bravely. "I am grateful to Danton Moultrie for writing that letter. All things considered, it was wonderfully thoughtful of him. You deceived, abused child! come with us, and forget that man, even though he is your husband—forget your disappointments and sorrows, and be happy again with papa and me."

Philip Harmon called the landlady, paid the sick girl's bill, gathered up her earthly possessions, and, with the help of his servant Martin, who was waiting outside, he conveyed Lilian tenderly to the carriage. And, supported in Meg's arms, Danton Moultrie's deserted bride was carried back to the house on Beacon Hill, and the best physicians in the city summoned to attend her.

"Her vitality is at the lowest ebb," said one of these—"her life hangs by a thread."

Skillful nurses watched her by night and day. Meg was constantly at her side—so, too, was Philip Harmon. Nothing could exceed the devotion of this pair to Gerald Fortescue's daughter. They had forgiven and forgotten everything; they surrounded her with the tenderest love and care. Slowly and reluctantly Lilian, at last, began to mend. As soon as she could with safety be moved, they carried her down to Gull Beach. There, among the sands and the sea-gulls, with the wholesome breath of ocean blowing upon her, and surrounded by every luxury that wealth could buy, she passed the remaining days of that fateful Summer.

Gerald Fortescue's name was never mentioned in her hearing, neither was Danton Moultrie's. She was docile and uncomplaining, grateful and affectionate, both to her new-found uncle and to Meg. She said little, she shed no tears, but all the while there was a look on her white, pinched face that grieved Meg unspeakably. The latter knew, without being told, that Lilian was breaking her heart for the man who had deceived and deserted her.

"My poor child," she said to her one day, as the two sat in a deep window of the hall, looking out on the wide blue sea, "will you not *try* to be happy with papa and me? We love you tenderly—live for our sakes."

A wan smile parted Lilian's pale lips.

"I *do* try, Margaret; but, somehow, it is quite useless. I was not made for a heroine—I cannot bear misfortune creditably. I am not like you. I was never strong, you know, and under the most favorable circumstances I am sure my life could not have been a long one."

There, in the seclusion of Beach Hall, they had shut themselves away from the world. But one visitor ever intruded on their privacy—Robin Leith. Occasionally he came to dine, or to spend a quiet hour on the terrace or in the garden. Philip Harmon never failed to give him a hearty welcome. The melancholy, white-haired man, old beyond his years, had conceived a lively attachment for the young lawyer. Lilian's thin face always brightened, too, at sight of him. But Meg—well, Meg was the same grand, indifferent creature which she had always been when Leith was by. Her manner was even a little more frigid than of old. She treated him with common civility, but nothing more.

Was he hurt by these lofty airs? He had shed his blood for her—did he resent her steadily increasing coldness? Not at all. He simply devoted himself to Philip Harmon and to poor Lilian, and left Meg to her own sweet will. She had fixed the gulf between them, he made no effort to bridge it.

"I like Mr. Leith," said Lilian, as she reclined in her invalid-chair, under the fir-trees, one August morning. "It does me good just to look at him, to hear him talk, he is so strong and manly, so resolute, yet gentle; so firm, yet kind. One could trust him in life and in death.

Uncle Philip is fond of him, too; but you—well, you snub him fearfully, Meg—I wonder he does not take offense. It is plain that you do not like to have him come here, dear."

Meg was feeding a gaudy peacock in the graveled walk. She threw her last kernel of grain to the fowl, then turned to Lilian with a serene smile.

"I should be a monster of ingratitude if I objected to his visits. He has periled his life in my service. Not long ago he sustained very serious injuries for my sake. Papa and I are his debtors to an enormous extent. Not for worlds would I fail to make him welcome in our home. I think he snubs *me* quite as much as I do him."

"Meg, dear, I fancied, perhaps, that he might care for you. You are one of those women that all men love at sight."

Meg grew frigid.

"What put that absurd idea into your head? You are quite wrong. Once, ages ago, he fancied himself enamored of me, it is true, but that was in his callow days. He has grown old and wise since then. No, I assure you that papa is the attraction, the only one, which brings him to Gull Beach now."

The hot Summer gave way to frosty Autumn. In spite of the care and luxury which surrounded her, in spite of the best of medical aid, Lilian grew weaker and weaker. At last her physicians prescribed a sea voyage, and the air of southern France. Meg and Philip Harmon now seemed to live only for this girl. The necessary preparations were quickly made, and in the late September the little party sailed for Europe, in search of health and consolation for poor, heart-broken Lilian.

Robin Leith and Miss Prue bade them farewell in the saloon of the English steamer. It was a dull, melancholy day. The roofs and spires of Boston were blotted out in rain; foam-caps dotted the harbor; dreary-looking people lounged about the dismal wharves; the bells and whistles of passing boats sounded like demon voices through the mist, and the spirits of the little company seemed quite in keeping with the outer world; a cloud rested upon each and all.

"When will you return?" said Robin Leith, as he held Meg's gloved fingers for a moment at parting.

"Impossible to say," she answered; "everything depends upon Lilian. We shall spend the Winter in the Riviera, or, if the air of that place does not agree with her, on the Nile, perhaps, or in Tangiers, or some other out-of-the-way corner of earth."

His brown, reserved face was a little paler than usual.

"Do not forget your friends at home."

"I will not—I have a retentive memory," she answered, carelessly.

"I feel sure we shall never set eyes on you again!" cried Miss Prue. "If you are not drowned or blown up at sea, some foreign count will marry you—one of those artful creatures that lie in wait for rich American heiresses. I haven't a hope of ever beholding you again."

Meg smiled, scornfully.

"Be at ease, dear Miss Prue—I shall never marry."

"Stuff and nonsense! A girl like you without a lover, is like a fine landscape without sunshine."

"Papa is my lover, and a very devoted and pliant one I find him."

Miss Prue shrugged her angular shoulders.

"Wait a while. Your day has not yet come. As for that child Lilian, mark my words, you will never bring her back alive. Danton Moultrie has killed her. Neither the South of France nor any other place will prolong her life so much as a day."

"Good-by," said Robin Leith; "to my mind, partings are a foretaste of death."

"Good-by," answered Meg, with a feverish brightness in her eyes and a mocking smile on her lips; "in the words of Kathleen Mavourneen's young man, 'It may be for years, and it may be for ever.' Kiss me, Miss Prue, and keep a warm place in your heart for me always."

That was all. Robin Leith went back to his law-office, and Meg slipped away to another world across the great ocean.

They carried Lilian to a lovely villa among the palms and olives and orange-trees of Nice—a charming spot, fanned by soft winds from the blue Mediterranean. The broad river Raillon murmured just beyond the roses and aloes of its gorgeous gardens. Cloudless skies and Summer seas, sunshine, flowers and perfume breathed blessings upon her. Philip Harmon and his daughter ministered to her constantly.

"Now, Lilian, darling," Meg said, with forced gayety, "you have nothing to do but to grow strong and well in this earthly paradise."

Alas! that wasted little body was like a frost-nipped flower, which no late sun, however genial, can revive. Lilian was doomed. Under the palms of the Promenade des Anglais, strangers soon came to speak of her as "the little American girl, just gone in a decline." Every fine morning, when her pony-carriage appeared on the drive, hundreds of compassionate glances were cast on the pathetic face which daily grew thinner and whiter, like a waning moon.

In vain the Harmons spent long hours with her in the beautiful Vallée des Fleurs, where the purple anemones and pink-and-blue hepaticas made a rare carpet for her weak feet, and where the air seemed full of balm and healing. In vain they carried her through Eden-like fields, and gardens burning with carnations, rank with heliotrope and rose, and among the lovely hills that lie at the base of the white-capped Maritime Alps. In vain they sailed over sunny waters, to the Islands of Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat, and all the enchanting spots round about, seeking health and distraction for the feeble body and sad heart. The fiat had gone forth, the sands of that young life were almost run.

One day, when riding on the Corniche road, overlooking the Mediterranean from a height of nearly two thousand feet, with heath-covered mountains rising in the background till they ended in perpetual snow, and the olive-trees and acacias swaying in the sun, Lilian said to Meg:

"I would like to breathe my last in this lovely land—I would like to be buried here. 'I feel the daisies growing over me.' Don't take my body away, dear; find it a resting-place under some gray olive in these beautiful valleys."

A week later the end came.

"I forgive Danton Moultrie," she said. "He has broken my heart, but I forgive him. And you, oh, my dear ones——" turning her failing eyes from Meg's tearful face to the pale, sorrowful one of Philip Harmon—"I bless you both! You have made my last days happy!"

And with these words she died.

(To be continued.)

DYAKS' TRAPS.

The Dyaks' traps are very successful, but dangerous to all travelers. A young tree is bent by main force into a bow, and the arrow is represented by a stout spear placed horizontally about three feet from the ground. When

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the catch—which is in the track—is touched, the spear is thrust forward with immense force, and any passing object is instantly and hopelessly transfixed, unless it be so low as to allow the passage of the spear over its head. The pig-spears, which are set nearer the ground, transfix a man's legs; the deer-spears thrust him through about the thighs or waist.

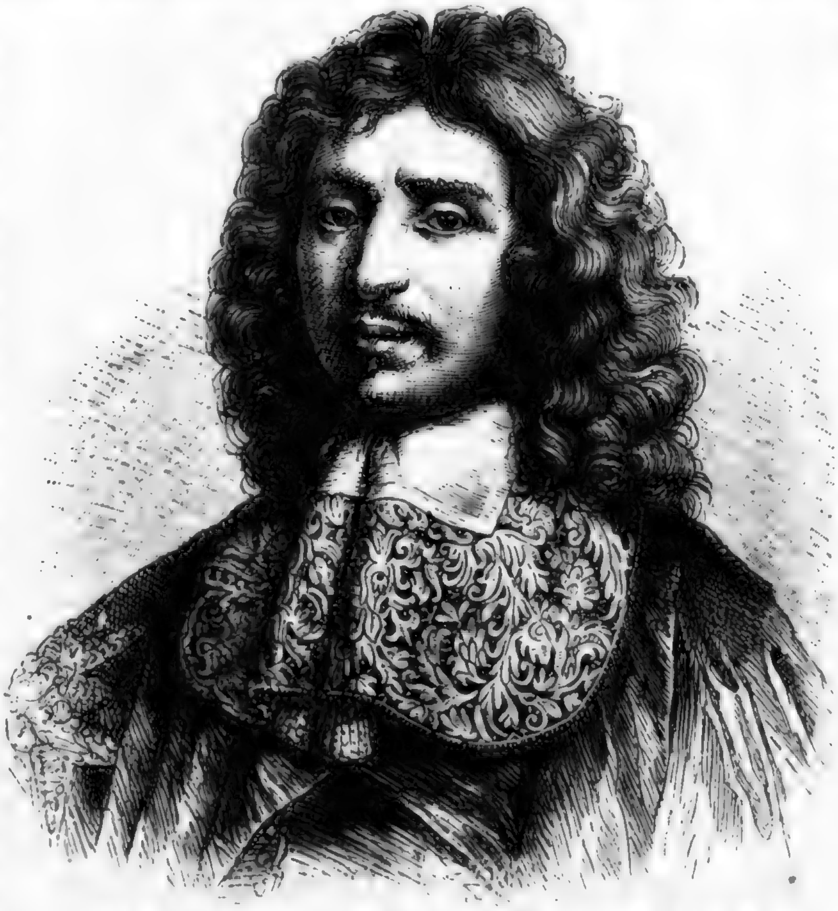
But accidents are not so common from this source as might be expected. Certain signs and marks in the brushwood, on either side the spear, nearly always warn the sharp-sighted Dyak of his danger; and he enters the bush, and so gets carefully round the spear, or searches for the catch, over which he strides. Carelessness, however, will sometimes cause most horrible accidents.

THE COTTAGE WINDOW.

COLBERT.

Among the ministers and favorites of Louis XIV., few occupy a nobler position than Colbert. While many by their frivolity and subserviency to the monarch's pride were hurrying France to ruin, Colbert labored steadily and ably to increase the wealth and prosperity of the country by fostering agriculture, manufactures, fisheries, and by lightening the taxes that crippled industry. His eye reached beyond the borders of the kingdom, and he did more than all before him to develop the resources of Canada and extend discovery. It was no idle flattery that led some to give his name to the mighty river Mississippi.

Richelieu was the inflexible master of Louis XIII.; Colbert was the faithful servant of Louis XIV. His personality was less impressive and less oppressive than that of Richelieu, and although there was immense severity in many of his acts, yet, whether it is true or not that after his death the people, for whose good he had unswervingly striven, loaded his memory with insults, it is certainly true that he has not been held up to execration, as Richelieu has been, by subsequent writers of history. Yet, as in his lifetime he obtained two somewhat repellent nicknames from two distinguished persons, one of whom called him the Man of Marble, and the other simply The North, and as he did undoubtedly think it his duty to do many seemingly cruel things, it may be as well to see what kind of time it was that Colbert came to set right, and what kind of man he was, compared with his contemporaries.



JOHN BAPTIST COLBERT, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY CLAUDE LE FÈVRE.

The spectacular magnificence which, in Richelieu's time, those in high places combined with an inconceivable grossness of thought, speech and action; the misery, squalor and ignorance which prevailed at large; the affectation of chivalry, going hand-in-hand with an attitude of mind which was not shocked at the basest schemes of treachery and assassination—all are familiar to us.

Richelieu's great schemes were constantly thwarted by intrigues, the promoters of which never hesitated to undertake plots of betrayal and secret murder to which the faintest approach would, in these days, excite an outcry through all Europe. Such a state of thing Richelieu had to contend with, and partly because he was compelled to spend much of his time in guarding himself against treacherous intrigues and deadly plots, he did not leave the general state of morals and manners very much better than he found it. Nor did Mazarin, who, whatever else he did, took uncommonly good care of himself, mend matters very greatly. It was left for Colbert to reduce to a state of order the chaos which he found, and to contribute more than any one else to the glory of Louis XIV.'s reign.

At Mazarin's death many things were changed, but many remained, till Colbert changed them, unchanged, or, perhaps, rather exaggerated in evil. Louis XIV., who, it has been not unjustly said, succeeded to Mazarin, was more magnificently frivolous than his father. He was free from the ridicule which attached to Louis XIII., who allowed himself to be browbeaten by his miserable favorites whenever he was not under the spell of Richelieu's overpowering will; but in some ways—especially in his exhibition to his intimates of an extravagant and vulgar curiosity—he was almost equally ridiculous in the eyes of his contemporaries, while the formal ceremony which he introduced into his daily life must seem to us absurd rather than stately. To be sure, this ceremony was not invented by him, and there is a story that when he was a boy, his mother, Anne of Austria, had him whipped frequently, and that once, feeling worried with the formal respect paid to him by everybody, he said that he would gladly give up all the honor and glory of the pompous ceremony if he might also give up his floggings. Even his getting up was regulated by an exactitude which we may vainly hope to see introduced into a code of law. A solemn rule was inscribed in the Traité des Droits to this effect: "When the King first gets up, the grand chamberlain, or the first gentleman of the chamber, or whatever great officer next in dignity may be present, offers his Majesty a dressing-gown, the weight of which is supported by the first groom of the chambers. When his Majesty puts on his shirt the first groom of the chambers helps him with the right sleeve—the first groom of the wardrobe with the left." Other officers of the Court were intrusted with the more pleasing duty of arranging the dresses for the masks, balls and comedies which were given at the Court. There was a special official whose duty it was to look after the King's cravat. Putting on his cravat was the business of the master of the wardrobe, but it was laid down that in all cases if after the cravat was put on there seemed to be anything unsatisfactory about it, the *cravatier* might, in the absence of any superior officer, touch it and arrange it with his own hands. Privileges of this sort were jealously sought after. It was a special right of the first master of the household to present himself with the Kings' broth in the morning if the King sent for broth. When the King went hunting it was the master of the hunt's sole privilege to put into his hands a staff with which to guard himself from overhanging branches. There is of course nothing curious in the fact that these things were done, and done with a sense of honor and gratification, by people about the King; but what is curious is that the doing of them should have been made into a kind of religious service—that there should have been jealousies and heartburnings about the smallest of these privileges—and that the assignment to one person of the care of the King's right shirt-sleeve and to another of his left shirt-sleeve should have been made with as much pomp and importance as the appointment to the highest State offices.

There was one curious touch of nature associated with all this tedious ceremony. While the most brilliant and most powerful men in the kingdom were waiting at the King's door before his rising, there was one person who went in before the grand chamberlain, before the first groom of the chambers, before the whole crowd of cardinals, marshals and ministers, who waited respectfully for his Majesty's signal that he was awake and ready to receive them. This person was the King's old nurse, whom he always embraced affectionately before betaking himself to the toilsome formalities of the day.

Meanwhile all this attention to ceremonious detail did nothing to alleviate the appalling grossness of manners and conversation which had existed in the time of the former King. Things which happily would now appear outrageous were said, written, and done by people of the highest birth and education. The fastidious observance of a ceremonial code of Court fashions had no relation to what is now regarded as the most rudimentary principle of good manners—that is, the pretense if not the reality of a wish to spare other persons' feelings. For instance, when Mazarin was dying, people played at cards in his room up to the last moment, and courtiers who a few days before had trembled at his nod, vied with each other in saying the bitterest things that they could to him. Mazarin himself supported these brutalities with admirable coolness, which was exemplified when some one brought him the news that a comet had appeared. "The comet does me honor," said the cardinal. Brienne, on the same occasion, went to see Mazarin, to whom he was much attached. "Brienne," said the cardinal, in tones which seemed to seek for consolation and sympathy, "I am dying." "So I see, Monseigneur," replied Brienne. Anne of Austria got a similar and yet more brutal reply to similar words addressed by her to a devoted follower on her deathbed, and it would be more easy than pleasant to give many examples of the strange want of what we now call decency which accompanied extravagant attention to pedantic forms of decorum.

In the splendor of his establishment, Louis XIV. was far from falling below that of his father, or rather that of Richelieu, for in Louis XIII.'s reign the most striking and magnificent entertainments were those given by the great cardinal. Balls and comedies were given in rapid succession at Louis XIV.'s Court, but without any kind of reference to the fitness of the occasion. When Anne of Austria was desperately ill, only ten days before her death, the King presided with great gayety at the nuptials of Mlle. d'Artigny. The betrothal feast took place at the Palais Royal while the Queen-mother was expiring at the Louvre, and thus, as Barrière says, "On mêlait les apprêts, la pompe et la joie d'une noce aux angoisses d'une agonie." The Queen-mother sent for the King and pointed out the impropriety of his conduct, not so much on her account as on his own. She told him he should reflect that the people might be irritated against him if they saw him amusing himself at a time when she was hourly threatened with death. This was not the only chagrin the poor Queen had. It was brought to her knowledge that while she lay dying the King and his brother were already quarreling in the next room over the distribution of her pearls and diamonds. What the Queen thought of this is not recorded, but she made excuses of her son's heartless behavior in the other matter by saying that allowances must be made for the impulsiveness of youth. The King himself used to appear in the ballets which were given in Court, and for which verses were written by Benserade—verses of a kind which would not now be tolerated upon any stage, although then they were spoken in a brilliant theatre to a brilliant audience by the greatest ladies and gentlemen of the day.

In all the conditions of life in Paris in the seventeenth century the same strange contrasts were observed. Perhaps the most striking contrast of all was found between the splendidly frivolous Court of Louis XIV., and Colbert, its great minister, of whom the King said that he always brought to the Court the bearing and manners of a *bourgeois*. It is, indeed, curious to reflect how, in the midst of all the specious gallantry which covered a revolting coarseness, of the brilliant ballets and masks, of the duels, intrigues and scandals which buzzed around him, Colbert, cold, severe and beetle-browed, sat working fourteen hours a day, planning and executing schemes which have never been surpassed in nobility and vastness.

But to return to lesser contrasts. In the early days of Louis XIII.'s reign the Parliament complained of the gross extravagance of making kitchen apparatus in gold and silver. The coffers in which the King's spoons, forks and knives were kept, to avoid the chance of their being poisoned, were made of exquisitely engraved gold; and yet with all this there was an extraordinary squalor and parsimony. Mme. de Motteville has recorded that the Queen's maids-of-honor had no tables provided for them at the palace. "After the Queen's supper," she writes, "we ate up whatever she had left, in a scrambling fashion, using her napkin and the remnants of her bread."

When, in 1645, the second year of Louis XIV.'s reign, the Polish ambassadors came on a mission to Court, his Majesty intended to give them a grand banquet, which was unfortunately marred by something going wrong with the soup; and when, later on, the guests went away, they had to grope their way through the darkness of rooms and corridors which the servants had neglected to light. On a later occasion, at a banquet given to the Spanish envoys, the dishes were rifled on their way to table by the officers of the King's household, so that when they were set before the guests they were only half full. Again, the complaint of Parliament referred to about the reckless employment of gold and silver was followed by an edict, which was constantly disregarded, against having the floors of houses and the bodies of chariots covered with gilding; and while these gilded chariots rolled through Paris, no such thing as a glass coach—that is, a carriage with glass windows—had been seen or thought of. Outside Paris communication between one place and another was most difficult, and hotel accommodation was so bad that Mme. de Sévigné, whenever she traveled from place to place, had her bed carried with her on a packhorse.

In Paris itself, a person standing in front of the palace and garden of the Tuileries, and wishing to cross the Seine, would have found no means of doing so but a miserable wooden bridge, and he would have found the streets guarded by chains. The streets themselves were so dirty that no one thought of setting foot in them without putting on high boots, and the air which passed through these streets was so vile that a certain Dr.

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Courtois, living in the Rue des Marmousets, in the time of Louis XIV., found every morning that the bronze fire-dogs in his dining-room, which looked on the street, were coated with verdigris. In the daytime the streets were crowded with mendicants exhibiting all the horrors of their real or feigned maladies. At night they were lighted only by lamps, which honest folks lit and rogues as quickly put out. Then the place was given up to ruffianism of every sort. People were robbed of their purses, even of their cloaks, if they were compelled to venture out on foot, and they were generally glad enough if they got home alive. Thieves and gallants climbed into houses by the aid of rope-ladders; people corresponding to the English Mohocks beat the watch, added to the general disorder, and made it more easy for the hired bravo to ply his hideous trade. Murderous robbers, disguised as cake-sellers, enticed the innocent passer-by to look at their wares, and while he was looking, stunned, or more often killed him, and then emptied his pockets. So great was the disorder caused by the entire want of any police arrangements, that so late as 1663, when Louis XIV. had for some time past made his authority felt by the dangerous classes, it was a common thing for people to be kidnapped in the streets. The corruption which existed among the great officers of the State was on a par with the horrible savagery which those who should have cured it were content to let alone, so long as they could fill their own pockets. It was this state of things that Colbert arose to reform.

And to take first one part of his extraordinary and successful exertions for the good of his country, we may refer to what Barrière says of the change which he worked in that particular kind of disorder which has just been described:

> "This wretched state of things did not strike Colbert's eyes in vain. The administration was charged with the lighting of the streets. The watch was largely increased. Corps-de-garde were stationed in the more dangerous quarters. The minister's attention was also given to the victualing of the city, the number of its inhabitants, and the increase and decrease of the population. The first statistical researches are due to this astonishing man, whose genius foresaw all that could be useful and good. 'It being important,' he wrote in a dispatch on this subject, 'to be well acquainted with the condition of the State at all times, and to observe carefully the causes which affect the number of the population, in every quarter of Paris, on the second day of each month, a register will be made of all the baptisms, marriages and deaths of the preceding month, both in general and with regard to each particular parish.'"

This ordinance brought to light the most extraordinary neglect and disorder in the registers, which ought to have been carefully kept by the clergy. Barrière goes on to speak of one which he says was kept between 1640 and 1658, during the youth of Louis XIV.:

> "The good priest who kept this mixing confusedly in it the events of the time and the records of religious services, duels and christenings, funerals and public rejoicings."

In notes inserted between the dates of these things are found all kinds of frivolous records—one of the New Year's gifts which the priest received, principally things to eat and drink, and another concerning a litter of puppies and the distribution which he made of them.

What Colbert did in one branch alone of his reform of Paris may be instanced by this story: Colbert, following the advice of Charles Perrault, a member of the Academy, and Premier Commis des Bâtiments du Roi, engaged the great Lenôtre to beautify and arrange the gardens of the Tuileries. When the work was finished, the minister came to see it, and was delighted with it, but expressed a fear that the public might abuse their privilege of entrance.

"I am sure, sir," said Perrault, "that the gardens of kings cannot be made so vast and splendid except in order that all their children may take their pleasure in them."

Colbert smiled, but returned to the charge, and, calling to some gardeners who were passing, asked:

"Do you not find that people here destroy your work?"

"No, my lord," they all replied, "not a hand plucks our flowers, not a foot tramples down our grass. As for the alleys, it is better that people should walk in them—we have no weeds to root up."

Colbert smiled again, and let the people of Paris crowd at their ease into the alleys about the turf of a garden which they so well knew how to respect.

Such things as these, however, were but a small part of what Colbert did for Paris, and what he did for Paris was but a small part of what he did for France. To go in detail into his great achievements in a limited space would be an impossible task; and in speaking of his life much that is in itself interesting must be omitted as being relatively dull. But, to give a brief summary of his vast projects and reforms, it may be said that, in addition to his great financial operations, he found energy to conceive and execute great improvements in the fleet and forts of France, as well as in her roads, canals and mines. It was not for want of thought or vigor, but from a mistaken view, that his attempts to better the trade of his country with other nations was less successful than others of his enterprises. His services to science and art were enormous. He founded the Academies of Science, of Inscriptions and Medals, of Architecture and of Music, and the Academy of France at Rome. He reorganized the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, he founded the *Journal des Savans*, the School of Eastern Languages, and the Collection of the Louvre. Amongst the buildings which he contributed to Paris were the new Louvre, the Observatory, the Arc de Triomphe at the Porte St. Martin, and the Invalides. He had in all that he did an untiring energy, an industry that never swerved, a patience and persistency that bore him over all obstacles to the ends at which he aimed, and an inflexible determination that led him straight to the attainment of whatever object he desired.

Great man as Richelieu was, and great as were the results of his founding the French Academy, he did this less for the sake of literature than in order to enlist clever writers, or those whom he took for clever writers, on his side. Colbert's work in this direction was of a different kind, and, it may fairly be asserted, of a different spirit. Hénault has written of him that "it was not sentiment which urged Colbert to artists and men of learning. He did it because he was a statesman, and had recognized the truth that the fine arts are the great means of forming and immortalizing great empires." Whether this was Colbert's idea or not, and whether or not his encouragement of art did aggrandize the empire, he certainly did immense things for art.

With Colbert's taste and discretion it would be difficult to quarrel. What he did in these matters has been thus admirably summed up:

> "The extent of his encouragement to arts, manufactures and letters during the reign of Louis XIV. is worth stating: £50,000 were given to the Paris observatories, £288,000 to the Gobelin and other Paris manufactures, £136,000 to manufactures in other parts of France; finally, £160,000 in pensions to men of letters. . . . The list of pensioners is worth reading. It contains the names of Pierre Corneille and his brother, of Molière, Racine, Perrault, the historian Mézerai, and, what is even more remarkable, of many eminent foreigners—among them Vossius the geographer, and the great Dutch mathematician, Huyghens."

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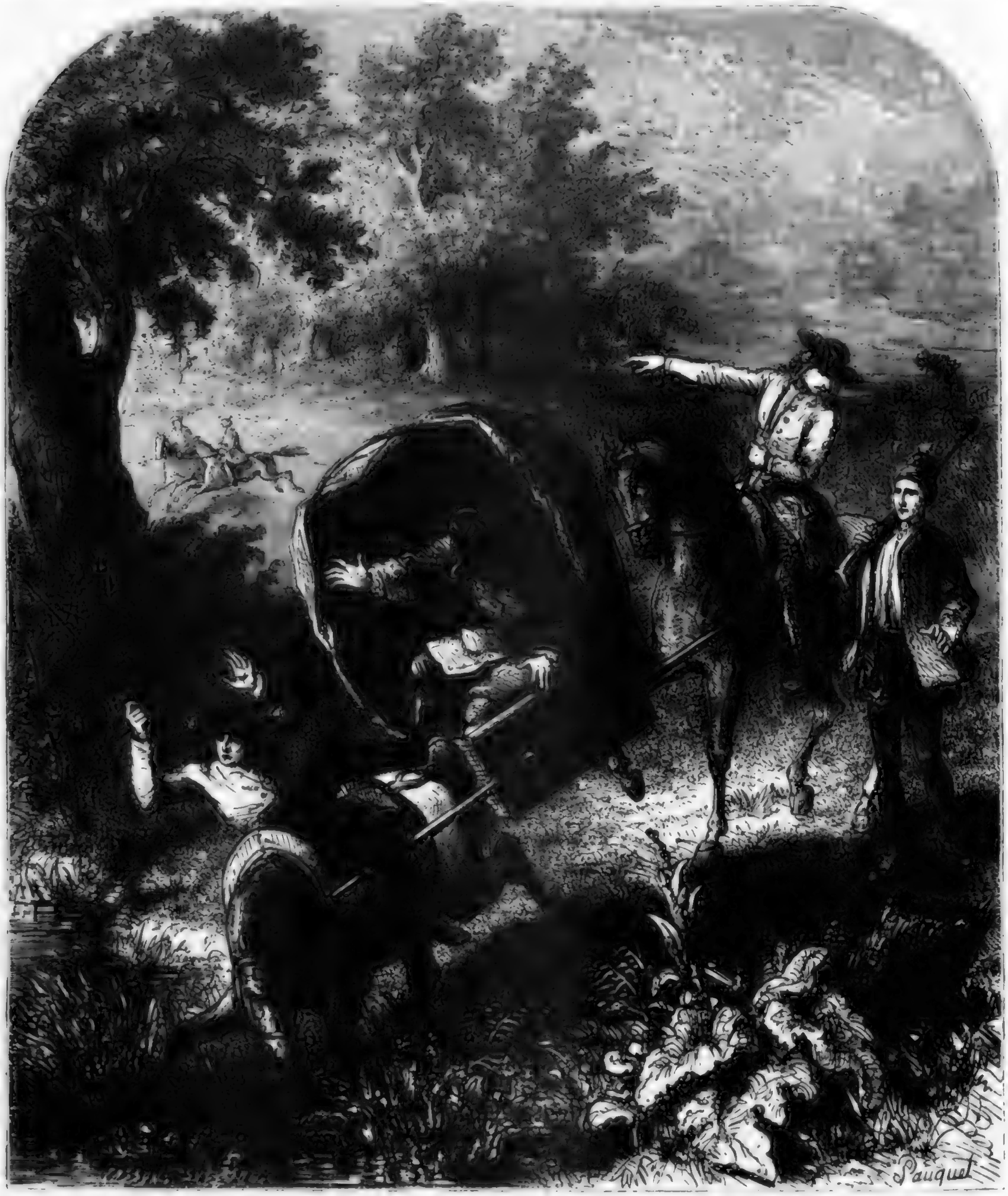
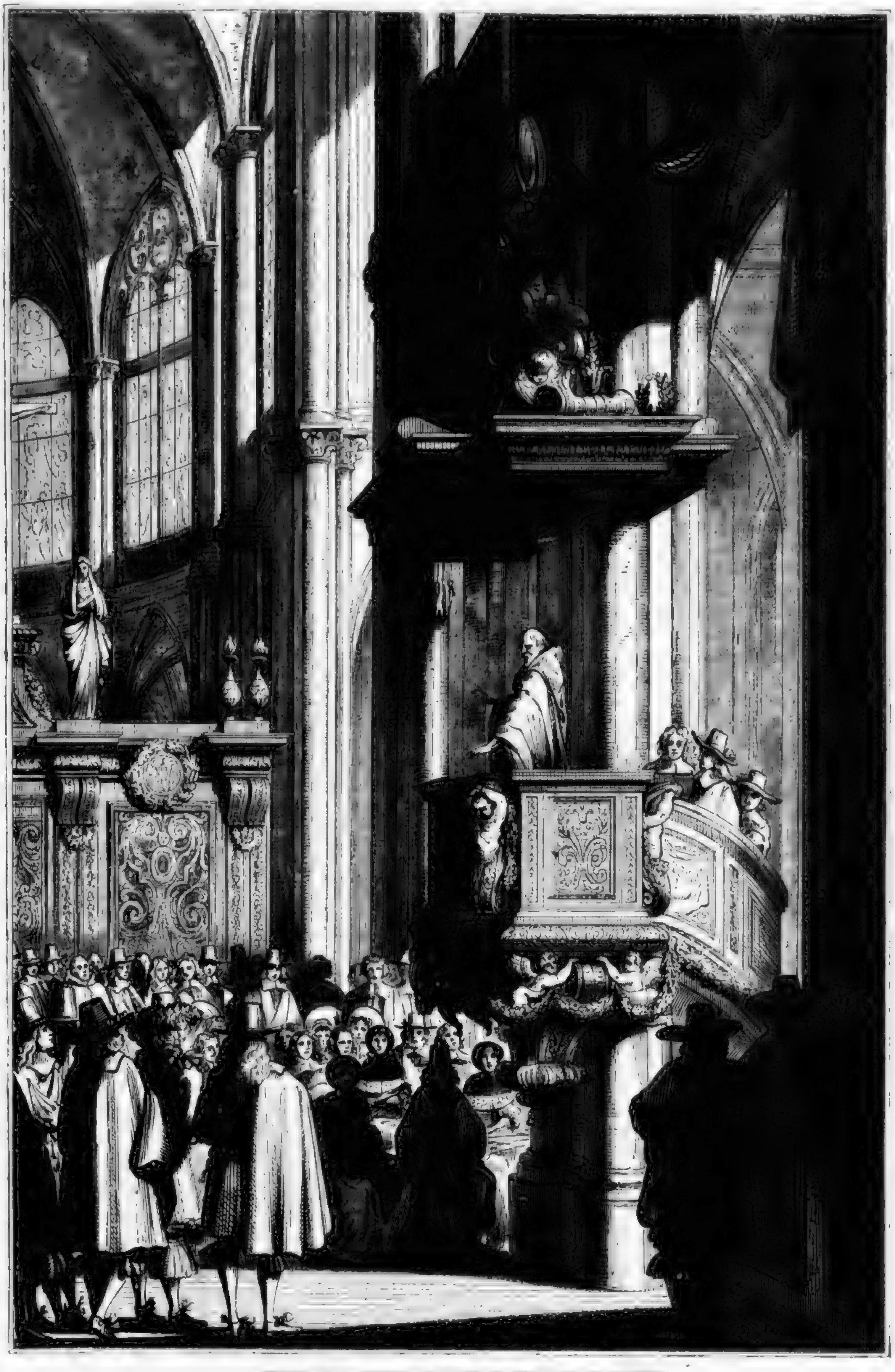
The mind which could bring itself, whether for purely State reasons or not, into sympathy with all the varied branches of cultivation at home and abroad, which could invent, hold and carry out the gigantic reforms which Colbert introduced in almost every department of the Government, could also include the wisest consideration of the most commonplace domestic matters. A Nasmyth steam-hammer will at one moment strike a blow the sight of which might appall the strongest hero of the Iliad, and will at the next fall with a force and pressure exactly calculated to break the shell of a nut without injuring the kernel. And so in Colbert's letters, together with a portentous grasp of matters of the utmost importance to the State and its finances, are found the most minute and careful calculations concerning the economy of dairy produce, or the number of carriages and barges to be ordered for the King's marriage, and the expense which should be incurred for such ordering. In one of his letters to Mazarin he excuses himself for having sent some oranges of poor quality to the Queen. In another he writes: "I have twice sent fruit from Vincennes to the King and Queen. We have a calf which is three months old, and another which will be good for eating in about a fortnight. If your eminence thinks fit, the first could be sent to Compiègne at once, and the other kept for your eminence's return."



FRENCH ROADS BEFORE COLBERT'S IMPROVEMENTS.

Of such a man Mazarin, in his dying moments, might well have said to the King, "Sire, I owe everything to you, but I think that I pay part of my debt in leaving you Colbert." This, according to popular tradition, is what



A SERMON IN A CHURCH AT PARIS IN THE DAYS OF COLBERT.

Mazarin did say, but it seems to rest on no surer foundation than the conclusion of a sentence in Mazarin's will, "et prie le Roi de se servir de lui [Colbert] étant fort fidèle"—"And I pray the King to rely on the services of Colbert, who is most worthy of trust." Another striking saying is recorded to have been uttered by Colbert himself in his dying moments, when, feeling deeply the neglect of the King for whom he had done so much, he said, "Si j'avais fait pour Dieu ce que j'ai fait pour cet homme-là, je serais sauvé deux fois, et je ne sais ce que je vais

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devenir"—"Had I done for my God what I have done for the King, I should be doubly saved; now I know not what to expect." This, if true, would be a striking parallel to Wolsey's speech in Shakespeare's play—"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies"—but, unfortunately, it rests on very inaccurate testimony, and must, perhaps, be relegated to the company of the detected Mock Pearls.

Colbert was born at Rheims on the 29th of August, 1619. His father was believed to have been a cloth-merchant by most of the writers of the time, but the grounds upon which they founded their belief were not much more solid than those which supported Colbert's pretension to being descended from a noble Scotch family, which, says Pierre Clément, was never taken seriously. The matter is not of importance, and cannot be definitely decided either way. It would be more interesting to know, if one could, how the early years of life were passed by the greatest man of his age, but this, too, is a subject on which there is much doubt. The Abbé de Choisy asserted that when Colbert was at the height of distinction he used to get Latin speeches written for him, which he recited by heart without understanding a word of the language; and there is another story, that after he came into power he devoted all the time passed in carriage-drives to learning Latin. It is tolerably certain that neither of these stories is well founded, for in writing to Mazarin in 1653 Colbert speaks of certain Latin phrases with the air of a man who is at home in the language, and Nicholas Colbert, his brother, writing to him, reminds him of the time which he spent at the Jesuits' College in his boyhood.

Of the time which he passed between his college days and his entrance into the public service, nothing is known positively. One of his uncles had married a sister of Michel le Tellier, Secretary of State for War, and through the influence of his uncle Colbert began his career as a commissary in the War Office. It was not long before his zeal and capability were remarked. He was attached to the special service of Le Tellier, and by 1649 he had made his mark so much that he was appointed a Councilor of State. In 1650 he accompanied Mazarin through Normandy, and to this date belong the earliest letters of his which have been preserved. One of these contains a proof of his perception of character, in a description of Mazarin, for whom, at that time at any rate, he had no great love:

> "Since the beginning of this journey I have noted that he has the quality of irresolution in a most marked degree. It may be that this comes from his being unable to think of two things at the same time—when one is pressing it drives out the other, and though his memory tries from time to time to restore it, it finds the place already occupied, and can do no more than set its foot on the threshold, whence it is immediately driven back again."

It was not long after this that Colbert left the service of Le Tellier for that of Mazarin, who, in 1651, was forced to retire into the provinces in consequence of the failure of his attempt to regain position by setting free the princes of Condé and Conti and the Duc de Longueville. Before long Colbert had, by dint of his enormous talents and his unflagging persistency, obtained the complete confidence of Mazarin, and the entire management of his affairs. The exercise of the same unflagging persistency in another direction has given occasion for a charge of nepotism being brought against Colbert, and it is certainly true that he did constantly pester Mazarin to bestow offices upon a number of his relations—but it is also true that in every instance when Colbert found a place for a relation the place was well filled. One of the letters of this date is curious, as containing an illustration of the way in which words change their signification from time to time. In this letter the writer speaks of "toutes les bontés que votre Éminence a eues pour moi en toute sorte d'occasion, qui surpassent infiniment toutes celles que personne de sa condition ait jamais eues pour un *domestique.*" So when La Grande Mademoiselle signified to Lauzun, first gentleman of the King, her intention of marrying him, Lauzun replied, "Serait-il possible que vous voulussiez épouser un *domestique* de votre cousin germain?"

Another letter of the period during which Colbert was the cardinal's right-hand man gives a glimpse of the severity which Colbert could exercise on occasion. In 1658 the peasants of Brouage mutinied against the oppressive property tax, and some soldiers were killed in a riot. Colbert wrote to his cousin, for whom he had got the appointment of *intendant,* "The peasants whom you have imprisoned were taken with arms in their hands, and if you could have one of them hanged it would have more effect than anything else that you can do. I am surprised that you have not taken measures for this, which I regard as the most important matter in the expedition."

A few months later, in the same year, Louis XIV. fell seriously ill at Calais, and on the knowledge of his danger the old partisans of the Fronde began again to show signs of activity. The President, De Nesmond, told Colbert that he saw symptoms of evil disposition growing, and he wrote to Mazarin to beg for frequent news of the King's condition. "If the news is good we shall exert ourselves to make it public, if bad we shall do our best to turn it to advantage for the service of the King and the cardinal." Precautions were taken for fortifying various garrisons, and on the 14th of July, Colbert, writing to Mazarin, said:

> "The Duc de Brissac, Jarzé, and all the authors of the cabal have all but publicly rejoiced over the King's illness. It is said that they have made Chaudenier come to them, and that they have sent post-haste for the Cardinal de Retz. I am told that President Perrault has sent couriers in various directions to announce the King's death. Your Eminence will perceive that these people have fully exposed their evil intentions."

The irritation thus seen to be gathering broke out not long afterward. It must be remembered that during and after the troubles of the Fronde, hopes of an assembly of the States-General had been given to what remained of the power of the nobles, which Richelieu had done his best to crush with an iron heel. Louis XIV. had even given a promise to gather an assembly. But in 1658 an edict of council forbade any assemblage of nobles or others to be held, under penalty of death. The nobles on this exerted themselves to get up partial assemblies, hoping to drive the Court into assembling the States-General. In August, 1658, Colbert wrote to Mazarin that this kind of thing was going on, that Normandy, Anjou and Poitou were very badly disposed, and that some exemplary punishment was needed to recall them to their duty. In the next year Mazarin learned that the nobles of these three provinces were secretly banding themselves together. Colbert, always prompt to vigorous measures, immediately proposed to send a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry into Normandy, "pour empêcher le mal que ces gentilshommes veulent faire." Mazarin, however, was of opinion that this was unnecessary. Perhaps if he had taken Colbert's advice, the affair would not have lasted, as it did, several months—at the end of which a certain Bonnesson, who figured chiefly in the conspiracy, was with others arrested. The accused were brought before the Grand Council, and after considerable delay Bonnesson was executed, and the castles and woods of some of the others engaged in the matter were razed to the ground, in accordance with an order of the King with which Colbert overrode the ordinary law. This business, which went by the name of the Révolte des Gentilshommes, came to an end with the year 1659.

Next year came the King's marriage, and the year after that the death of Mazarin left empty a place which from that moment practically if not nominally Colbert entirely filled. For some time before this event Mazarin and Colbert had been aware of the vast malversations of the *surintendant* Fouquet, some notion of the extent of which may be gained from the fact that Delorme, who was second in command to him for some eighteen months, was supposed to have made during that time "quatre millions de gratifications en argent, ou revenus de pareille valeur." Having gone deeply into the question of Fouquet's wrongdoings, Colbert proposed to put an end to them by establishing a Chamber of Justice composed of carefully selected members, and by making the King himself the direct receiver of his revenues. The dispatch in which Colbert submitted his plans to Mazarin was intercepted by a spy of Fouquet's, who had spies everywhere, and a copy of it was taken and sent to Fouquet, who had the audacity to complain to Mazarin. Mazarin, for reasons into which it is needless now to go, was unwilling to press matters to extremities with regard to Fouquet, and patched up a kind of enforced reconciliation between him and Colbert; but after Mazarin's death Colbert was free to act according to his own ideas.

How greatly Colbert's action in the matter was needed may be judged from the fact that while the royal palace was furnished in the most meagre and insufficient manner, Fouquet's house at Vaux-le-Vicomte was crowded with the most costly furniture, plate and statues. The utmost point of Fouquet's insolence of display was reached in a *fête* which he gave at his house in August, 1661, for which six thousand invitations were sent to different parts of Europe. It may be noted that at this *fête* took place the first representation of Molière's "Les Fâcheux."

According to Brienne, the King had made up his mind to have Fouquet arrested on the very day of the *fête*, in his own grounds. The Queen-mother, however, was greatly averse to this, and said to the King: "Ah, sire, such a deed will bring you no honor; he is ruining himself to give you a splendid entertainment, and you take him prisoner even within his own walls." The King yielded to this argument so far that he put off Fouquet's arrest, on which he was quite determined, until it could be done at Nantes, when at one blow he could make himself sure both of Fouquet and of Belle-Isle. According to Brienne, Mme. de Chevreuse was a leading spirit in the plan for the overthrow of Fouquet. It was she who, urged partly by the Marquis de Laigues, persuaded the Queen-mother to acquiesce in the *surintendant's* downfall. Brienne also states that the King persuaded Fouquet to give up his office of Procureur-Général to the Parliament of Paris by telling him that he would, as soon as he gave it up, make him *chevalier de l'ordre*, and appoint him Prime Minister.

In connection with the creation of *chevaliers*, Brienne has a story which is interesting because it shows that there was at least one honest man besides Colbert who at this time was employed in the King's service. The story relates to Marshal Favert, who had already greatly distinguished himself in the reign of Richelieu, who knew an honest man when he saw him, and knew his value. Favert, says Brienne, refused, *not* to be made a chevalier of the King's Order, *but* to adduce proofs of his noble birth, in order to be enrolled among the chevaliers. "Your Majesty," he said to the King, "knows that I am not of noble birth—I can call myself noble now with justice, because I am a Marshal of France—but my father was a bookseller at Metz, and I myself have sold almanacs. That being so, do you wish me to dishonor myself by pretending that I am noble?" "Plenty of people do it," said the King. "I do not wish to hold myself up as an example to anybody else—for my own part, I am content with the honor your Majesty has done me in giving me the *bâton* of a Marshal of France—an honor which my services may have merited; but it shall never be said that in order to become a chevalier of the King's Order I have committed a fraud and told a lie!" It may be put to the credit of the Court that they were all full of praise for an action which probably not one of them, under similar circumstances, would have performed. How far their enthusiasm was encouraged by their personal satisfaction at finding that Favert acknowledged himself not to be "one of them," we need not inquire. In the case of Beringhen, at least, it may be taken for granted that the satisfaction was not of an unselfish kind. Pretensions such as his might have been rudely disturbed if a person of notoriously ignoble birth had consented to go through the form of declaring himself noble.

To return, however, to Fouquet. Brienne speaks with some hesitation of Colbert's cognizance of the plan for his arrest, but it is really tolerably certain that the plan was in part Colbert's own, though he may have found it prudent to keep in the background. What Brienne could speak to and has spoken to with certainty is his interview with Fouquet, which took place a short time before Fouquet's being arrested at Nantes. In this conversation Fouquet was full alternately of great boastfulness concerning his services to the King and State, and complete confidence that the King could not make up his mind to part with him, and of an abject terror as to his possible fate.

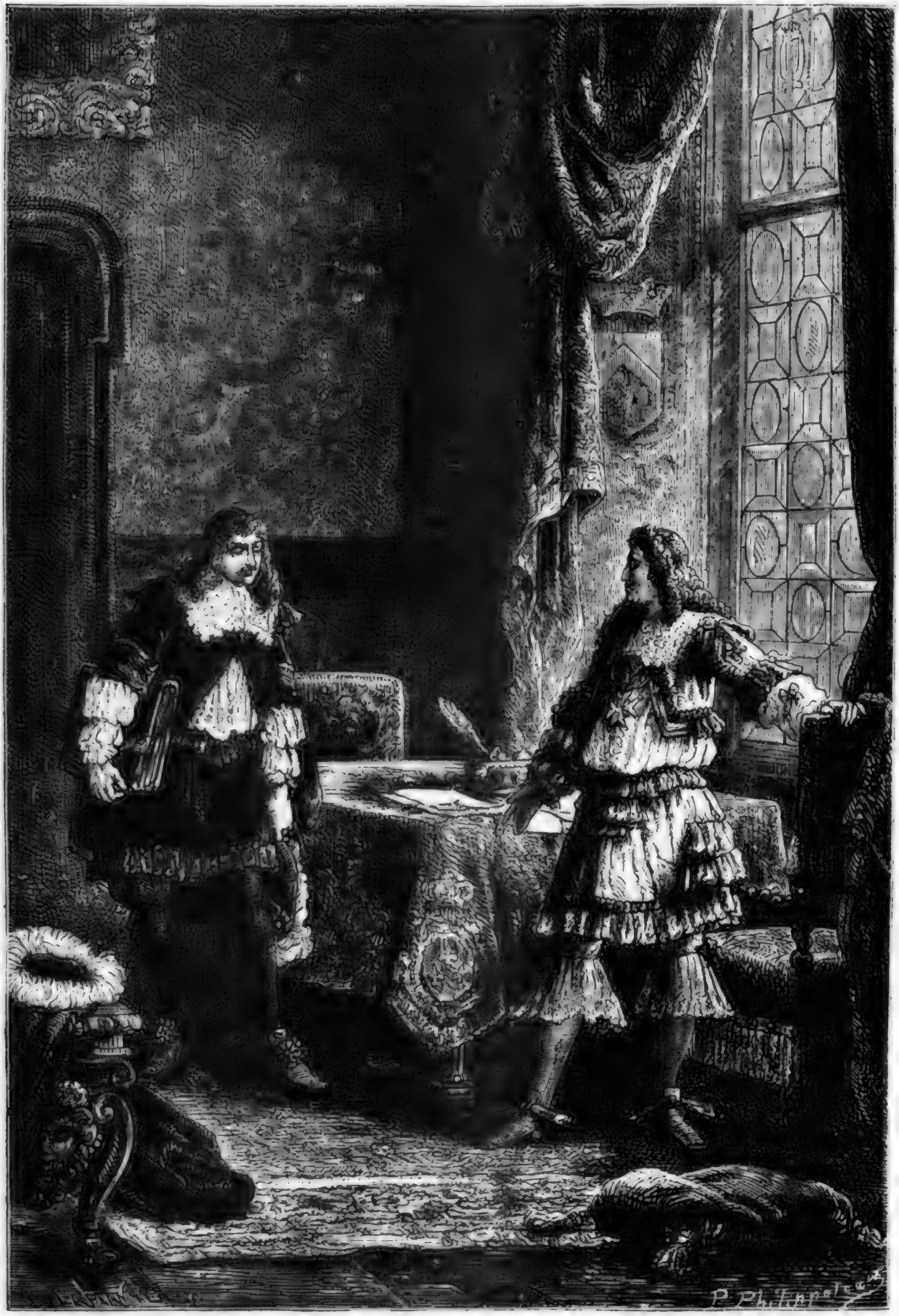
"Shall I fly—shall I hide myself?" he said at the end. "It would not be easy, for where, except, perhaps, in the Republic of Venice, could I find an asylum? You see what my condition is. Pray give me whatever news you can of what is in store for me, and above all be secret."

"He convinced me with tears in his eyes—and I, too, could not help weeping," says Brienne; and adds, with a curious *naïveté*: "He inspired me with true pity, of which he was indeed worthy."

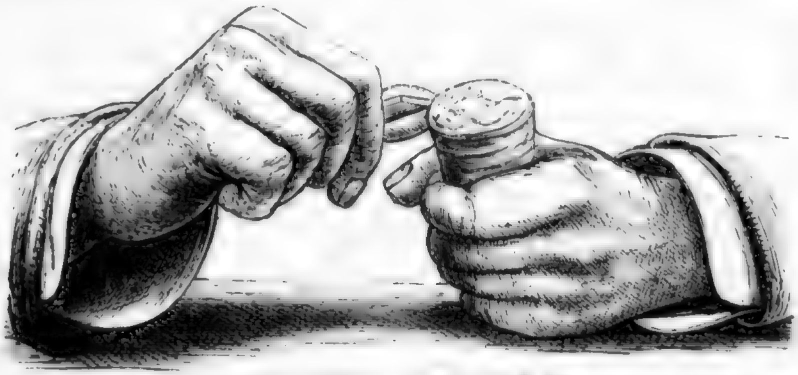
If a man like Fouquet, who had made an enormous fortune by the most deliberate malversations, was worthy of true pity when he was found out, what words could be found to apply to Colbert, the man who found him out, and who, in a time when every man was fighting for his own hand or purse, unhindered by any of the moral prejudices which afflict our age, devoted a gigantic intellect and energy to the aggrandizement not of himself but of his country?

Fouquet, as has been said, was arrested at Nantes, in spite of his constant belief, which continued to the last, that the King would never make up his mind to do without him. There is to be observed a curious difference between the circumstances of Louis XIV.'s reign and that of his predecessor. Cinq-Mars, we know, held for different reasons a similar belief in the King's clemency, but despite his belief, Richelieu, having once laid his claws upon him, had his head chopped off without more ado. Colbert, who was, perhaps, in the higher sense of the word, a greater man than Richelieu, had not the cardinal's unrivaled power over other men, and so it happened that after Fouquet's arrest his prosecution dragged on a weary length, and ended in his escaping the sentence of death,

XUM


P. Philippoteaux

FOUQUET DISMISSED BY LOUIS XIV.

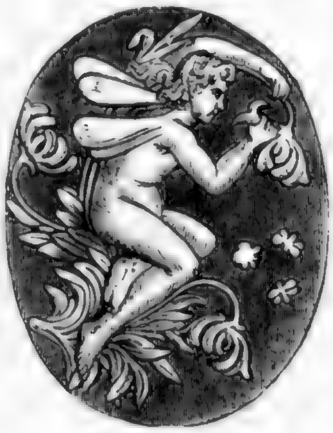


CAMEO-CUTTING.—SEE PAGE 219.

which, according to the moral code of the time—a time which had to meet barbarous offenses with equally barbarous punishments—he certainly deserved. Thirteen out of twenty votes were given to save Fouquet from the fate which, in Richelieu's time, would certainly have overtaken him. On this point M. Clément remarks that at the moment when sentence was given, the accused had, so to speak, disappeared, and the task which the greater part of the judges had proposed to themselves was to give a lesson to the Government, or rather to Colbert.

> "Such was at the beginning of his ministry, the effect of the reforms which he so vigorously and disinterestedly carried out, and which have made his name immortal. It is known that the most pressing efforts were made in the cause of the accused by his illustrious friends. Where Colbert was wrong was in meeting intrigue with intrigue, and bringing to bear on his object the weight of promises and threats derived from the most absolute power."

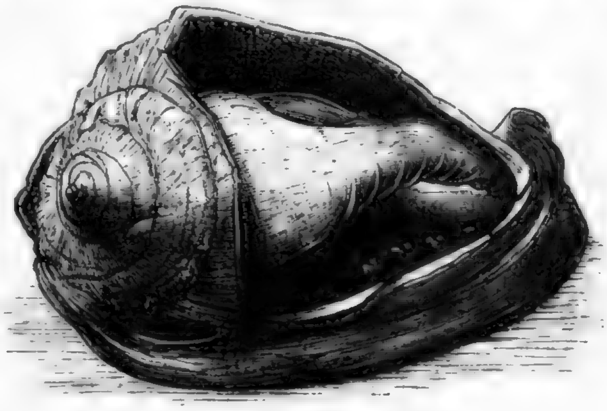
Why Colbert was so wrong in this, especially as there was plenty of evidence, not only of the grossest malversations on Fouquet's part, but of his having projected a civil war, is not quite so easy to see. Colbert lived, like Richelieu, in the midst of intrigues that had to be suppressed with a strong hand, but Colbert had not made himself practically King of France, and it was not his personality that was aimed at. What he did was done in the name of the King and the State, and purely for the good of the King and the State. If he had put himself more in the foreground of the picture of those times, his presence might have caught the fancy of historians so much that they might not have described as fierce severity on his part actions which, in the case of Richelieu, they would have taken as a matter of course, and possibly as a matter for admiration.



CAMEO.

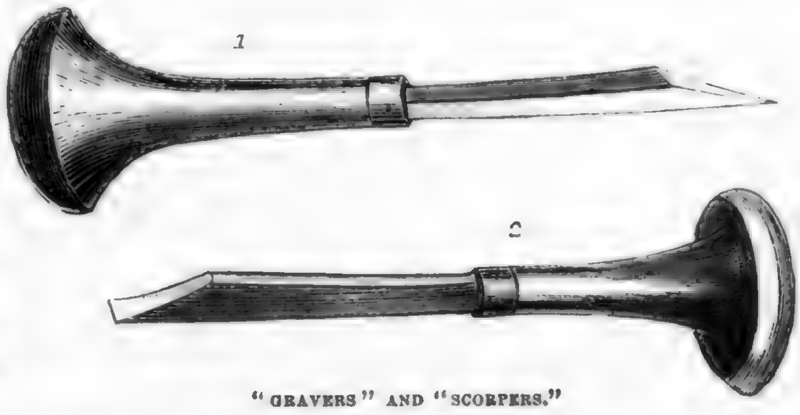
While the case was going on, a good many officers who had been employed in collecting the property tax—the greater part of which they took such care of that nobody but themselves saw or touched it—were tried and banished, condemned to the galleys or hanged. Fouquet himself received a sentence of banishment, which was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. His case has been dwelt on at some length, because from his downfall dated the beginning of the enormous financial reforms which Colbert planned and executed. They were not carried on without a good deal of trouble from revolts in the provinces. The most important of these was headed by a certain Audijos, a member of a noble family, formerly an officer in the regiment of Créqui. His knowledge of the country and the devotion of his followers enabled him to baffle pursuit for a long time. In the manner in which he was finally kept quiet is another illustration of the difference between the time of Louis XIII. and XIV. Richelieu would have dropped him into the Bastille or down an *oubliette*. Under Louis XIV. he was brought over to the King's service by the bribe of a command of dragoons.

In addition to his gigantic financial reforms, into the details of which it would be tedious to go, Colbert undertook the management of the Marine, long before he held nominal office in that department. When he first took the matter in hand, he found nothing to give his attention to but a few rotten old ships. Three years later France had a fleet of sixty ships of the line and forty frigates. Besides this, and besides the vast achievements which have been already referred to, he reorganized the colonies of Canada, Martinique and St. Domingo, and founded others at Cayenne and Madagascar. He improved the Civil Code, and he was the author of the Marine Code, and what was called the Black Code for the colonies.



CAMEO SHELL.

When he first undertook the financial department, the revenue was 84,000,000 livres, 52,000,000 of which were absorbed in collection. Twenty years later, the revenue was 116,000,000 livres, of which 23,000,000 were spent in administration and collection. Under his management, Riquet constructed the great industrial enterprise of the age, the Canal of Languedoc, joining the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, a canal with seventy-five locks, 162 miles long, carried over a watershed 830 feet above the sea-level. A century and a half earlier, Leonardo da Vinci had for



"GRAVERS" AND "SCORPERS."

the first time practically applied the invention of locks to a canal in the plains of Lombardy.

In connection with the making of this canal, the less admirable side of Colbert's character showed itself in a striking way. Riquet had been the life and soul of the whole enterprise, and had been devoted to Colbert himself. In 1680, just as the work was approaching completion, Riquet died. Colbert, writing to Daguesseau after this event, used no greater expression of regret than is contained in these few words: "The death of Riquet gives me some apprehension that the work of the canal may be delayed." M. Clément observes that this ingratitude seems to deprive Colbert of the right of complaining of the King's subsequent ingratitude to himself, and there are, no doubt, some people who would call Colbert's fate a judgment.

The closing scenes of his life were, indeed, as sombre as the height of his success had been brilliant. Louvois had arisen to rival him, and to be preferred to him by the King, who in this displayed an equal folly and ingratitude. That his death was caused by chagrin and disappointment, as some have asserted, is scarcely probable, but there can be little doubt that his last illness was aggravated by the King's neglect. It may be noted, by-the-way, that in 1680 he was cured of a fever by an English physician, who exhibited quinine, at that time a new remedy.

Colbert's death took place in 1683, shortly after a scene between himself and the King, which is recorded, probably with a certain amount of dramatic exaggeration, by Montyon:

> "M. de Louvois discovered in 1683 that there was needless expense incurred in some of the new buildings at Versailles, and told the King that he thought so. When M. Colbert gave in his account of the cost of the gate which shuts the grand court at Versailles, the King thought the expense too great, and, after saying various very disagreeable things, observed: 'There is some roguery in this.' M. Colbert replied: 'Sire, I flatter myself that such a word can have no application to me.' 'No,' replied the King; 'but more care should have been taken.' And he added, 'If you want to learn what economy is, go to Flanders, and you will see how little the fortification of the places we have taken has cost.'"

Now, these fortifications were the work of Louvois, "and," says Montyon, "this speech, this comparison with Louvois, fell on him like a thunderbolt." However accurate or inaccurate Montyon may be, it is certain that some such scene as this did take place, and no doubt embittered greatly the last days of Colbert's life, which was ended on the 6th of September, 1683.

The reproach, whatever exact form it took, addressed by the King to the minister, who, while striving with unrivaled energy for the good of the country, had yet always found means to satisfy the King's grossly extravagant tastes, can scarcely be excused, the less so because, in spite of his passion for reform, Colbert had been forced to impose some heavy taxes on the people to find money for the King's private use, and had thus incurred a certain amount of unpopularity. The story that this unpopularity was so great that special precautions had to be taken at Colbert's burial rests only on the authority of a pamphleteer, and may be rejected as worthless. "It is certain," says M. Clément, "that at his death the satirists of the time gave free vent to their spleen, but history disdains such anonymous insults." The *Gazette de France* of the 11th of September contained the following article concerning the great minister:

> "M. Jean Baptiste Colbert, Minister and Secretary of State, died in this city on the 6th instant, aged sixty-four, after receiving the sacraments with all the marks of sincere piety. He served the King for many years in the chief affairs of State with the capacity, fidelity, zeal and exactitude which are the crown of great ministers. The King having chosen him to put better order into the administration of his finances, he executed this great design with all the success that was expected from his extraordinary genius and his untiring energy. The reorganization of the fleet, the manufactures of everything necessary for fitting out ships of war, the construction of naval arsenals and of many harbors, the superb building and magnificent furniture of the royal palaces, of which he had the chief care, exhibit the extent of his intellect and the continual zeal which he displayed in everything that could be advantageous to the glory and service of his Majesty. In this respect he took especial pains to encourage the growth of letters and fine arts, by the establishment of the Academies of Physics, Architecture and Painting, and by the pensions he procured for persons who deserved them on account of their learning or their works."

Something has been said of the severity of Colbert's character, and an illustration of this is to be found in his recommending an increase in the number of galley-slaves, who were recruited in all kinds of irregular ways, and in his indifference to their terrible sufferings. Chained together in crews of six, and scantily clothed, these poor wretches continued for ten or twelve hours at a time at work which seemed to tax the powers of the strongest man. Their only refreshment was biscuit steeped in wine and crammed into their mouths as they rowed by their taskmasters. If one galley was distanced by another the slaves in it were assailed by a shower of blows and curses. Often they fell fainting upon each other, and never came to life again. An unfortunate Protestant noble who was condemned to thirteen years of the galleys for having tried to leave France has left a record of his sufferings. He was at Dunkirk, and the captain of his galley, M. de Langeron, received a visit from the Duc d'Aumont, whom he took out for a row. The duke expressed his astonishment that the galley-slaves could sleep chained as they were. The captain said that it was an easy matter, and that he would explain it to the duke. Then he made the crew do double work for some time, and left them to sleep while he and the officers dined. After dinner the miserable beings, most of whom were scarred with blows from a rope's end, were found fast asleep, in spite of their chains and the cramped space. "Now," said M. Langeron, "I will show you that they can wake as well as sleep," and caused a whistle to be sounded, on which the slaves, cramped in all their joints, struggled up with infinite pain and difficulty to their oars. They were, indeed, treated in every way as, let us hope, few beasts are treated now, and Colbert's encouragement of the system cannot but detract in some measure from his fame. But it must be remembered that, as M. Clément says, "Si grand qu'on soit, on est toujours de son temps."

IT has been calculated that if a single grain of wheat produces fifty grains in one year's growth, and these and succeeding crops be planted and yield proportionately, the product of twelve years would supply all the inhabitants of the earth for a lifetime. In twelve years the single grain will have multiplied itself 244,140,625,000,000 times.

A MOST valuable historical curiosity has been discovered by a peasant in the department of the Pas de Calais. It consists of a piece of gold chain, part of a necklace, bearing on the one side the monogram of Queen Bathilde, wife of Clovis II., and on the other the head of Christ, with an inscription.

IN the music of silence there are a thousand variations.

Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man.

XUM

CAPTAIN ORTIS'S BOOTY: A BALLAD.

By A. Mary F. Robinson.

Captain Ortis (the tale I tell
Petit told in his chronicle),
Won from Alva, for service and duty,
At Antwerp's surrender the strangest booty.

Then each captain gained—as I hear—
That for guerdon he held most dear,
Chose what in chief he set heart of his on:
Out strode Ortis and claimed—the prison!

Such a tumult! For, be assured,
Greatly the judges and priests demurred;
No more criminals alone in that Stygian
Darkness died, but the foes of religion.

There lay heretics by the score,
Anabaptists and many more
Hard to catch; but let loose when caught your
Timid squirrels, forego the torture

Never! Suddenly sank the noise;
Alva spoke in his steely voice:
"He's my soldier sans flaw or blemish;
Let him burn as he likes these Flemish!"

"Sire, as you please," the Governor said,
"Only King Philip's edict read——"
Alva spoke: "What is King or Cortes?"
"Open the portals!" cried Captain Ortis.

"Loose the prisoners—set them free;
Only each pays a ransom fee."
Out, be sure, flowed the gold in buckets,
Piles on piles of broad Flanders ducats.

Ay, and there followed not gold alone:
Men and women and children thrown
In chains to perish came out forgiven,
Saw light, friends' faces, and thought it heaven.

Out they staggered, so halt and blind
From rack and darkness they scarce could find
The blessed gate where daughter and mother,
Father and brother, all found each other.

"Freedom! Our darlings! Let God be praised!"
So cried all; then said one, amazed:
"Who is he under heaven that gave us
Thought and pity—who cared to save us?"

"Captain Ortis," the answer ran,
"The Spanish lancer. Here's the man.
Ay, but don't kill him with too much caressing;
Death's sour salad, with sweetest dressing."

Danger indeed; for never had been
In brave old Antwerp such a scene;
Boldest patriot, fairest woman,
Blessing him, knelt to the Spanish foeman.

Ortis looted his prize of gold.
And yet I think if the truth be told,
He found, when the ducats were gone with the pleasure,
That heretic blessing a lasting treasure.

Still my captain, to certain eyes,
Seems war-hardened and worldly-wise;
"'Twere for a hero (you say) more handsome
To give the freedom, nor take the ransom."

True; but think of this hero's lot—
No Quixote he, nor Sir Launcelot;
But a needy soldier half-starved, remember,
With cold and hunger, that northern December.

Just such an one as Parma meant,
Writing to Philip in discontent:
"Antwerp must yield to our men ere much longer,
Unless you leave us to die of hunger.

"Wages, raiment, they do without,
Wine—fire, even—they'll learn, no doubt,
To live without meat for their mouths; they're zealous,
Only they die first as yet, poor fellows."

Yes, and I praise him, for my part,
This man war-beaten and tough of heart,
Who—scheming a booty, no doubt—yet planned it
More like a saint, as I think, than a bandit.

What, my friend is too coarse for you?
Will naught less than a Galahad do?
Well; far nobler, it seems, your sort is;
But I—I declare for bold Captain Ortis!

CAMEOS.

Most people admire these beautiful ornaments, and prize them highly when brought from Rome, valuing them as much because they come "from abroad" as for their own beauty and merit. But comparatively few people pause to consider *how* the work is done, or to ask why we need go so far for them, or whether there is, indeed, any reason why the work should not attain the same perfection here.

We introduce the subject, because the art of cutting shell cameos is one well suited to young ladies, and will fully reward them for the trouble of learning it—being sufficiently difficult to entitle the fair artist to praise for the acquisition of it, and at the same time sufficiently simple to be within the scope of many who possess taste, patience and deft fingers.

It is only within the last year or two that ladies have thought of attempting this work, and already several are making good progress, and are much interested in it. It cannot be acquired without some instruction and considerable perseverance; but the instruction is within reach, and we can promise that the perseverance will be amply repaid by the results.

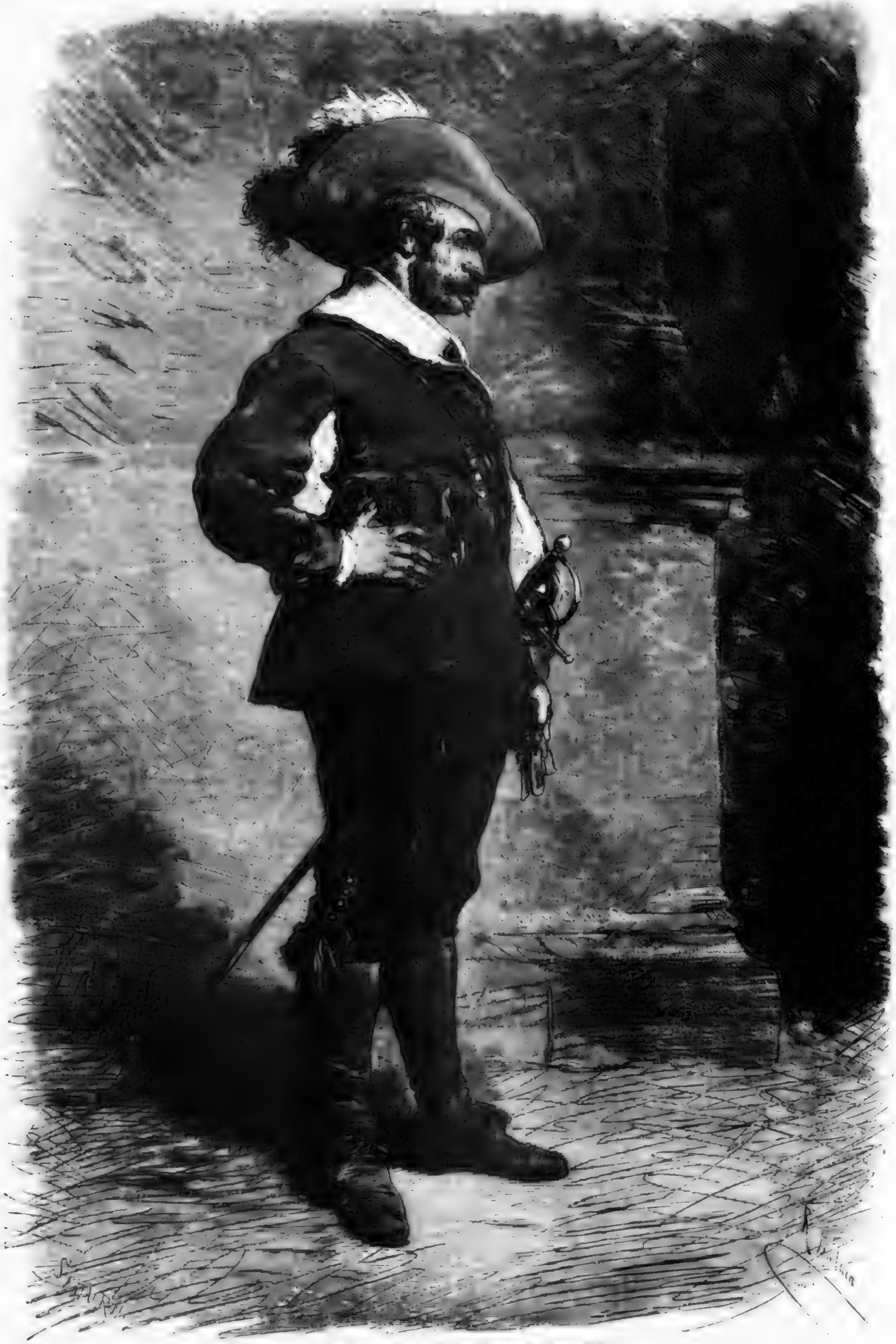
We will endeavor to give some little account of cameo-cutting generally, and more especially of shell cameos, as these alone concern the object we have in view—namely, to give young ladies a new and elegant pursuit in a higher walk of art than their ordinary acquirements, such as lace-work, knitting, and the various frivolities of the needle, which, though pretty, and we will admit (sometimes) useful, are merely mechanical, and do not raise the thoughts or cultivate the taste for higher pursuits.

We have often been surprised at the ignorance displayed, by even educated persons, as to the making of cameos, some gravely asking whether the white figures are not cut out first, and then fastened by cement on the colored ground; others suggesting that the shell is in some way *softened* before the figures are cut, in order to make it easier!—thus taking away all merit from the work; for if that were so, they might as well be cast in a mold at once, and the same design be multiplied by the score or hundred, according to order!

We will, then, try to make the work as clear as we can to our readers, and begin at the beginning.

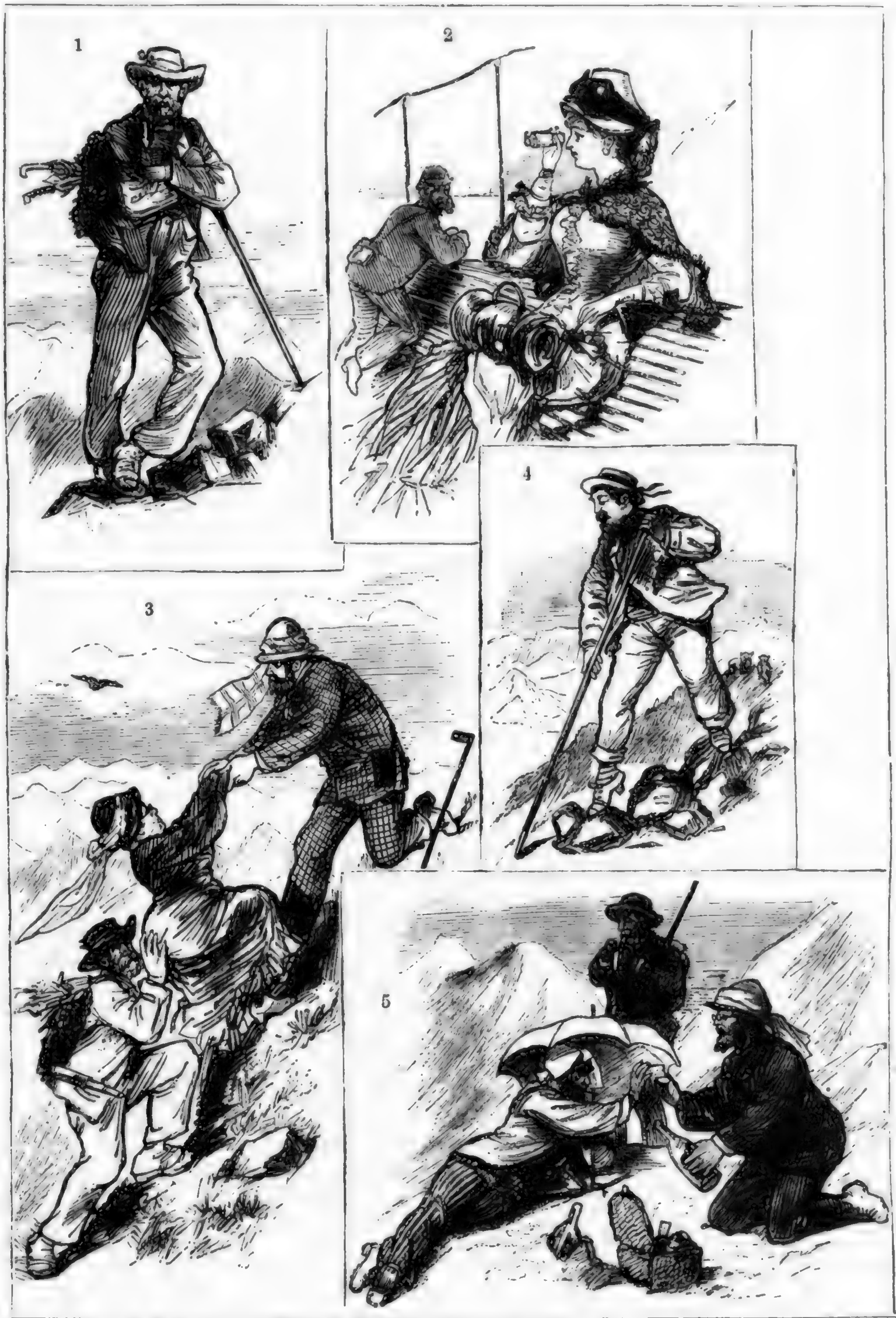
The name *camœa*, or *camaïeu*, means really any stone having zones or strata of more than one color, with nothing intervening, or as if it were, in fact, a double stone. Such is the black onyx, with its zone or stratum of white, which comes from Arabia; or the sardonyx, which is red with white, and is more rare; this was known and highly valued in Pliny's time. It is found in the East Indies. A third kind is the jasper onyx, which is green and white, and is also found in the East Indies, and some parts of America.

XUM



CAPTAIN ORTIS'S BOOTY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 219.

These precious stones, when cut as cameos, are gems of great price, both on account of the costliness of the stones themselves and of the great skill required in cutting them. They are very hard, and the work is done by the aid of a machine fixed to the floor, and moved with a treadle, something like a sewing-machine; the little gravers or cutters, some of which are nearly as fine as needles, being fixed on the machine, and kept moist with oil and diamond-dust. The precious stone, which is held in the hands of the artist, is turned about according to the design, as the machine works by the movement of his foot. The most delicate care and great patience, as well as good sight (aided



1. Peter zum Taugwald. 2. Baked beans. 3. "Come, Mary 'Lizy—stick to it." 4. "I vill go not nevaire no bigher!" 5. "Friend, won't you take some soothing-syrup?"

MONT BLANC AND THE MATTERHORN.—SEE PAGE 222.

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by a magnifying-glass), are essential for the work, since the smallest slip might destroy the features or spoil the proportions of the minute figure being cut upon the stone, and render the whole design valueless. It is, besides, fatiguing work, and soils the hands considerably; it is also very trying to the eyes, and is altogether too difficult and too costly for ladies' pastime.

But the cutting of cameos upon shell is a very different matter, and it is to this we would call special attention.

We may call it miniature sculpture. It can be done in the drawing-room with half a dozen little tools that take up scarcely any room; and with a little care and instruction the art can be readily acquired. Some knowledge of figure-drawing is necessary, and a correct eye; and it is needless to say that the more skillful the artist in this respect, the better her cameo-work is likely to be. If she be clever enough to make her own designs, she will greatly enhance its value. But at first she may be well content to have her work prepared for her, and to copy the designs of others, attempting only easy subjects; small plaster medallions, being casts from seals, can be purchased for a few cents, and these are the most suitable for beginners to copy.

The shells used for cameos are those known as black helmets; they are found in the West Indies; and there are also paler shells—red or yellow helmets—found on the coast of China. The fish that inhabit these shells are caught with the shells, of course, clinging to them; the fish are hung up on board the ship, and as the poor animals die, the shell is released from their hold. If the fish were to die in the shell, it would greatly deteriorate from its value for cameo-work.

The chief trade in these shells is with Italy, as the finest cameos have usually been cut in Rome; but many fine shells are also brought here, and can be purchased at prices varying from one to five dollars, according to their perfection and size. The cheapest qualities are good enough for learners to practice upon.

A piece is cut out of the back of the shell of the size required; it will be found to consist of two layers of color—white upon brown, or white upon pink or yellow. From a good shell as many as three or four pieces can be taken, and sometimes one can be had from the lip of the shell; but the back is the best part. The piece of shell being cut of the size required, the rough parts are cut off, and it is shaped into an oval; it is then fixed with hot cement upon a holder, or little block, that can be held in the hand. The upper surface of the shell is made sufficiently smooth to take the design, which is then traced upon it with a pencil, and all the white part beyond the design is cut away, leaving the pattern on the dark ground to be by degrees cut into form. The thickness and disposition of the white stratum cannot be known until the shell is cut; it varies considerably, so that sometimes the figures will stand out in much higher relief than was even anticipated when the work began; and sometimes, when a particular design has to be made, several shells have to be cut before a suitable one is found. The skill of the artist is required so to arrange his design as best to use his shell—having foliage where the white is thinnest, and figures where the thickness of the white will give roundness to the limbs, etc.

The shell is cut with little "gravers" and "scorpers," and half a dozen of these, of various sizes and degrees of fineness, are all that would be needed. When the cameo is cut, the process of polishing commences; and this requires patience. First, the groundwork is polished by rubbing with pumice-stone and water; this takes out the scratches made by the graver. It is then washed with warm water. The second polishing is done with pumice-dust and oil, used with a small boxwood stick. It is again washed. The third and last polishing is given with fine rotten-stone and sulphuric acid. A very high degree of polish is thus obtained, and after being once more washed, the work is done.

To take the cameo off the holder, oil it well before attempting to loosen the cement; this will prevent the shell from cracking.

MONT BLANC AND THE MATTERHORN.

Although an inveterate globe-trotter, I can neither remember the names of places I have visited nor the statistics relating to them; however, Nature, to compensate for this defect, has given me the faculty of being able to recollect persons and events, which is, after all, a much more pleasant gift. If I meet Biggleswade in Syria I recognize him at once, and address him by his name, though, for the life of me, I cannot tell whether I parted from him in Rome or in New York.

Last year, when ascending the Rhine in one of those well-awninged but otherwise poky, stuffy, slow tugs used to convey tourists up and down-stream, I was accosted by a strangely-costumed individual, who, placing his guide-book upon the table, loftily inquired:

"Aw, can you wekkommend a good guide for Mont Blanc?"

To tell the truth, I felt lonely, so forgiving the fellow's haughty familiarity, I introduced myself, then inquired how he usually assuaged the thirst I knew must be chronic in the case of a man with such a florid visage.

"I always dwink poartar," he replied, after declining my invitation to "take a seat." "My name is Cashmore Rollins, of Rollins Park, Leicester. I'm second cousin to the Duke of Langton. Of course you've heard of the duke—he has the finest collection of umbwellas in the world."

By that time Ulrich, our waiter, had served the porter, which proved to be a dense fluid, resembling liquid blacking, and smelling like licorice-water.

"Yes," continued Mr. Rollins, taking a glass of the beverage in one gloved hand, while he grasped his alpenstock with the other; "the duke has seventeen thousand umbwellas, marked with different names or initials. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"He must have a great number of acquaintances?" I observed, as I toyed with the bottle, and prepared to replenish his glass. "Don't some of them get mad at his not returning their property?"

"Excuse me—sir?"

I repeated my query, adding:

"I suppose, because he's a duke, folks hesitate to prosecute him. I must say, I think he has what you English people term a good share of cheek."

Rollins grew purple in the face, his body began to swell like a turkey, his calves quivered, and after hastily draining his glass he indignantly exclaimed:

"Sir, my relative, His Grace the Duke of Langton, *purchased* those umbwellas. What did you mean to infer, sir?"

"I thought he might have stolen them," I responded. "Is he crazy?"

The exasperated Briton gave me one glance, then marched off, muttering:

"A Yankee, by Jove!"

Two days after the occurrence I have just described, I came across Rollins ascending Mont Blanc. He had exchanged his all-round hat for a pith helmet adorned with a *puggaree*, and carried a red umbrella slung across his back, while about his manly form were suspended more articles than adorn the mad knight in that comical story—"Alice in Wonderland."

As he leaned upon his alpenstock and posed in order to regain his breath, I said :

"Hello, Rollins ! Picked up a specimen for the juke ?"

He turned his goggle-protected eyes toward me, and, assuming a severe voice, replied :

"I'll trouble you, sir, to leave my umbwella alone !"

Later on, when we overtook a countryman of mine who was resting on a knapsack and surveying the valley, I heard my red-featured friend remark :

"These Yankees are spoiling Switzerland. See that fellow—he's carrying his own provisions !"

The person referred to slowly closed his telescope, then turning his head, looked the speaker full in the face and said :

"You all-fired galoot ! I'm from Californy !"

Upon reaching the summit of one of the peaks we discovered two men, sitting back to back, close to a cairn of stones, while their guide was taking lunch at a little distance.

One was Bullard Smythe, a man I had known in Hong Kong, and the other was little Jenkins, formerly low comedian at —— Theatre, New York, who was ruefully regarding a yard of tourist's-ticket. Both were English.

After I had re-introduced myself, I made them known to one another, when Jenkins said :

"I'm awfully glad you arrived just now, old fellow. I wanted a light for my cigar, and I'm puzzled about my ticket."

"Why didn't you ask Smythe ?"

"Well—'gad—old fellow—couldn't, you know ! Hadn't been introduced, you know !"

We left them as thick as thieves, though, but for me, they would have sat there for hours and not spoken to one another. They wisely decided not to ascend the dangerous icy crest of the mountain.

Our party, now reduced to two persons and a guide, continued its toil, and in due time stood on the summit—I forget how many thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The scene was wonderfully grand, notwithstanding which, my companion, who was from London, England, produced a flask of brandy, and ruthlessly disturbing my pleasant reverie, hoarsely whispered :

"Won't you drink the Queen's 'ealth ? It's her birthday, God bless her !"

My reply was not calculated to give him an idea that I admired a monarchical form of government.

When we prepared to descend the frozen snow-crust on the opposite shady side of the peak, I cautioned my loyal acquaintance to keep his limbs straight, and not to attempt to use his alpenstock.

"Hall right !" he said. "I'm hup to this 'ere game. I've been 'ere before."

"Retty ?" demanded the guide, who had seated himself coasting-fashion.

I grasped his waist with my limbs, and the London man twisted his long shanks around my body.

"Off !" cried Franz.

In another second we were shooting downward.

Halfway, the Briton threw his limbs upward, and struck me on the head with his nailed boots, then missed his hold, rolled to the left, and performed the rest of the "coast" solus.

We picked him up below, and conveyed him to the hospice, where I heard he remained a couple of weeks, repairing damages.

My remembrance of Mont Blanc is always connected with that non-æsthetic individual, and with an attendant at one of the inns at Interlaken, who, in reply to my request for a bill of fare, said :

"Vould you like zom ganned oystaires ?"

My ascent of the Matterhorn was unaccompanied with any very thrilling incidents.

We "did the mountain" in charge of Peter zum Taugwald, who is described in the guide-book as "a very rising young man." I can testify to the truth of the statement.

Our party consisted of Peter, myself, a Frenchman named Givray, and a Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, of Boston.

Peter was loosely costumed, strong of limb and sparse of speech, the extent of his English being "yeeash" and "noe."

Mons. Givray was elegant in dress and pleasant in manner, but he caved at the sight of the ice-peaks, and retired, saying :

"I vill go not nevaire no higher."

Mrs. Winslow, who was comfortably constructed, required considerable "boosting." Her husband would thrust his stick into the ground and hold out his hands to her, saying :

"Come, Mary 'Lizy, stick to it !"

The good lady would plant her right foot firmly, and utter a quaint, puffing noise, then renew her ascent with a determination worthy of a better cause.

At the last shelter, beneath the ice-field, she gazed up at the glistening peaks and said :

"Henry James Winslow, I'm not going to budge another step ! Give me your revolver, and that book I bought at Innis-what's-the-name, and leave me to my fate. Beacon Hill is mountain enough for my taste. I'm not afraid of being left alone ; nobody will molest me."

"*Yeeash-noe !*" smilingly observed Peter.

"Come on, Mr. ———," said Winslow. "I'm going to stand on the top of this mountain or bust ! It ain't a circumstance to some I've climbed in Californy. I'm an old 'forty-niner. My wife will remain here comfortably enough."

Peter led the way, and in due time we reached a spot which he said was the top ice-block of the Matterhorn.

"Peter," slyly remarked Winslow, signaling to the guide, "produce the basket."

I had thrown myself upon the cold surface of the crest, and was using Mrs. Winslow's umbrella to protect my blistering face from the scorching rays of the sun. My head was covered with a white handkerchief, and notwithstanding we were among the ice, I perspired freely.

Though the guide pointed to the grand scenery, I was too much played-out even to listen to him. I leaned upon my elbow, and closing my eyes, sucked at a Swiss cigar and thought of home.

"Pop !"

Presently I heard Winslow say:

"Friend ———, won't you take some soothing-syrup ?"

I turned, and extending my hand, received a tumblerful of—*cool soda !*

When Winslow offered some of the physic to Peter, the latter regarded it suspiciously, and murmured :

"*Yeeash—noe—noe !*"

Winslow informed me he dealt in the beverage, and called my attention to the label, saying :

"I leave the bottles round as an advertisement."

A few days afterward, when continuing my journey up the Rhine, I met a Miss ———, hailing from the Hub, who was traveling in the company of a shawl-strap fitted with oddments.

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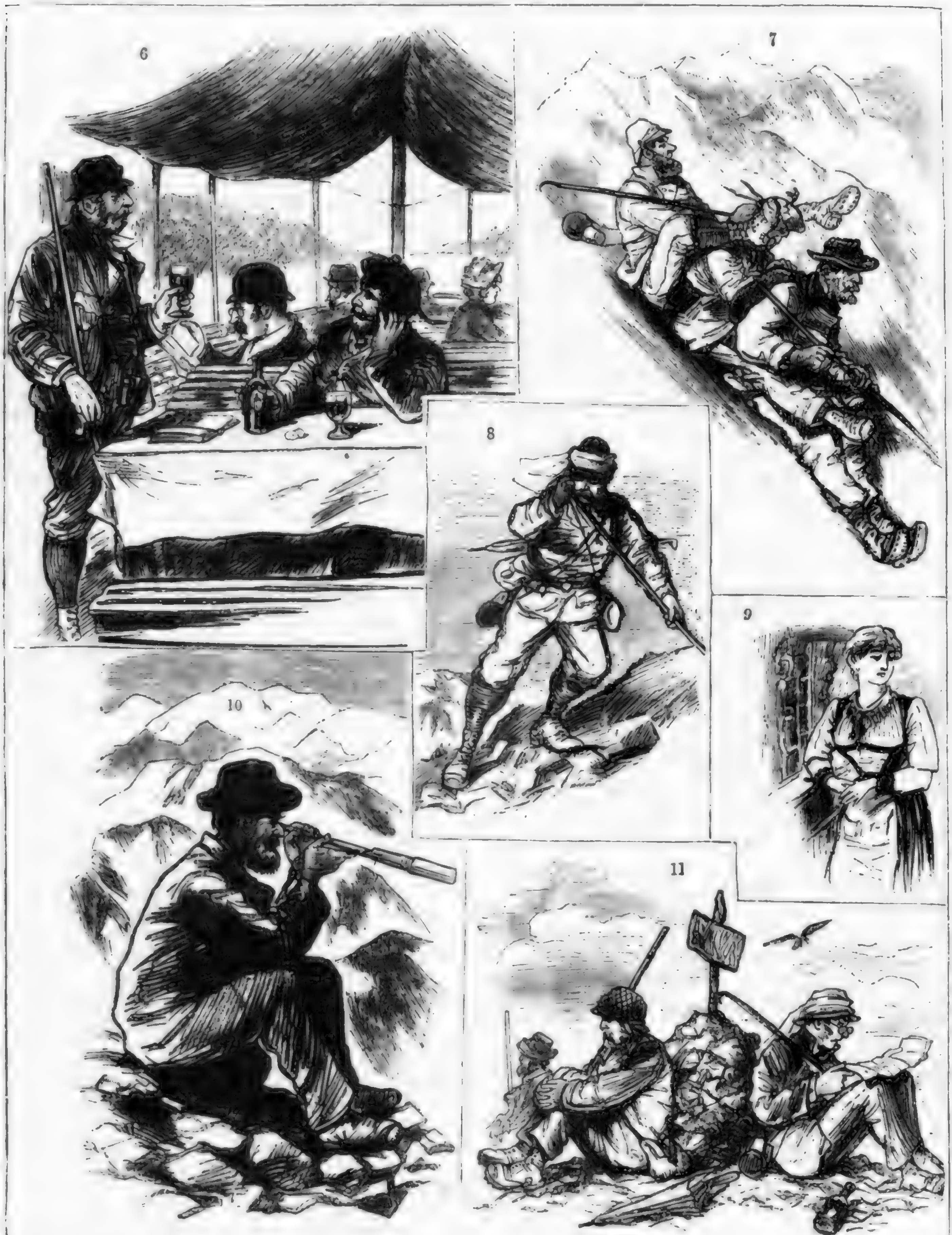
After glancing through her opera-glass at one of the old castles upon the banks, she remarked:

"I wonder the country people don't pull those ruins down and build hotels with the material;" adding, after a pause, as she sniffed the savory steam emanating from the cook's galley, "I do believe they're going to give us baked beans for breakfast!"

Such are my recollections of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, during my last trip to Switzerland—a country so enticing to the venturesome tourist.



6. Mr. Cashmore Rollins. 7. Coasting on Mont Blanc. 8. "I'll trouble you, sir, to leave my umbwella alone!" 9. "Vould you like zom ganned oystaires?" 10. "From Californy." 11. Bullard Smythe and Little Jenkins.

MONT BLANC AND THE MATTERHORN.

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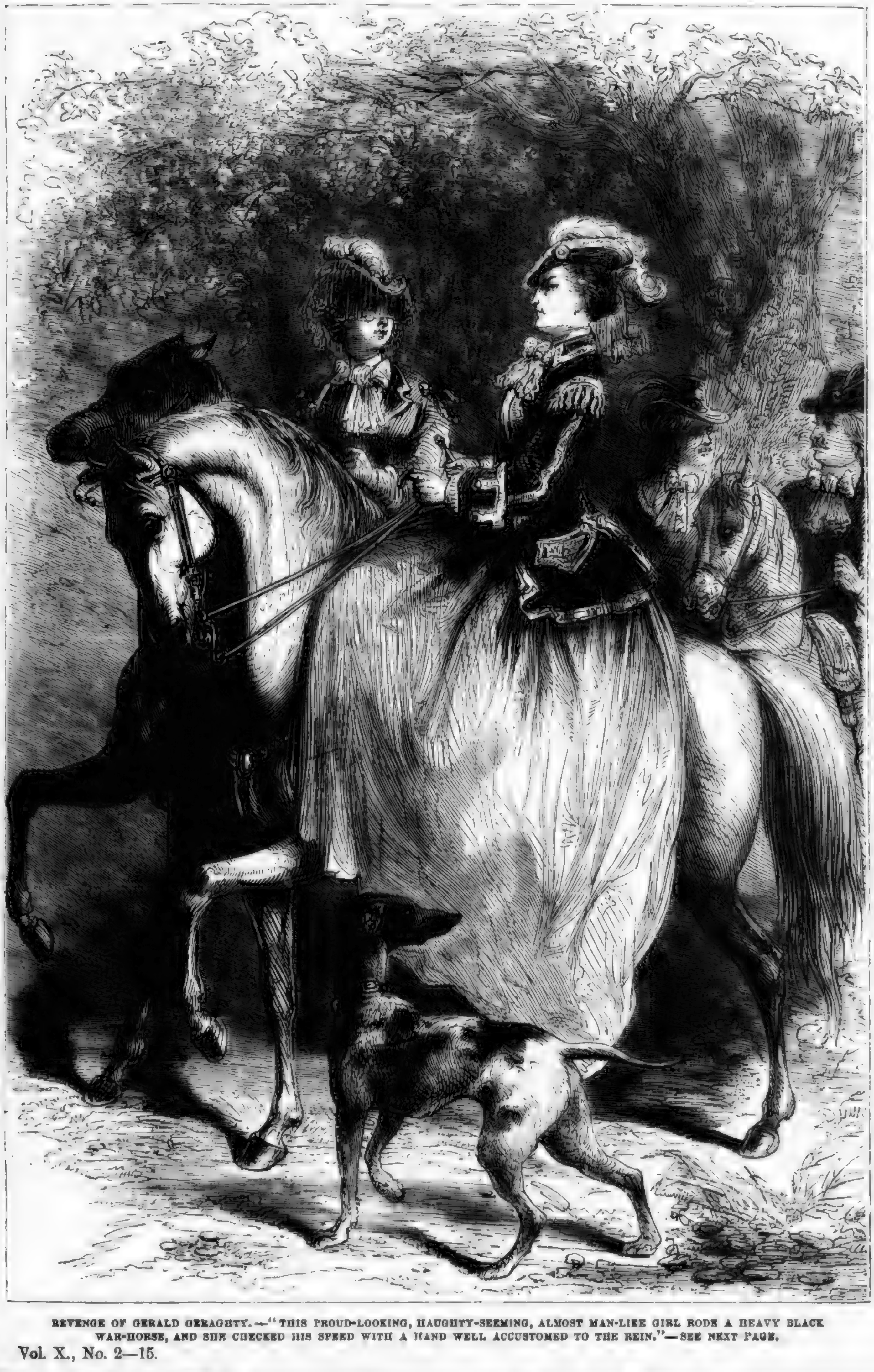

REVENGE OF GERALD GERAGHTY.—"THIS PROUD-LOOKING, HAUGHTY-SEEMING, ALMOST MAN-LIKE GIRL RODE A HEAVY BLACK WAR-HORSE, AND SHE CHECKED HIS SPEED WITH A HAND WELL ACCUSTOMED TO THE REIN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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REVENGE OF GERALD GERAGHTY.

"HOW slowly we travel over these roads, Hannah! even our horses seem to be discouraged; I am afraid we shall not reach home before night, and they will be unbearable after dark."

"I am not so much afraid of the roads as I am of the people whom we may meet."

"Nor am I, Hannah; and that is why I am hurrying so anxiously; besides, I do not believe in the courage of those two followers of mine half as much as I do in my own."

The country was Ireland, and the speakers were two young women, apparently a lady and her attendant, such was the contrast in their outward attire.

The first was in the full bloom of womanhood, her age somewhere between twenty and twenty-three years, her skin brown, her hair of jetty blackness, and her eyes, large, full and dark, shone with a light which the long black eyelashes could not conceal, though they served to moderate somewhat their fierceness of expression. When her full red lips relaxed into a smile, which they seldom did, they were withdrawn to exhibit large, even and brilliant white teeth, firmly locked together. But that which was the most remarkable characteristic of this young female was her height and breadth and bearing; for, although she exhibited all the perfections of the female form in her figure, still these were combined with all the muscular power and free, proud, unembarrassed action of a man five feet nine inches in height.

Her dress was in accordance with her appearance. Her riding-hat, of the finest beaver, was looped up on one side with a rich, short, thick chain of massy gold, and from the hat drooped a long wavy plume of black feathers. Her riding-dress, confined at the waist with a thick girdle of gold, from which depended a short gold-hilted hunting-knife, was, in other respects, like the military dress of an officer, for around the collar was a thick band of gold lace, which also ran down the front of the entire dress, and the wide sleeves were turned up at the wrist, with broad lace bands, and so displayed the hands, covered with white gloves fringed with gold and the seams on the back worked with gold lace.

This proud-looking, haughty-seeming, almost man-like girl rode a heavy black war-horse, and she checked his speed with a hand well accustomed to the rein; she also held, as if it were a slight wand, a thick riding-whip, the handle of which was heavy with a thick knot of lead covered over with a shining ball of gold.

The attendant was a plainly dressed, timid young Englishwoman, who was in constant terror of her life from the then unsettled and unhappy condition of Ireland, for it was at that time when vague and terrible rumors of the "Popish Plot" were afloat.

Behind the two women, and at the distance of about two hundred paces from them, rode two serving-men, armed with swords and muskets, and from whose manner, their eager looks and their timid whispers as they saw the night closing around them, the young lady seemed justified in the remark she had made as to the little reliance to be placed upon them in a moment of danger.

"How like you living in Ireland, Hannah? What think you of to-day's sport?" asked the young lady, wishing to occupy the attention of her attendant, and to relieve, if she could, by conversation, the tedium of their slow and toilsome journey.

"Oh, mistress, I like Ireland so little, that I would wish to be back once more safe in quiet England," replied Hannah. "All the people here seem to hate each other. I do not understand what they are always quarreling about. We have Roundheads and Cavaliers in England; they have done a world of mischief to one another; but now that the mischief is at an end, and the King has, as they say, 'got his own' again, neighbors do not fight with neighbors. It is not so in this country; they are ever squabbling about something or nothing. And then, mistress, as to this day's sport, which you wished me to see—the horse-racing—I have no taste for such diversions. The only pleasure I had was in seeing how the handsome gentlemen crowded about you and complimented you."

The girl frowned angrily.

"Do not mention it, Hannah. If I were not very rich, those who bowed the knee before me to-day would screw up their lips with scorn at me as the low-born daughter of Ebenezer Lawson, the Cromwellian trooper; besides, their attentions were an insult. What right had any of those persons, from the son of the Lord-Lieutenant to the meanest and poorest ensign in the garrison of Dublin, to intrude upon me with his unmeaning compliments? If they respected the daughter of a trooper as they would the daughter of a duke, why not treat the one with the same deference with which they would feel compelled to treat the other? What right had any one of them to approach me, but that they knew I was Lawson's daughter, and that I was on the racecourse, alone and unprotected? If I had been the child of a lord, I should not have endured the dishonor of having a wretch like the infamous David Fitzgerald, of Limerick, pursuing me with his noisome flatteries for hours."

"Was the tall man with the florid face, flaxen hair and light-blue eyes, who was so constantly at your side to-day David Fitzgerald?"

"Yes," replied the girl, indignantly. "I desired Norris to inquire who and what he was; and, according to my man's statement, this Fitzgerald, it appears, is a most infamous character. He has, though young, wasted his fortune on his vices. He has now the reputation of being in high favor with the Lord-Lieutenant, Ormonde, for he pretends or declares he has discovered a plot amongst the Papists, and is in correspondence with Lord Shaftesbury and the 'patriots' in England, for the purpose of devising the best means of bringing the conspirators to justice. Meanwhile, he would improve his fortune by seeking for the hand of Judith Lawson! Am I not right, then, Hannah, in considering myself as degraded, when a wretch so base and vile as Fitzgerald can, for a moment, seriously believe he is in a position to become my suitor?"

Before Hannah had time to reply to the question of her angry and excited mistress, the voice of one of the men behind them was heard exclaiming:

"Hurry! hurry! hurry onward, mistress; there are horsemen following us at full speed! The Lord have mercy on us all, if they are Rapparees, and Redmond O'Hanlon at the head of them!"

Despite her natural courage, a thrill of terror ran through the frame of Judith Lawson when the awful name of Redmond O'Hanlon was pronounced, for she remembered to have heard her father a hundred times speak of him as the most merciless foe to every one of English birth and descent that had settled and acquired lands in Ireland.

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Her belief of that well-known and then most formidable chieftain was, that his delight was in shedding the blood of men, women and children, sparing neither age nor sex, when they were purely English.

The mere mention of the name of Redmond O'Hanlon was sufficient to paralyze all the energies of the young waiting-woman; she would have fallen from her horse had not Judith Lawson caught her in her arms, crying:

"Here, Norris, take this girl and place her in the saddle before you. Brophy, hold the rein of her horse, and guide it with your own. Let both follow me wherever I lead."

Having seen these directions acted upon, she turned round, in order that she might, with her own eyes, see whether there was just cause for that alarm which had been given to her and her companions.

Four horsemen were seen advancing at full speed toward the travelers, and a second glance was not needed to convince the cool and courageous Judith that they were robbers by profession. The nags they rode were rough, wild-looking animals, the dresses of three of the riders were old and ragged, whilst the fourth, who wore a short red cloak, and had a feather in his hat, was, like his companions, armed with a long gun. The face of the man with the red cloak was covered with a black mask, while his companions had thick mustaches and long beards.

The purposes of the pursuers could not be for a moment doubtful, because, even whilst Judith turned round to look at them, she saw one of the men stop, deliberately unloose his gun, take a steady aim at her, and discharge his piece.

At the same instant she heard the sound of the shot, she saw Hannah's horse tumble to the earth, and then struggling in the agonies of death.

"Whatever may befall us," said the gallant Judith, "these villains shall be made to feel we do not fear them. Give me your gun, Norris, and I shall try and unmask the villain yonder."

"For heaven's sake," said the terrified Norris, "do not shoot at them, or we shall be all massacred!"

"Give me your gun," cried the enraged Judith, "or I will stab you with my hunting-knife!"

"Oh, here—take it, take it! and God send you hit nobody. Above all things, don't fire at the man with the mask, for I am quite sure it is Redmond O'Hanlon himself," said the trembling Norris.

"If it were Redmond O'Hanlon a thousand times over," said Judith, "I will do my best to unhorse him. It is a poor revenge to kill an Irish garron for the good horse of my father's he has slain."

As Judith spoke, she directed the musket with a fixed and deadly aim at the person who appeared to be the commander of the pursuers, and a shout of joy burst from her lips as the smoke from the piece cleared away, and she perceived that her shot had been followed by the fall of man and horse.

"I am sure I have slain the horse and spared the rider," remarked Judith.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried Norris.

"We are all dead men!" added Brophy.

"Here, Brophy, load Norris's gun for him, and give me yours to make use of, if I need it," said Judith. "Fools and cowards, as you are! do you not perceive these fellows are not in such a hurry following us as they were a few moments ago? They, like ourselves, have now but three horses at their command. Give me your gun, Brophy."

The man gave it, but he had only pretended to load it. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"This comes of firing shots to alarm the country," and he pointed to a narrow path which approached the road at right angles, and along which two furious and ragged fellows, armed with guns, were hurrying toward them on foot.

"The odds are against us!" exclaimed the dauntless Judith. "All we have to do now is to retreat as best we can, and our only place for making a last struggle is that cabin on the hillside yonder. Hasten on, both of you. I will take the post of danger in the rear."

These commands were at once acted upon. The attendants of Judith rode as men ride whose lives depend upon the swiftness and strength of their steeds. At once they quitted the road and paced along the green fields, and bounded over wide ditches, which an hour before they would not have ventured to look at but with surprise that any one would have the courage to cross them.

The high breeding and the solid feeding of their horses saved them well on such occasion, whilst, as an impediment to their pursuers, was a long tract of swamp which lay along the wood, and between it and the hill, down to the very point where Judith and her companions had first quitted the road, so that the pursuers had to come down to the exact spot from which she and her men had started, and then to follow, as well as they could with their weak nags, over the same fields and across the same ditches.

Judith and her followers might, by the new course they had taken, have completely escaped without stopping at the slated cabin, from their pursuers on horseback, had not the assailants been aided by the robbers on foot, who kept at an untiring speed behind them.

"Knock at the door; ask for permission to enter, and save yourselves from those thieves and murderers," said Judith to Brophy.

Her commands were obeyed. The door was opened, and it was about to be again closed, when it was again thrown wide open, and the person inside the cabin stepped into the air, and removing from his head a small black cap, he bowed low to Judith and said:

"I pray your pardon, lady; I was alarmed by the appearance of an armed man knocking at such an hour at my humble door. The moment, however, that I perceived he was accompanied by a woman I knew there was not only no danger to be apprehended, but, perchance that it might be within my poor means to afford relief. I see that you are beset by the wicked thieves that haunt this neighborhood. Hasten in, my children, that I may give you such security as well-barred doors and iron-fastened windows can afford."

"I am told, sir," said Judith, bounding from her horse, and aiding her men, as she spoke, in bringing Hannah inside the house—"I am told that the men who pursue us are robbers, and one of my servants assures me that the man in command of them is the notorious footpad, Redmond O'Hanlon."

"You have been misinformed, my child," replied the old man, as he bolted the windows and barred the door. "The villains who pursue you are not, I am sure, the adherents or the friends of Redmond O'Hanlon."

The conversation of the old man and Judith was rendered inaudible by the loud shouts and exultant cries of the robbers, as they captured the horses of the travelers—a capture that was rendered particularly precious by the seizure of Judith's horse, with its silver bit and velvet saddle-cloth fringed with a deep border of thick-worked, heavy gold embroidery.

"I hope," said the old man, "that these unhappy men may be satisfied with the prize they have already taken,

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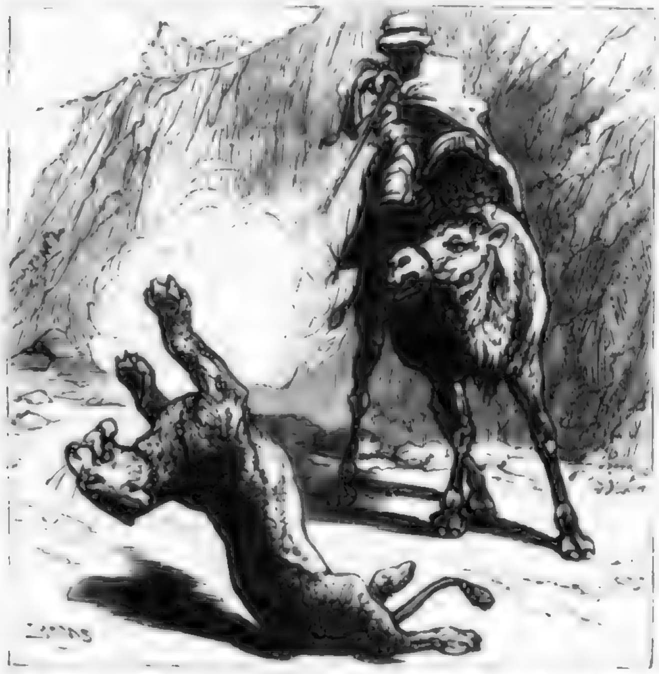


A SCRATCHED CAMEL.—"I FIRED JUST AS THE BEAST WAS RISING FOR A SECOND SPRING; AND THEN PREPARED TO BOUND OUT OF MY SADDLE."—SEE PAGE 234.

and that respect for me will induce them to leave you in peace within my dwelling."

"I fear them not, sir," replied Judith, "while I hold this gun and have strength to use my hunting-knife against them."

"Better to suffer wrong than to shed blood, daughter," said the old man. "Your strength and skill would be a poor defense against those savage men. My words may be of more avail than twenty swords. If these wicked men will not listen to me, then place your confidence in God, and be certain He will not desert you in the hour of need."

As the old man ceased from speaking a shot was fired outside, and a loud clatter, caused by the beating of butt-ends of muskets, was heard at the door. This was followed by the cry of:

"The prisoners! the prisoners! we demand the delivery of the prisoners, their weapons and their purses."

"Lie down, my children, on the ground, lest those men should fire in through door or window. I will, with this lady, proceed up-stairs and parley with your assailants from an opening in the roof."

When the old man had thus addressed the trembling domestics he led Judith, who still bore the musket with her, to the roof.

"Conceal yourself, my child," he said, "from their view. As to me, I fear no harm they can do me. If I am about to meet death in trying to save life, then do not weep for me; but wish that you may one day partake of that happiness which is the sure reward of all who, for God's sake, lay down their lives for the benefit of their fellow creatures."

"What would you?" said the old man, as he pushed aside the boards that concealed the opening on the roof, and stood full in view of the assailants. "What would you? or wherefore have you attacked this house, in which none are to be found but peaceful travelers?"

"Give up the prisoners—deliver our prisoners. We want their weapons and their purses," cried two or three persons in the same breath.

"Let one speak for all," said the old man. "Who is your leader?"

"I am," said the man with the mask, "and I claim for my men the weapons and purses of your guests; for myself, the person who fired upon me; that person, I am well aware, is Miss Judith Lawson."

"And that person," said Judith, trembling with rage, "will die sooner than render herself your prisoner. She fired at you once before, intending only to slay your horse, but now she aims at your heart, with the intention to rid the world of a base thief and cowardly villain!"

As she spoke these words the musket she held was directed at the man in the mask; but the lock snapped, and no report followed, and as Judith, in her vexation, was about to cast the useless weapon from her, she felt her arms clasped from behind, and a cord ran through them pinioned her elbows close together, and a broad, red-faced, foxy-bearded man, whose breath was fetid with the fumes of usquebaugh, grinned at her as he peered up in her frowning eyes.

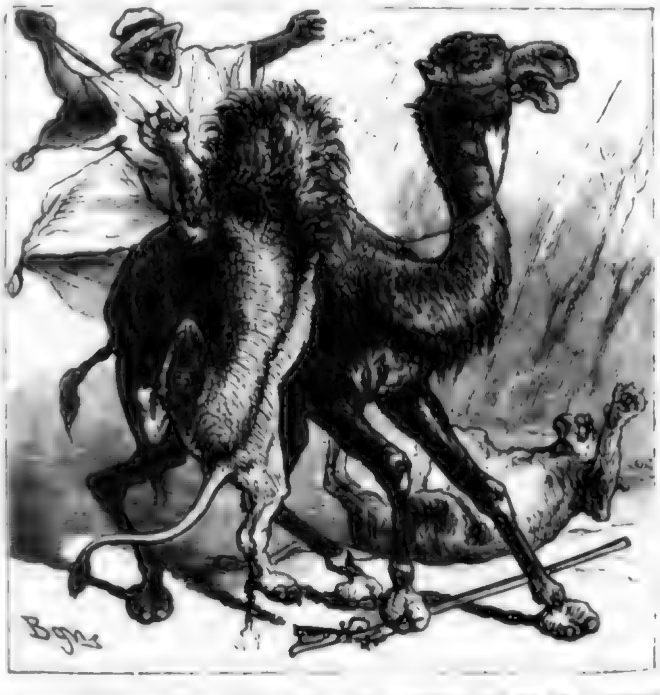
"What a wicked, willful Penthesilea!" the rude captain cried, in a bantering voice. "Achilles wept because he had, unconscious of her personal charms, slain a beautiful virago; but here is a Queen of the Amazons who would slay the suitor who is risking life and limb to make her his wife."

Chapter II.

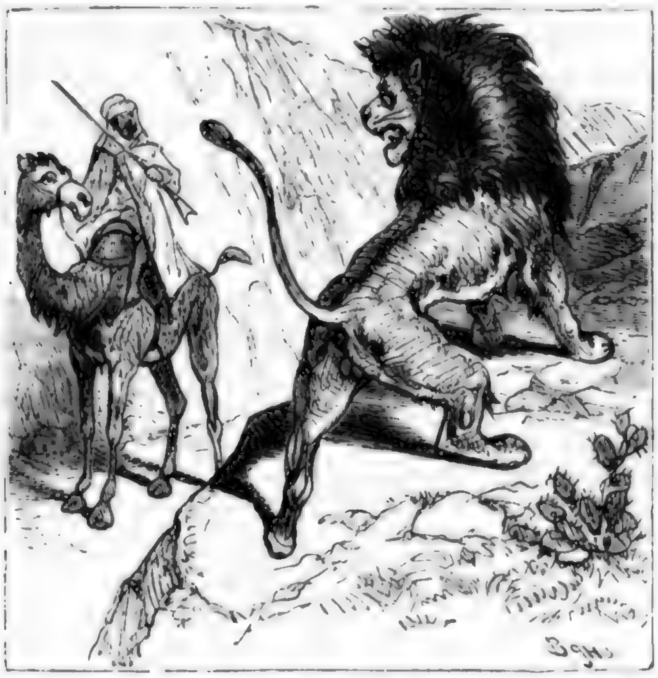
For some hours Judith had been on horseback. Tied by a thick cord to the person who rode before her, and her arms still bound, although the bonds had been so relaxed as to allow her hands to touch each other, she rode on, silently and sullenly, never condescending to make a single reply to her captors from the moment that she was a prisoner and had been deprived of her knife and hunting-whip.

As Judith thus rode she perceived that the cavalcade that watched her was led by the man with the mask.

Judith concluded from all she witnessed, that her captors were apprehensive of coming into collision with some force hostile to their own, and that secrecy, not less than expedition, was necessary to secure success to their enterprise. Her courage, which had never abated, received new strength and vigor when the appearances around her led her mind to this conclusion; and she was, therefore, watchful to avail herself of any opportunity that might present itself to enable her to effect her escape.



A SCRATCHED CAMEL.—"AS THE LION BOUNDED ON TO US I THREW MYSELF BACK, BUT TOO LATE TO ESCAPE; FOR THE MONSTER'S CLAWS WERE FIXED IN MY LEG."



A SCRATCHED CAMEL.—"RIGHT ABOVE ME, A MONSTROUS MALE LION LOOKING FIERCELY DOWN AT ME, AND LASHING ITS TAIL AS IT SET UP ITS MANE."—SEE PAGE 234.

The moment, she fancied, had at length arrived for making such an attempt, when, after riding for a few hours in the night, she perceived her captors unexpectedly pause, and that the masked man at the head of the expedition rode suddenly up to her.

"I wish, Mistress Lawson," said this man, "to shorten your journey by some hours. I can do so by passing direct through a village that lies on our road; but I cannot venture to make my way through it unless I have your promise that you will remain silent, that you will not alarm the inhabitants by your cries, nor seek in any way to make your escape from us."

Judith looked scornfully at the man, but made no reply.

"I must have an answer," said he. "I have no other object in proposing this to you than to save you a toilsome journey. Escape from us is now an impossibility."

"Villain!" replied the enraged Judith, "I will enter into no terms with you. Do your worst—I defy you! All I require is but to know the name of my cowardly oppressor, in order that I may vow eternal enmity against him!"

"Foolish girl!" replied the man, with a scornful laugh. "Think you I would have commenced such a project as this without securing the means for making you my own, mayhap my slave, not for a day nor a year, but for life? You have defied my enmity—idiot! the time, I trust, will come when you shall be my loving mistress and most dutiful wife."

"I am your prisoner, sir," observed Judith; "but the day and the hour may not be distant when we shall stand upon terms of greater equality with each other. Should that day ever arrive, then you shall be made to fear, not a woman's tongue, but a woman's hand; but, until then, I will not degrade myself by exchanging another word with you."

The party proceeded in silence for four hours, and the darkness of night was beginning to yield to the first gray tints of morning, when Judith fancied that she could recognize, in such portions of the landscape as were discernible, features that reminded her of the neighborhood of Dublin. She would have felt certain she was correct in her surmises, but that she saw, or supposed she saw, a building in the distant gloom which resembled a small fort or castle, with two low, flat towers; and such a building was utterly unknown to her.

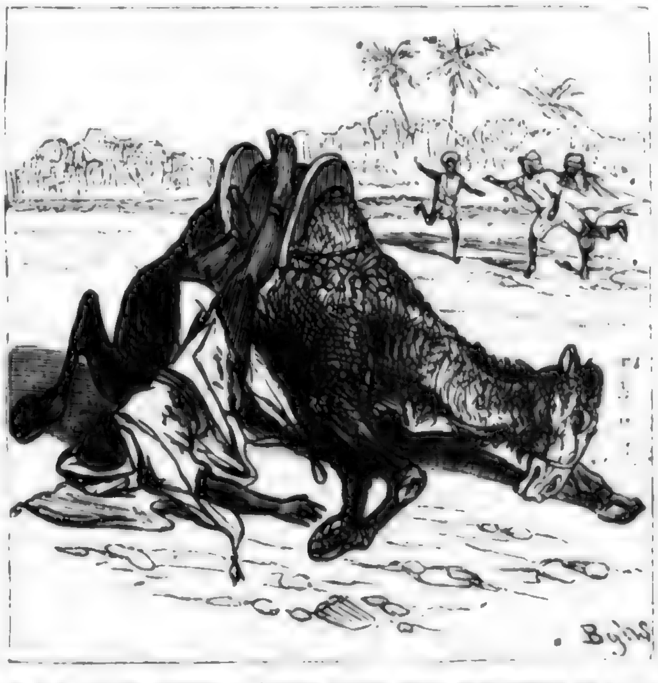
As the daylight was dawning she found herself and steed crossing a wooden bridge into the narrow gate of a small fortress; and as the gate closed behind her, she was certain she heard the noise of machinery lifting up and removing the bridge over which she had passed a moment before.

Judith, without a murmur, permitted herself to be lifted from her horse; and she followed, without remark, one of her captors as he mounted a narrow winding stair, which led to an apartment that appeared to her to be at the top of the fortress. The apartment was a large round room, to which there was a single window.

"There," said the man, pointing to a narrow doorway—"there lie your bed and dressing-room. Here is wine; there, bread. The Brass Castle—for such is the name of your present abode—can afford you no better nourishment to-night. In the morning the governor will wait upon you, and then he will hear what are your wishes; and then, perhaps, you will learn from him what are his commands; and it is to be hoped, for your own sake, that you will at once put them in practice. What you have now to do is to lock me and all other intruders out. You may be sure that I shall do what is my business on the outside, and not only lock, but, so far as iron bonds can attain the purpose, treble chain you in. There is wine; there is bread; there is your sleeping-room. Think over the events of to-day, and prepare yourself for to-morrow, by being a mild, meek-tempered young woman—that which, I would say, judging of you by your behavior this day, you never can be. *Bon repos!*"

Judith mechanically bolted the door of her chamber the moment the man left, and then, flinging from her the richly-plumed, gold-laced hat she had worn during the day, she cast herself upon the bed, dressed as she was; and whilst endeavoring to think over the incidents of the day, a deep, heavy, almost apoplectic sleep fell upon her, and the sun was high in the heavens, and there was a loud, incessant knocking at the door, before she again awoke to consciousness, or that she could be so completely aroused as to be capable of comprehending either where she was or what had befallen her.

"Had my knocking remained two minutes longer



A SCRATCHED CAMEL.—"POOR SAYED FELL EXHAUSTED IN THE SAND—SO NEAR THAT MY PEOPLE HAD SEEN US COMING, RAN TO MY HELP AND BORE ME TO MY TENT."

XUM

without being noticed, I should have called up Murfey and the other vagabonds below, with sledge-hammers to break open the door, and see whether you had been mad enough to try and make your escape, or wise enough to try to put an end to yourself."

Such were the words addressed to Judith as she opened her chamber door and admitted him who uttered them.

The new-comer was an old, a very old man. His head was completely bald; but a long white beard of thin, straggling hairs covered his mouth, chin and breast. His eyes were large and staring, and the eyelids blood-red, as if they were in a constant state of inflammation, and their painful expression of incessant, greedy, pitiless watchfulness was rendered almost appalling by the deep-red, shaggy eyebrows. The body was lean and fragile, and the legs of the old man trembled beneath him as he slowly hobbled from the door to the table, and there deposited a basket and an earthen pitcher, which he carried in long, bony, talon-like hands.

"There," said the old man, seating himself in a chair by the side of the table, as if he were fatigued with his journey up-stairs, and tired from waiting at the door for Judith's awaking—"there, young woman, is your breakfast—fresh bread, new milk and a roast fowl. Few prisoners feast so well as that."

Judith looked at the old man with anxious interest. She was so accustomed to find all who approached her hitherto willing to fulfill her wishes, that she could not suppose the person before her would refuse the request to aid in her escape, when she knew that whatever reward she promised, her father would readily and joyfully pay.

"Do you think it would be possible to escape from this place?" she asked.

"Yes, if those who had care of the prisoners were disposed to aid them," responded the jailer.

"Have you ever helped any one to escape?"

"Never."

"If I gave you a thousand pounds, would you assist me?"

The old man clasped his thin arms with his long, bony fingers, as if he were hugging himself with delight, whilst Judith was speaking to him. At length he started up from the chair on which he had been, up to this time, resting; and, pointing to it, he nodded his head to Judith, as if he desired her to take the seat he had just quitted.

"Are you not Judith Lawson, the only child of Ebenezer Lawson, at one time a Cromwellian dragoon, and attached to the army acting at a particular period in the north of Ireland, under the special directions of Lieutenant-General Ludlow?" asked the old man, in a voice that became shrill with intense emotion.

"I am."

"Thank God! thank God!" cried the old man, exultantly. "And now, hear me, Judith Lawson; if every hair on your head was a diamond; if your whole body could be transformed into gold, and that diamonds and gold were tendered to me to aid in your escape—and that escape from the most lingering and torturing death that the wit and malignity of man could devise—I would scorn to touch your gold or handle your diamonds. I would leave you to your doom; I would not stir a step to save you from perdition. And would you know the reason why, Judith Lawson? It is because you are the daughter—because you are the only child of Ebenezer Lawson—because you are the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart. Unhappy, miserable, God-abandoned young woman! you know me not, and it is most probable that your cruel and remorseless father never heard my name; and yet I am his victim. And when you tell me that you have committed no crime, and would provoke my pity in your behalf by assuring me you are innocent, what is my reply to you? That I committed no crime; that I, too, was innocent, and yet your father—yes, your father, Judith Lawson—without the slightest provocation, with no wrong done to him, with no insult offered to him, slew my wife, my sons, my daughters——"

"Who are you, sir?—how come you to make such vague and terrible accusations against my father? I do not understand what you are speaking about," said the indignant Judith, believing that the old man was raving in his dotage.

"Oh!" said the old man, with a withering sneer, "Ebenezer Lawson's daughter has been so tenderly nurtured that she has never heard of the exploits of her gallant father in the neighborhood of Dundalk—she never heard of the smothering of a number of the miserable Irish fugitives in a cavern to which they fled for safety."

"Old man! old man!" said Judith, deeply moved by the jailer's excited manner, "you speak in parables to me; I have not the slightest notion what are these circumstances to which you are referring."

"Then you shall not be another moment in ignorance," said the jailer. "You have asked to know my name; I will tell it—Gerald Geraghty. It was once well known; and I may add that no act of mine, or of my family, had brought discredit upon the good fame of our ancestors. We took up arms to defend life and home and property. In that conflict we were defeated, and the soldiers of the English Parliament were laying waste the land with fire and sword, sparing neither youth nor age nor sex. We—that is, my family, my farm-servants and myself—betook ourselves to a cave, in the hope of escaping that general slaughter to which all were doomed by the Republicans. In that cavern we were joined by others, who, like us, wished to save life, and to avoid a cruel death; and amongst others that fled to our retreat was a poor family, distant kinsmen, having with them, it was said, a foster-child, the infant son of Colonel Fitzpatrick, of the Queen's County. I know not whether it was the report of that child having escaped those who thirsted for its blood that attracted attention to our desolate hiding-place; but the fact was, that in a few days the iron-coats of Ludlow were around us; and most conspicuous amongst those ruthless men were your father and your uncle. By your uncle my brother, whilst guarding the mouth of the cave, was slain, and by my hand was your uncle shot as he was forcing his way over the dead body of my brother. Then followed a deed of cruelty, such as was never before practiced among Christians. The cave was closed, all the outlets stopped, and wood was burned around us, so that we might be slain with the stifling smoke, and many were so stifled; and then the cavern was entered by your father; and then, with his own hand, he slew my wife, the mother of my children, and then my daughters, and then my sons. I was one of the few who escaped their search. To-day vengeance falls upon him heavily. I might prevent you from encountering a fate worse than death; I choose that you shall live to be degraded—live to despair!"

As the old man spoke these last words he hurried from the room, and a moment afterward she heard the heavy door locked and bolted on the outside.

The strong nerves of Judith were completely broken down for the moment by this strong outburst of vindictive passion and undying enmity. She loved her father devotedly; in her eyes he was without a fault—the best, the bravest, the greatest of mankind. She forgot her own griefs in the contemplation of this accusation against him.

Chapter III.

The old tavern or coffee-house, "The Hawk," in Cook Street, was for a long time one of the most celebrated houses of entertainment in the City of Dublin, but at no time was its fame better established, or its public room more crowded from midday to midnight, than during the last ten years of the reign of Charles II.

In one of the upper rooms of "The Hawk" were two persons engaged in earnest conversation: one, a small and villainous-looking man, who bore no small resemblance to a weasel, sat at the side of a bed; the other, tall, lank and grim, was stretched upon that bed, seemingly in great mental agony.

"It is useless for you to talk to me, Ludlow," the latter was saying, in an impatient voice. "I do not care for what you have to say. Only give me back my Judith—my darling Judith—and I will give you every inch of ground I possess!"

"Be patient, Lawson," replied the man addressed as Ludlow; "this is a very important matter, I tell you. There have appeared two claimants to the Fitzpatrick estates, which you and I have held so long."

Lawson raised himself on his elbow.

"Who are they?" he asked, eagerly.

"First, Colonel Fitzpatrick, who, as you know, left Ireland with his regiment and entered into the service of the King of Spain. We heard that he was dead, as you are aware, but it seems that he is not, and there are rumors afloat which justify us in believing that any day Colonel Fitzpatrick may land on Irish soil and claim his confiscated estates. The other is his son Vincent, now twenty-five years of age, and they say he is even now in Ireland, only waiting an opportunity for asserting his rights."

Ebenezer Lawson ground his teeth with unavailing fury.

"What! that boy! the child I hunted from one end of Ireland to the other! here, alive, waiting to claim estates which I have looked upon as mine for years! Curse this wound which prevents me tracking him to his den, wherever that may be, and slaying him like a dog! Nay, nay, what am I talking about? If I had strength it should be used to search for my child."

At this moment there was a knocking at the door, and the person outside being bidden to enter, did so. It was the landlord, who said:

"There is an old man below who wishes to speak with you."

"Send him up," was the eager reply; "he may know something of my child."

We will now return to Judith Lawson.

Poor girl! a week's imprisonment had swept the color from her rounded cheeks, had filled her eyes with a mist like unshed tears, and half crushed the courage for which she was famous.

Strange to say, she had as yet seen no one but her old jailer, Gerald Geraghty, and for the last twenty-four hours not even him.

To-day, however, this was to be changed, for at this moment a strange hand was knocking at her door.

With a listless step she rose and unbarred it, but the next moment threw herself, sobbing hysterically, into the arms of the tall and handsome man before her.

"Judith! my love, my darling!" and with a cry of mingled amazement and love, he pressed the sobbing girl to his bosom, and kissed her again and again. "Good God, Judith, what a meeting! Are *you*, then, the victim which David Fitzgerald decoyed into his clutches, but which Providence has mercifully deprived of the power to harm?" and he led her to a seat, and, amid tears and smiles, there was a mutual explanation.

After giving an account of her abduction to her lover, the young man, whose fair face had flushed with indignation many times during the recital, proceeded to explain his appearance in that place.

"You must first know, Judith, darling," he began, gravely, "a fact which I was anxious to conceal from you, fearing that it might trouble you. I am that Redmond O'Hanlon of whom you have heard so much, as well as Vincent Fitzpatrick, and heir to the estates which are now called your own."

As he spoke the girl shrank from him in terror, but only for a moment. One look into those large blue eyes, that noble face, was sufficient to reassure her, and with a smile she said:

"Wonders will never cease; that was the reason, dear, you enjoined such absolute secrecy in our meetings?"

"Yes, Judith. I came back to Ireland a year ago, expecting to meet my father there, but month after month passed and he did not come. Until his arrival with the proofs of my identity to lay before the Duke of Ormonde, I could do nothing. It was not even safe to avow myself, since your father's unrelenting hatred would have put it out of my power to stand in his way at all. One day, as you know, when I had been here about a month, I met you walking unattended in your, or my—or shall I say *our?*—park. I spoke to you, for it was a case of love at first sight. The rest in relation to that you know. But you do not know that at last, all other resources failing, I joined a band of those men known as Rapparees. I did not reveal my identity to them, but adopted the name of Redmond O'Hanlon, and by that name I am known. Need I assure you, Judith, that those who have spoken of me as cruel and bloodthirsty have spoken falsely? Two weeks ago I received intelligence that my father had arrived from Spain. I immediately started for Dublin to meet him, well disguised. Meantime, I left my men under control of David Fitzgerald, a man whom I thought I could trust. This morning I returned and heard a strange story from them. They said that a few days after my departure, Fitzgerald called aside three of the worst and most unscrupulous, and commanded them to accompany him and obey his orders. They did so, and you know what the object of that expedition was, since you were the victim of it. He hoped to force you to marry him, and thus become heir to your father's wealth. The morning after you were brought here he was found dead in his bed, but what was the cause of his death no one could discover. Nobody else knew who you were, or dared to molest you; consequently you were let alone until my return, that I might decide what disposal to make of you. I think I know what to do, Judith—that is, if you will let me—make you my wife immediately."

"But my father, Vincent?"

The brow of Redmond O'Hanlon darkened.

"Your father has hunted me like a wild animal since I first came into the world. He shall not keep *you* from me. Will you marry me to-night in the chapel of the castle? I can procure a priest. My father returned with me, and shall be present."

"Yes, Vincent, I will be ready."

And Judith Lawson, in her haughty beauty and dauntless bearing, looked a fit mate for the famous and, among the oppressed, beloved Redmond O'Hanlon, or, as we know him to be, Vincent Fitzpatrick.

As the bell in the Brass Tower struck eleven that night, three figures crept through the darkness to an angle in

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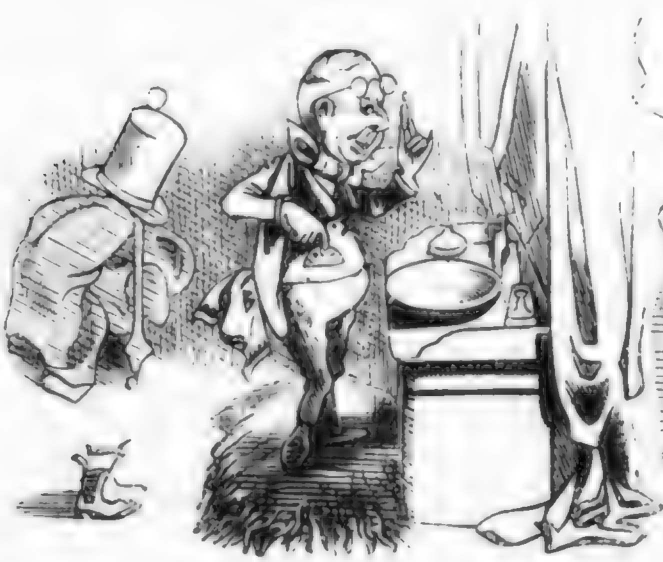
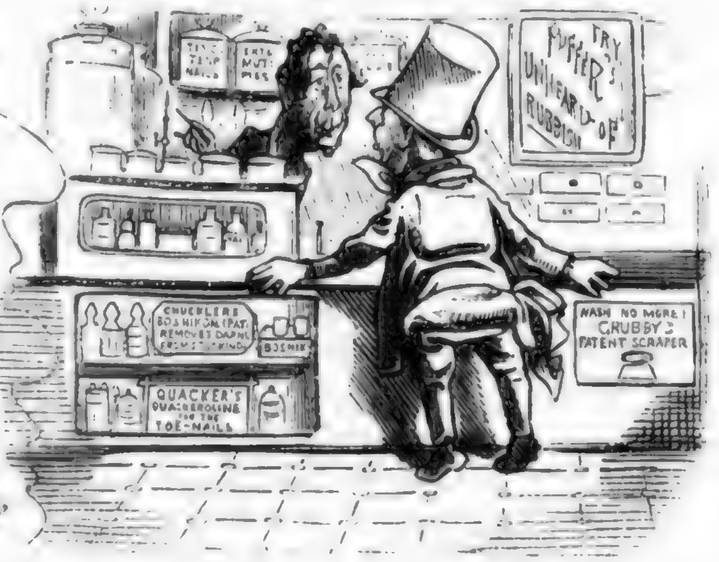
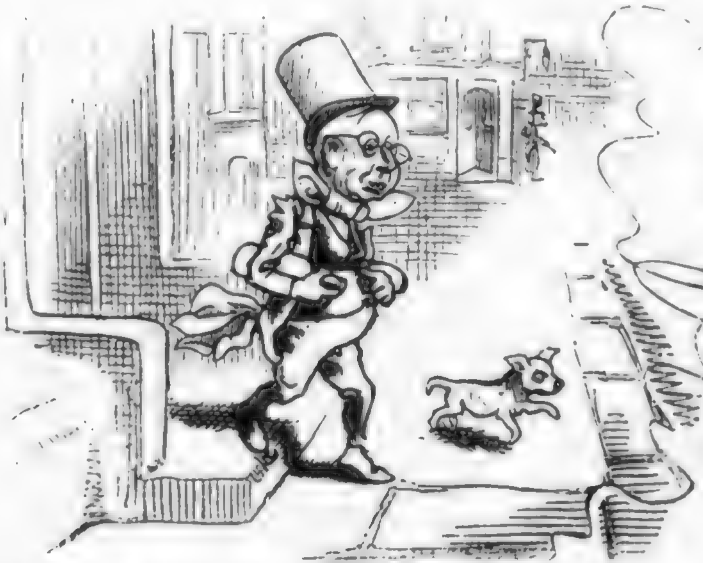


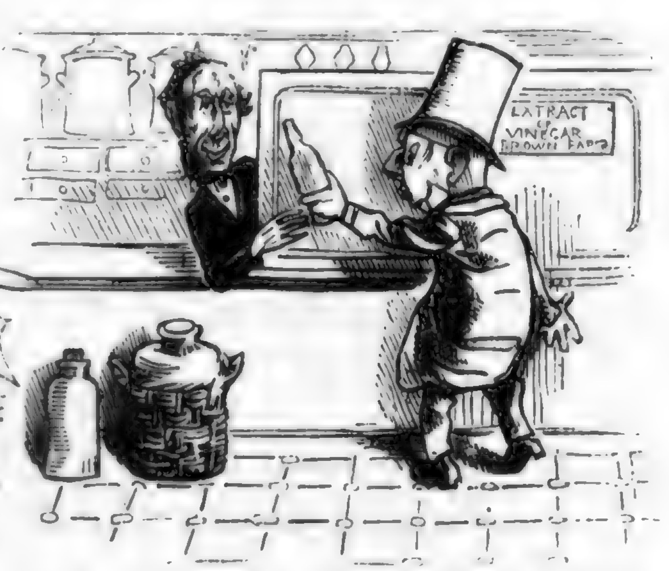
Our economical invalid said to himself: "Medicine is dear; I will buy only sufficient to fill this little phial."


TRY PUFFER'S UNHEARD-OF RUBBISH
CHUCKLER'S BOSHIKON (PAT.) REMOVES DAPHS FROM ST. KIND
BOSHIK
QUACKER'S QUACKEROLINE FOR THE TOE-NAILS
WASH NO MORE! GRUBBY'S PATENT SCRAPER

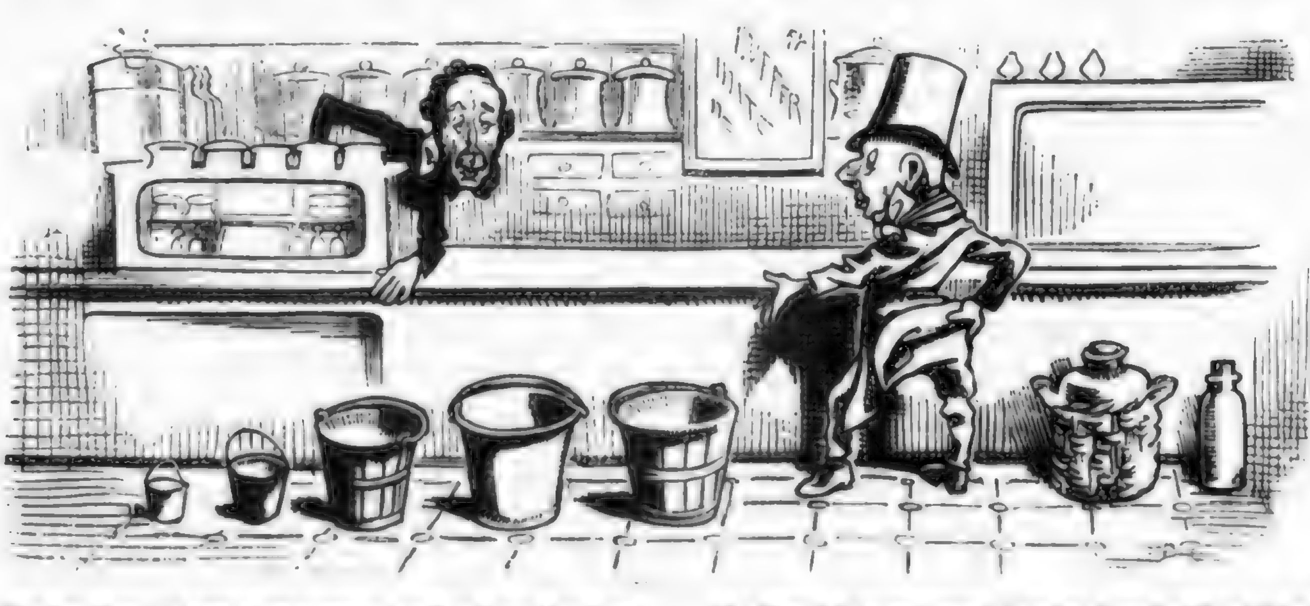
"You mean to take this as drops?" said the apothecary. "Four dollars and seventy-five cents, if you please."



"Can't pay for even another little phial-full," said our invalid, next time; "so I may as well go in a buster, get a whole pint of that stuff, and then turn bankrupt."


EXTRACT OF VINEGAR BROWN PAPER

"You take this by the wineglassful?" said the apothecary. "One dollar for the pint, please."



Then our invalid's eyes were opened; and the third time he craved medicine he went for it wholesale.

"Ah!" said the apothecary, "as you intend to drink it out of the pail, we'll give you this little lot gratis."

THE VALUE OF AN ARTICLE IS ACCORDING TO HOW IT IS FETCHED.

the wall of the tower, and there paused as if for consultation.

"If you will wait here a moment," said one in a whisper, "I will open a private door into the chapel. I have the key, and once in, we shall be unobserved among the pillars."

The other two nodded assent, and then began a whispered conversation, while the third proceeded.

"Ludlow," began the taller of the two, "revenge has given me new life. Heaven has answered my prayer, and given into my hands these two men. The villains! to dare to steal from me my child. Why does not that old man make haste! she may even now be married to David Fitzgerald, and the proud Fitzpatricks gloating over her degradation."

At that instant the third of the party appeared, saying: "Come, I have unlocked the door, and now, Ebenezer Lawson, if you wish to revenge an insult to your child, be firm and without mercy."

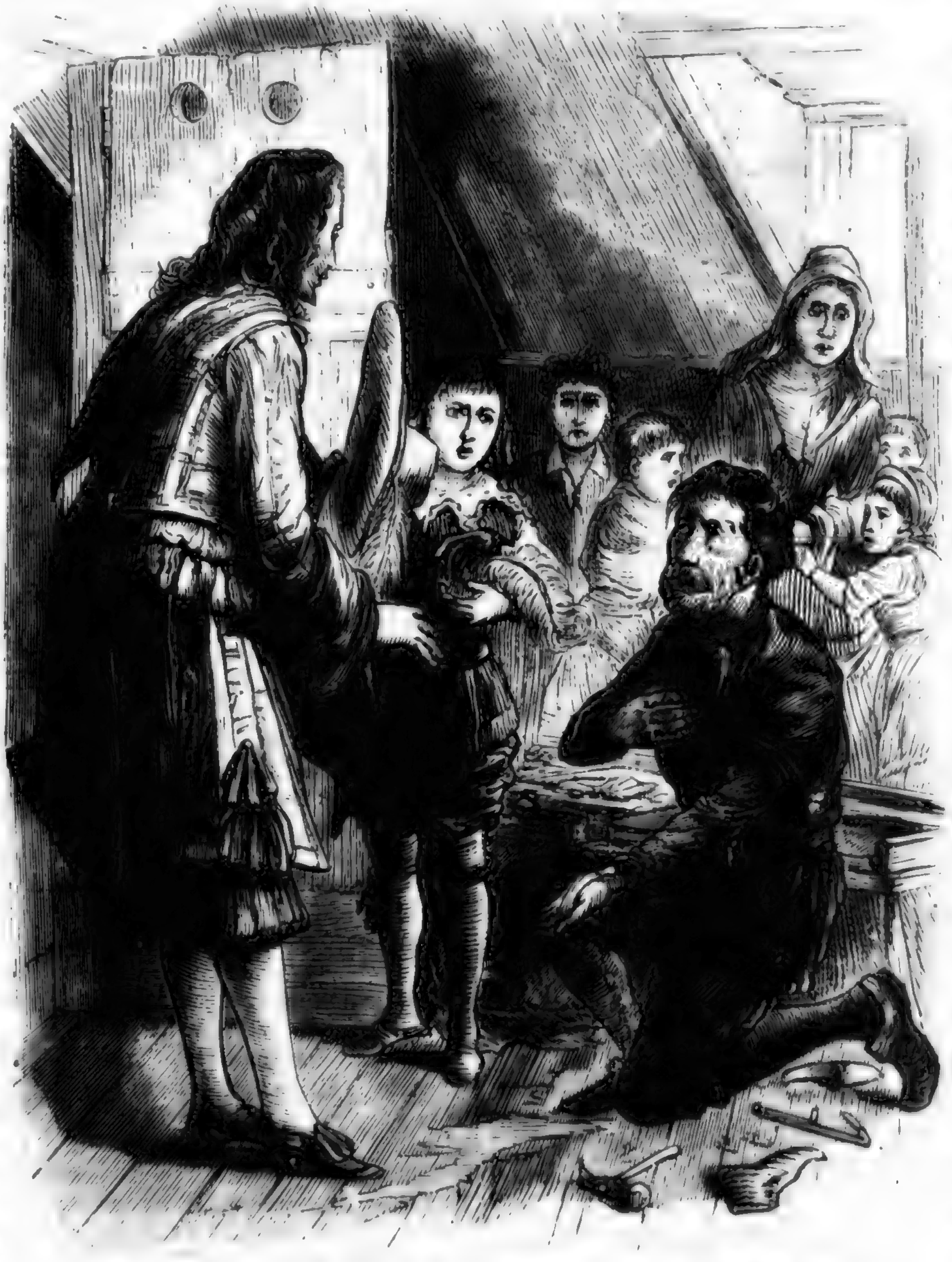
With noiseless steps the three entered a passageway, disclosed by the opening of a small door in the wall, and after traversing this a few moments, they stepped out into a vast apartment, lighted brilliantly at one end, but where they were dusky and uncertain.

In the full blaze of light, hand-in-hand, stood two figures: one, Lawson's daughter, Judith; the other, a tall and noble-looking man, with flaxen hair and fair complexion.

The priest who stood before them at that instant pronounced them husband and wife.

Lawson seized the old man by the arm, whispering:

"Too late, you villain! They are married; and who, in God's name, is the man at my daughter's side? It is not David Fitzgerald, for I have seen him. Speak!"



A ROBBER SAVED.—"HE FELL AT DE SALLO'S FEET AND IMPLORED HIS MERCY."

With a fiendish grin, Gerald Geraghty, for it was he, shook himself free from the grasp of Ebenezer Lawson.

"No," he said, in a voice of diabolical hate, "it is not. You came here to gratify your revenge against the Fitzpatricks. I brought you here to gratify my revenge against you. The man whom your daughter has just married is *Vincent Fitzpatrick*."

With the yell of a demon Ebenezer Lawson bounded across the room and fell upon his daughter's husband.

There was a wild cry of "Father, father!" a few fierce oaths, a flashing of steel, then Judith flung herself between the two.

She was just in time to receive the knife into her heart which was meant for her husband. Her father had murdered her!

As she sank upon the stone floor and her frantic father knelt beside her, a hoarse voice cried:

"Ebenezer Lawson, you slew with your own hand *my* wife and children. I have lived to cause you to slay your own child with that same hand. I have had my revenge."

A ROBBER SAVED.

In the year 1662, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, Monsieur de Sallo, returning from a Summer's evening walk, with only a little footboy, was accosted by a man, who presented a pistol, and, in a manner far from the resoluteness of a hardened robber, asked him for his money. Monsieur de Sallo, remarking that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get little from him, added:

"I have only three louis d'ors about me, which are not worth a scuffle—so much good may they do you. But let me tell you, you are in a bad way."

The man took them without asking for more, and walked off with an air of dejection and terror. He was no sooner gone than Monsieur de Sallo ordered the boy to follow him, to see where he went, and to give him an account of everything.

The lad obeyed, and followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the louis and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors further, and entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story, where he saw him go into a room that had no other light but what it received from the moon, and peeping through a crevice he perceived him throw the loaf upon the floor, and burst into tears, saying:

"There, eat your fill—there's the dearest loaf I ever bought. I have robbed a gentleman of three louis. Let us husband them well, and let me have no more teasings, for, sooner or later, these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamors."

His lamentations were answered by those of his whole family; and his wife, having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and, cutting it, gave it to four poor starving children.

The boy having thus happily performed his mission, returned home, and gave his master an account of all he had seen and heard. Monsieur de Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the morning. This humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and, taking the boy with him to show the way, inquired in the neighborhood the character of a man who lived in such a garret with his wife and four children; when he was told he was a very industrious, good kind of man, that he was a shoemaker, a neat workman, but was overburdened with a large family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times.

Satisfied with this account, Monsieur de Sallo ascended to the shoemaker's garret. Knocking at the door, it was opened by the poor man himself, who, knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet and implored his mercy, pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging he would forgive his first crime.

Monsieur de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him.

"You have a good character among your neighbors," said he, "but must expect your life must soon be cut short if you are now so wicked as to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand—there are thirty louis to buy leather; husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of further temptation to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry. I hear you are a neat workman; you shall take the measure of me and of this boy for two pairs of shoes each, and we shall call upon you for them."

The whole family were struck with joy, amazement and gratitude. Monsieur de Sallo departed, greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction at having saved a man, and perhaps a whole family, from the commission of guilt, from an ignominious death, and probably from eternal perdition.

A SCRATCHED CAMEL.

"Ah!" said the caïd, "the Lord of the Big Head is a terrible fellow."

"He is," said the old man of the tribe. "Allah preserve us from his wrath."

These words were said one evening in the camp; for I had taken to visiting the watchfires of the Kabyles pretty often of a night, for the sake of listening to the quaint stories they were so fond of telling.

"Few men," said the caïd, "escape without coming into contact with him, more or less. I had a terrible adventure once."

"Try some of this tobacco," I said, quietly, as I passed my pouch, and the caïd very willingly filled the bowl of his pipe.

There is no accounting for taste in pipes. That of my friend, the caïd, had a large, open bowl, a tremendously long jasmine stem, and a mouthpiece of amber—so big, that when I once, to oblige him, partook of a pipeful, I felt as if I was suffering all the time from an amber gag.

"Yes," said the caïd, "it was amongst the mountains further south, where I had been journeying for some days. The weather was very hot, and the sun and wind scorching. I did not feel it so much, however, for my burnoose was new, and the camel I rode magnificent. You like riding a good camel?" he said, interrogatively.

"No," I said, bluntly, for the Kabyles have a shrewd contempt for one who makes believe; "it always makes me feel sick."

"Want of use," he said, pityingly. "To be mounted on a good-bred camel with one low hump—an animal that goes like the whirlwind over the long stretches of sand—is glorious.

"I had such a camel, and his speed was magnificent. He never seemed to tire, and we sped across the desert at our will.

"I was mounted on Sayed, and as we went at a gentle pace through a rugged country, sprinkled with small palms, coarse grasses and the prickly cactus, I held him back; for it struck me that at any moment an antelope might spring up, and as I had my gun, a piece wonderful in its truth, I hoped to carry back with me across the camel that which would make a splendid addition to our feast.

"The only other arm I possessed was a long, keen narrow-bladed knife stuck in my girdle.

"But that long-barreled piece, it would carry a large bullet to a tremendous distance, and its killing powers were grand. I need scarcely tell you that it was carefully loaded and primed, ready for the first head of game that would appear.

"We were getting weary, my camel and I, toward evening, for our journey had been long and painful; but home was growing nearer, and we went on at a gentle pace, till suddenly a low, deep, echoing roar told me that there was a lion somewhere in the neighborhood.

"Sayed uttered a low sigh, and stopped short, as if to give me time to get ready my gun; but as the roar sounded away to the right, I urged him on, when the roar was again heard, and this time from right in front.

"Now, as the country rose up ruggedly on either side in a way that was quite impassable for a camel, there was nothing for it but to go steadily on, keeping a good lookout in the narrow ravine I had to traverse, and be ready to urge on the camel as soon as a clear road was open.

"To have gone on fast now meant inviting any lurking lion to make a spring; while quiet progression, perhaps, meant sending the fierce animal away.

"For, as you saw the other day, the lion at times will not stay to be hunted; he will even show respect to a traveler by hurrying out of his way so as not to alarm him.

"So, encouraging Sayed, I went steadily on through the narrow way, which wound so about that I could see but a very short distance before me, and as short a distance behind.

"Traveling at such times becomes terrible work; but I

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put my trust in Allah, held my gun ready, with its long barrel shining in the sun, and, keeping a sharp lookout to the right and left, I went on.

"'It is a male lion,' I said to myself, at last, 'and he has been magnanimous. He has had respect to me and my tribe, and gone on.'

"I had scarcely thought this, and determined to urge my course onward, so as to get out of the narrow defile, when there was a loud, hollow roar from behind a clump of cactus, just a little in advance.

"My camel stopped short, and began to heave itself about uneasily, and for a few moments I thought of turning back, only a moment's consideration told me that this was more dangerous than going forward, since, with my gun ready, I could fire at an advancing enemy.

"If I went backward, it was like inviting the lion to run along the rocks above me, and to spring upon my back.

"It was not to be thought of; so I said a few words to my camel again, and tried to go on; but Sayed set his legs out widely and uttered a strange noise, showing his fear of the danger that was before us. More than that, he tried to turn round once more and run back.

"'It is not to be thought of, Sayed!' I exclaimed. 'Go on, my son, and even yet the lion may let us pass on.'

"The noise had ceased; so we proceeded again, with Sayed lifting his legs very cautiously, and more than once turning round his long neck, as if to see whether I was ready with my gun.

"We got along for another fifty yards, and then I became aware that the wild beast we had heard was creeping along behind the plants and pieces of rock, so as to keep a little ahead of us.

"Still, I hoped that it would go off without our seeing it, my idea being that it was a male lion; but all hope was crushed down by the sight of a tawny skin some twenty yards ahead.

"Then Sayed stopped short, and I sat there, gazing at a great lioness which had leaped into the middle of the path, and now stood there, writhing her tail, showing her teeth, and with her eyes glowering at me furiously.

"As I said, she was about twenty yards from me, and presented a fine shot; but I was so taken by surprise that I forgot my gun, and sat looking at the great creature.

"After gazing at us for a few moments, she sat down like a cat, and remained motionless till Sayed turned his head, as if to ask me why I did not fire, when the lioness roused herself, took a couple of steps forward, and prepared to spring.

"She now looked frightful, with her ears laid flat, her eyes half closed, and her glistening white teeth apparently longing to stain themselves with blood.

"At this moment my feeling of terror seemed to give way to a wish to act; and, half thinking that I should be too late, I raised my gun to my shoulder, said a few soothing words to Sayed, so as to keep him quiet, and took careful aim at the lioness.

"Before I could fire with any degree of certainty, she made a bound, and landed four yards nearer to me, crouching down for another spring.

"Fortunately, Sayed stood firm, and I fired just as the beast was rising for a second spring; and then I prepared to bound out of my saddle, so as to avoid the onslaught of the wounded beast.

"Judge of my surprise, then, as the smoke cleared off, to see the lioness lying upon her side, struggling, with all the appearance of having received a fatal wound.

"This being the case, I hastily reloaded, so as to give her a finishing shot; and I had just got my powder and bullet down and the piece primed, when the monster gave a harsh, howling cry, and stretched herself out—dead.

"I felt that I had made a wonderful shot, and could scarcely believe it true; but there lay the lioness, and to fire again would have been a mere waste of powder and shot. So, urging Sayed forward, I went on to where the lioness lay, and was debating within myself from where I sat as to the possibility of taking off the skin for a trophy, and admiring the beautiful tawny coat, when there was a tremendous roar above me on the right, and I nearly let fall my gun as I saw, right above me, a monstrous male lion looking fiercely down at me, and lashing its tail as it set up its mane, and seemed to be asking me why I had slain its wife.

"To retreat would have been madness; to hope for a second shot of so much good fortune, folly. All I could do was to take the best aim I could, and fire.

"And this I did, just as the great beast was about to spring.

"My shot took good effect, for it broke one of the monster's hind-legs; and, instead of making a clear bound from the rocks right upon me, it fell short and rolled over.

"'Quick, Sayed, quick!" I cried, trying to force the camel onward.

"But the poor creature was so frightened that it stood perfectly still; the valuable moment that would have placed us beyond the lion's power was gone, and it had struggled up and thrown itself upon us.

"As the lion bounded on to us I threw myself back, but too late to escape; for the monster's claws were fixed on my leg and the camel's flank, making poor Sayed shriek with fear and pain, and sway so sidewise that I expected he would go over and crush me beneath him.

"Those were painful moments, for, as the lion fixed its talons in my leg, and held on, it tried to climb higher, tearing poor Sayed's leg with its hind-claw; but my shot had effectually crippled the other hind-leg, and it could get no higher, only hung there, glowering at me, showing its teeth, and trying to reach my body, and fix me with its jaws.

"I managed to get out my knife from my belt, for I had dropped my gun when the monster seized me, and as the beast struggled up, making jumps at me, I made a few feeble stabs at it, striking blindly, for I was sick with pain, as the lion's claws were literally tearing the flesh from the bone of my leg.

"Just then Sayed reared his head, shrieked out as only a camel can shriek, and crouched down as if about to fall.

"This gave the lion a chance to get a better hold; and, scrambling and tearing with its claws, it caused the poor camel such terrible pain that, in its fear and agony, it made a bound, shaking off the lion, which rolled over, and then, bleeding and torn, and with me clinging, half dead, to its saddle, it tore along at a tremendous rate.

"I have some recollection of holding on to the saddle in a misty, dreamy way, and then of a terrible fall, after which I remember nothing till I seemed to awaken from sleep, and found myself lying in my tent.

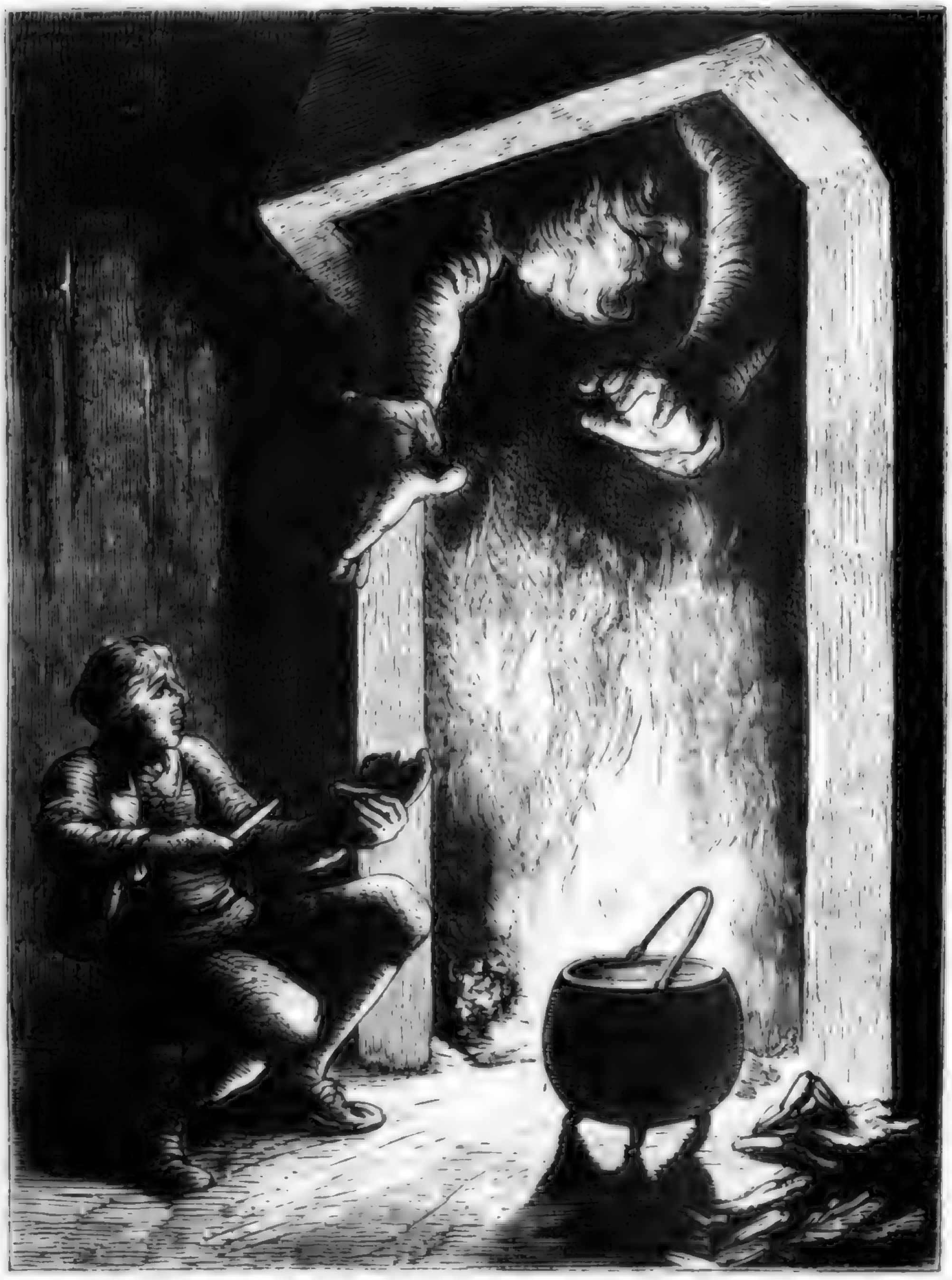
"I found then that poor Sayed had struggled nearly home, and then fallen exhausted in the sand—so near that my people had seen us coming, ran to my help, and bore me to my tent, where I lay for many weary weeks before I could again put foot to the ground.

"As soon as I could relate what had befallen me, a party of our people went off, and found my gun lying across the lioness; but she was so torn by other beasts that the skin was useless.

"They then tracked the lion, but lost all signs of him; learning afterward, though, that a large lion, whose hind-leg was broken, had been killed by the men of another tribe.

"It was nearly six months before my leg was quite well. As for poor Sayed, he was never again fit for swift traveling—the claws of the Lord of the Big Head are so sharp and strong."

"Yes," said the old man of the tribe, "but he is a noble beast, if he is dealt with well."



THE BOY WHO DID NOT KNOW WHAT FEAR WAS.—"THEN THERE FELL DOWN ON TO THE FLOOR OF THE KITCHEN HALF A GIANT—HEAD, ARMS, AND BODY AS FAR AS THE WAIST."

"He objects to being shot, I suppose?" I said, dryly.

"Yes," said the old man, simply, "he hates it; but his wife—she knows the meaning of a gun by sight, and it is better, when a man is alone, to meet her unarmed, and to trust to her nobleness of soul, than to carry a gun."

"Perhaps so," I said; "but, as I might make as lucky a shot as the Caïd there, I would rather have my gun."

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is the most profoundly ignorant.

THE BOY WHO DID NOT KNOW WHAT FEAR WAS.

There was once a boy so courageous and spirited that his relations despaired of ever frightening him into obedience to their will, and took him to the parish priest to be brought up. But the priest could not subdue him in the least, though the boy never showed either obstinacy or ill-temper toward him.

The boy, nothing loath, bade farewell to the priest and his family, and wandered about some little time without a home.

Once he came to a cottage, where he slept the night, and there the people told him that the Bishop of Skálholt was just dead. So next day he went off to Skálholt, and arriving there in the evening, begged a night's lodging.

The people said to him:

"You may have it and welcome, but you must take care of yourself."

"Why take care of myself so much?" asked the lad.

They told him that after the death of the bishop no one could stay in the house after nightfall, as some ghost or goblin walked about there, and that on this account every one had to leave the place after twilight.

The boy answered:

"Well and good; that will just suit me."

At twilight the people all left the place, taking leave of the boy, whom they did not expect to see again alive.

When they had all gone, the boy lighted a candle and examined every room in the house till he came to the kitchen, where he found large quantities of smoked mutton hung up to the rafters. So, as he had not tasted meat for some time and had a capital appetite, he cut some of the dried mutton off with his knife, and placing a pot on the fire, which was still burning, cooked it.

When he had finished cutting up the meat, and had put the lid on the pot, he heard a voice from the top of the chimney, which said:

"May I come down?"

The lad answered:

"Yes, why not?"

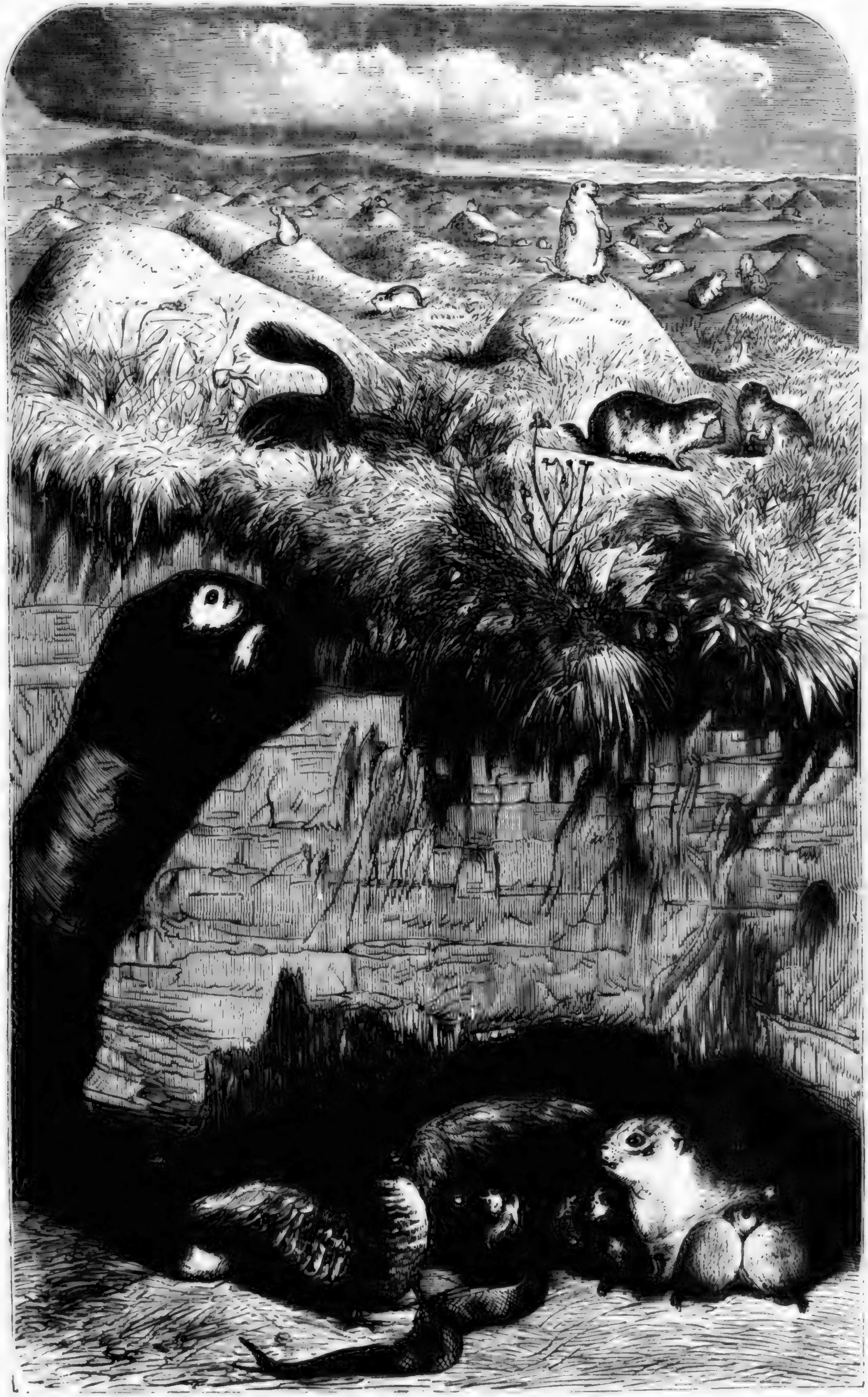
Then there fell down on to the floor of the kitchen half a giant—head, arms, hands, and body as far as the waist, and lay there motionless.

After this he heard another voice from the chimney, saying:

"May I come down?"

"If you like," said the boy; "why not?"

Accordingly, down came another part of the giant, from the waist to the thighs, and lay on the floor motionless.



THE PRAIRIE DOG'S HOME AND ITS UNWELCOME VISITORS.—SEE PAGE 239.

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Then he heard a third voice from the same direction, which said :

"May I come down ?"

"Of course," he replied ; "you must have something to stand upon."

So a huge pair of legs and feet came down and lay by the rest of the body, motionless.

After a bit the boy, finding this want of movement rather tedious, said :

"Since you have contrived to get yourself all in, you had better get up and go away."

Upon this the pieces crept together, and the giant rose on his feet from the floor, and, without uttering a word, stalked out of the kitchen.

The lad followed him, till they came to a large hall, in which stood a wooden chest. This chest the goblin opened, and the lad saw that it was full of money. Then the goblin took the money out in handfuls and poured it like water over his head, till the floor was covered with heaps of it ; and, having spent half the night thus, spent the other half in restoring the gold to the chest in the like manner.

The boy stood by and watched him filling the chest again, and gathering all the stray coins together by sweeping his great arms violently over the floor, as if he dreaded to be interrupted before he could get them all in, which the lad fancied must be because the day was approaching.

When the goblin had shut up the coffer he rushed past the lad as if to get out of the hall ; but the latter said to him :

"Do not be in too great a hurry."

"I must make haste," replied the other, "for the day is dawning."

But the boy took him by the sleeve and begged him to remain yet a little longer, for friendship's sake.

At this the goblin waxed angry, and clutching hold of the youth, said :

"Now you shall delay me no longer."

But the latter clung tight to him, and slipped out of the way of every blow he dealt, and some time passed away in this kind of struggle.

It happened, however, at last, that the giant turned his back to the open door, and the boy, seeing his chance, tripped him up and butted at him with his head, so that the goblin fell heavily backward, half in and half out of the hall, and broke his spine upon the threshold. At the same moment the first ray of dawn struck his eyes through the open house-door, and he instantly sank into the ground in two pieces, one each side of the door of the hall.

Then the courageous boy, though half dead from fatigue, made two crosses of wood and drove them into the ground where the two parts of the goblin had disappeared. This done, he fell asleep till, when the sun was well up, the people came back to Skálholt. They were amazed and rejoiced to find him still alive, asking him whether he had seen anything in the night.

"Nothing out of the common," he said.

So he staid there all that day, both because he was tired and because the people were loath to let him go.

In the evening, when the people began as usual to leave the place, he begged them to stay, assuring them that they would be troubled by neither ghost nor goblin. But in spite of his assurances they insisted upon going, though they left him this time without any fear of his safety. When they were gone he went to bed and slept soundly till morning.

On the return of the people he told them all about his struggle with the goblin, showed them the crosses he had set up, and the chestful of money in the hall, and assured them that they would never again be troubled at night, so need not leave the place.

They thanked him most heartily for his spirit and courage, and asked him to name any reward he would like to receive, whether money or other precious things, inviting him, in addition, to remain with them as long as ever he chose. He was grateful for their offers, but said :

"I do not care for money, nor can I make up my mind to stay longer with you."

Next day he addressed himself to his journey, and no persuasion could induce him to remain at Skálholt. For he said :

"I have no more business here, as you can now, without fear, live in the bishop's house."

And taking leave of them all, he directed his steps northward, into the wilderness.

For a long time nothing new befell him, until one day he came to a large cave, into which he entered. In a smaller cave within the other he found twelve beds, all in disorder and unmade. As it was yet early, he thought he could do no better than employ himself in making them ; and having made them, threw himself on to the one nearest the entrance, covered himself up and went to sleep.

After a little while he awoke, and heard the voices of men talking in the cave, and wondering who had made the beds for them, saying that whoever he was, they were much obliged to him for his pains. He saw, on looking out, that they were twelve armed men of noble aspect. When they had had supper they came into the inner cave, and eleven of them went to bed. But the twelfth man, whose bed was next to the entrance, found the boy in it, and calling to the others, they rose and thanked the lad for having made their beds for them, and begged him to remain with them as their servant, for they said that they never found time to do any work for themselves, as they were compelled to go out every day at sunrise to fight their enemies, and never returned till night.

The lad asked them why they were forced to fight day after day. They answered that they had over and over again fought and overcome their enemies, but that though they killed them over-night, they always came to life again before morning, and would come to the cave and slay them all in their beds if they were not up and ready on the field at sunrise.

In the morning the cave-men went out fully armed, leaving the lad behind to look after the household work.

About noon he went in the same direction as the men had taken, in order to find out where the battlefield was, and as soon as he had espied it in the distance, ran back to the cave.

In the evening the warriors returned, weary and dispirited, but were glad to find that the boy had arranged everything for them, so that they had nothing more to do than eat their supper and go to bed.

When they were all asleep the boy wondered to himself how it could possibly come to pass that their enemies rose every night from the dead. So moved with curiosity was he, that as soon as he was sure that his companions were fast asleep, he took what of their weapons and armor he found to fit him best, and stealing out of the cave, made off in the direction of the battlefield. There was nothing at first to be seen there but corpses and trunkless heads, so he waited a little time to see what would happen.

About dawn he perceived a mound near him open of itself, and an old woman in a blue cloak come out with a glass phial in her hand. He noticed her go up to a dead warrior, and having picked up his head, smear his neck with some ointment out of the phial and place the head and trunk together. Instantly the warrior stood erect, a living man. The hag repeated this to two or three, until the boy, seeing now the secret of the thing, rushed up to her and stabbed her to death, as well as the men she had raised, who were yet stupid and heavy, as if after sleep.

Then taking the phial, he tried whether he could revive the corpses with the ointment, and found, on experiment, that he could do so successfully. So he amused himself for a while in reviving the men and killing them again, till, at sunrise, his companions arrived on the field.

They were mightily astonished to see him there, and told him that they had missed him, as well as some of their weapons and armor; but they were rejoiced to find their enemies lying dead on the field, instead of being alive and awaiting them in battle array, and asked the lad how he had got the idea of thus going at night to the battlefield, and what he had done.

He told them all that had passed, showed them the phial of ointment, and, in order to prove its power, smeared the neck of one of the corpses, who at once rose to his feet, but was instantly killed again by the cave-men.

They thanked the boy heartily for the service he had rendered them, and begged him to remain among them, offering him at the same time money for his work. He declared that he was quite willing, paid or unpaid, to stay with them, as long as they liked to keep him.

The cave-men were well pleased with his answer, and having embraced the lad, set to work to strip their enemies of their weapons; made a heap of them, with the old woman on the top, and burned them; and then, going into the mound, appropriated to themselves all the treasures they found there.

After this they proposed the game of killing each other, to try how it was to die, as they could restore one another to life again. So they killed each other, but by smearing themselves with the ointment they at once returned to life. Now, this was great sport for a while.

But once, when they had cut off the head of the lad, they put it on again wrong side before. And as the lad saw himself behind, he became as if mad with fright, and begged the men to release him by all means from such a painful plight.

But when the cave-folk had run to him, and cutting off his head, placed it on all right again, he came back to his full senses, and was as fearless as ever before.

The boy lived with them ever afterward, and no more stories are told about him.

THE PRAIRIE DOG'S HOME AND ITS UNWELCOME VISITORS.

There are few subjects in the still lonely prairies west of the Mississippi more interesting than the towns of the prairie dogs—towns rivaling those of man in their extent, and stupendous in labor, if we regard only the size of the animals.

This little creature, the *Spermophilus Ludovicianus* of naturalists, though a rodent, and not a dog, derives its popular name from the short, yelping sound which it is fond of uttering, and which bears some resemblance to the bark of a young puppy. Even in captivity it utters this short, impatient yelp, which may generally be extorted from the little animal by placing the hand near the cage. Though gentle and affectionate to its keeper, it dislikes strangers; and if their fingers approach the bars of its house too closely, it barks at the intruders like an angry squirrel, and scratches smartly at their hands with its sharp and powerful claws.

It is a pretty and rather curious animal, measuring about sixteen inches in total length. Its general shape is round and flattish, and the head is peculiarly flat, giving to the animal a very remarkable aspect. The fur is a grayish red, with a grizzled effect, produced by the alternate chestnut and gray color of each hair. The disposition of the prairie dog is pleasant and sociable, and the little creature is very susceptible of domestication.

In spite of the formidable foes by which it is attacked, and which take up their residence in the very centre of its habitations, the prairie dog is an exceedingly prolific animal, multiplying rapidly, and extending its excavations to vast distances. Indeed, when once the prairie dogs settle themselves in a convenient spot, their increase seems to have no bounds, and the little heaps of earth which stand near the mouth of their burrows extend as far as the eye can reach.

The scene presented by one of these "dog-towns," or "villages," as the assemblages of burrows are called, is most curious, and well repays the trouble of approaching without alarming the cautious little animals. Fortunately for the traveler, the prairie dog is as inquisitive as it is wary, and the indulgence of its curiosity often costs the little creature its life. Perched on the hillocks which have already been mentioned, the prairie dog is able to survey a wide extent of horizon, and as soon as it sees an intruder it gives a sharp yelp of alarm and dives into its burrow, its little feet knocking together with a ludicrous flourish as it disappears. In every direction a similar scene is enacted. Warned by the well-known cry, all the prairie dogs within reach repeat the call, and leap into their burrows. Their curiosity, however, is irrepressible, and scarcely have their feet vanished from sight than their heads are seen cautiously protruded from the burrow, and their inquisitive brown eyes sparkle as they examine the cause of the disturbance.

A good marksman will take advantage of this peculiarity, and, by aiming at the eye, will make sure of killing the animal on the spot. It is marvelously tenacious of life, and, unless its head be almost knocked to pieces, is sure to escape into its home. A pea-rifle is almost useless in shooting prairie dogs, a large bullet being needed to produce instantaneous death.

The prairie dog has not the privilege of possessing a home exclusively devoted to its own use, for the burrowing owl, sometimes called the Coquimbo owl (*Athene cunicularia*), and the terrible rattlesnake, take forcible possession of the burrows, and devour the inmates, thus procuring board and lodging at very easy rates. The rattlesnake, at all events, does so, the bodies of young prairie dogs having been found in its stomach.

On the discovery of owls and rattlesnakes within the burrows of the prairie dog, it was generally thought that these incongruous beings associated together in perfect harmony, forming, in fact, a "happy family" below the surface of the ground. The ruthless scalpel of the naturalist, however, effectually dissipated all such romantic notions, and proved that the snake was by no means a welcome guest, but an intruder on the premises, self-billeted on the inmates, like soldiers on obnoxious householders, procuring lodging without permission, and eating the inhabitants by way of board.

The reason for the presence of the owls is not so evident, though it is not impossible that they may, also, snap up an occasional prairie dog in its earliest infancy, while it is very young, small and tender. These winged and scaled intruders are not found in all the burrows, though many of the habitations are infested by them. The general aspect of the prairie dog is not unlike that of its near relative, the Alpine marmot.

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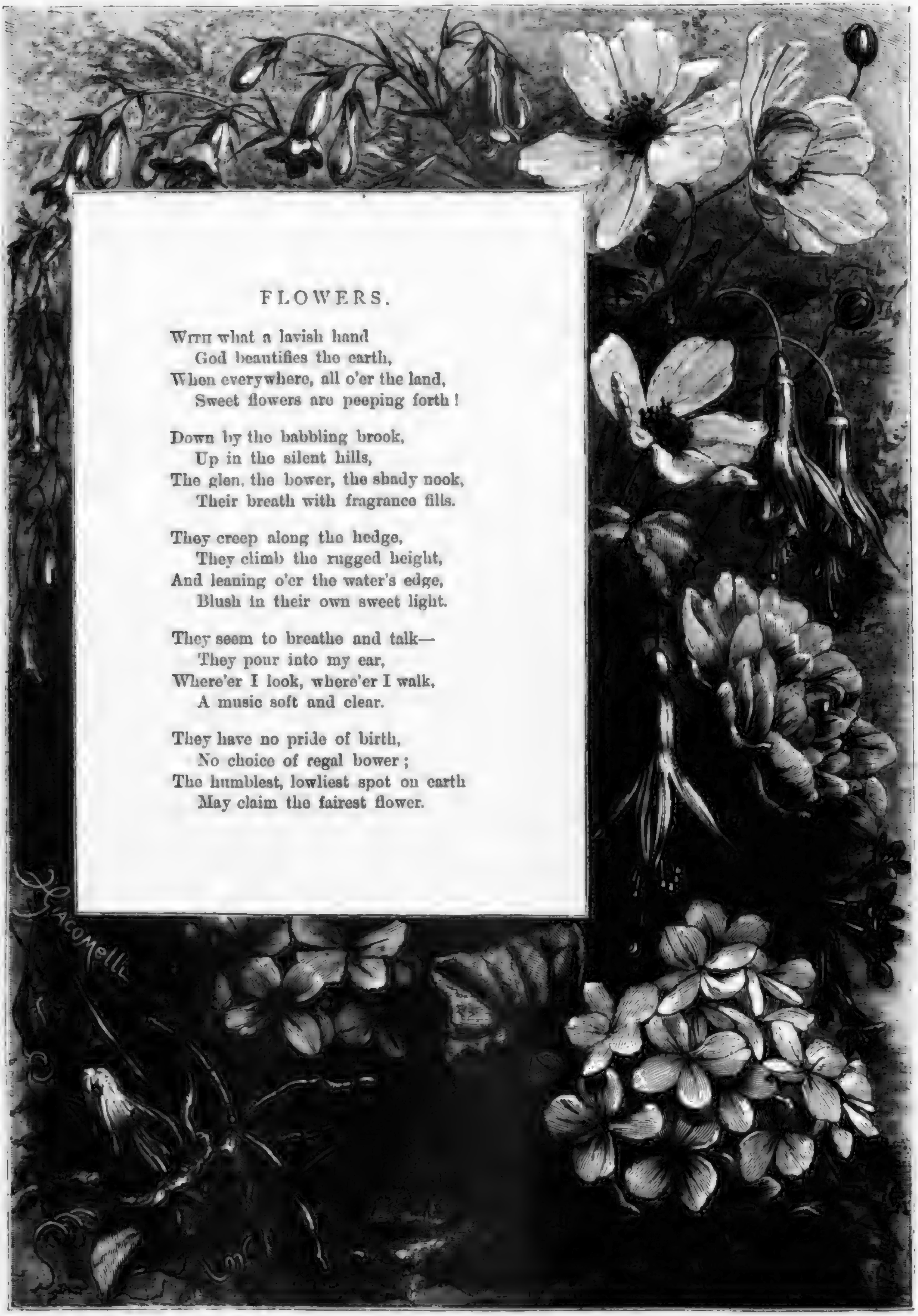


FLOWERS.

With what a lavish hand
God beautifies the earth,
When everywhere, all o'er the land,
Sweet flowers are peeping forth!

Down by the babbling brook,
Up in the silent hills,
The glen, the bower, the shady nook,
Their breath with fragrance fills.

They creep along the hedge,
They climb the rugged height,
And leaning o'er the water's edge,
Blush in their own sweet light.

They seem to breathe and talk—
They pour into my ear,
Where'er I look, where'er I walk,
A music soft and clear.

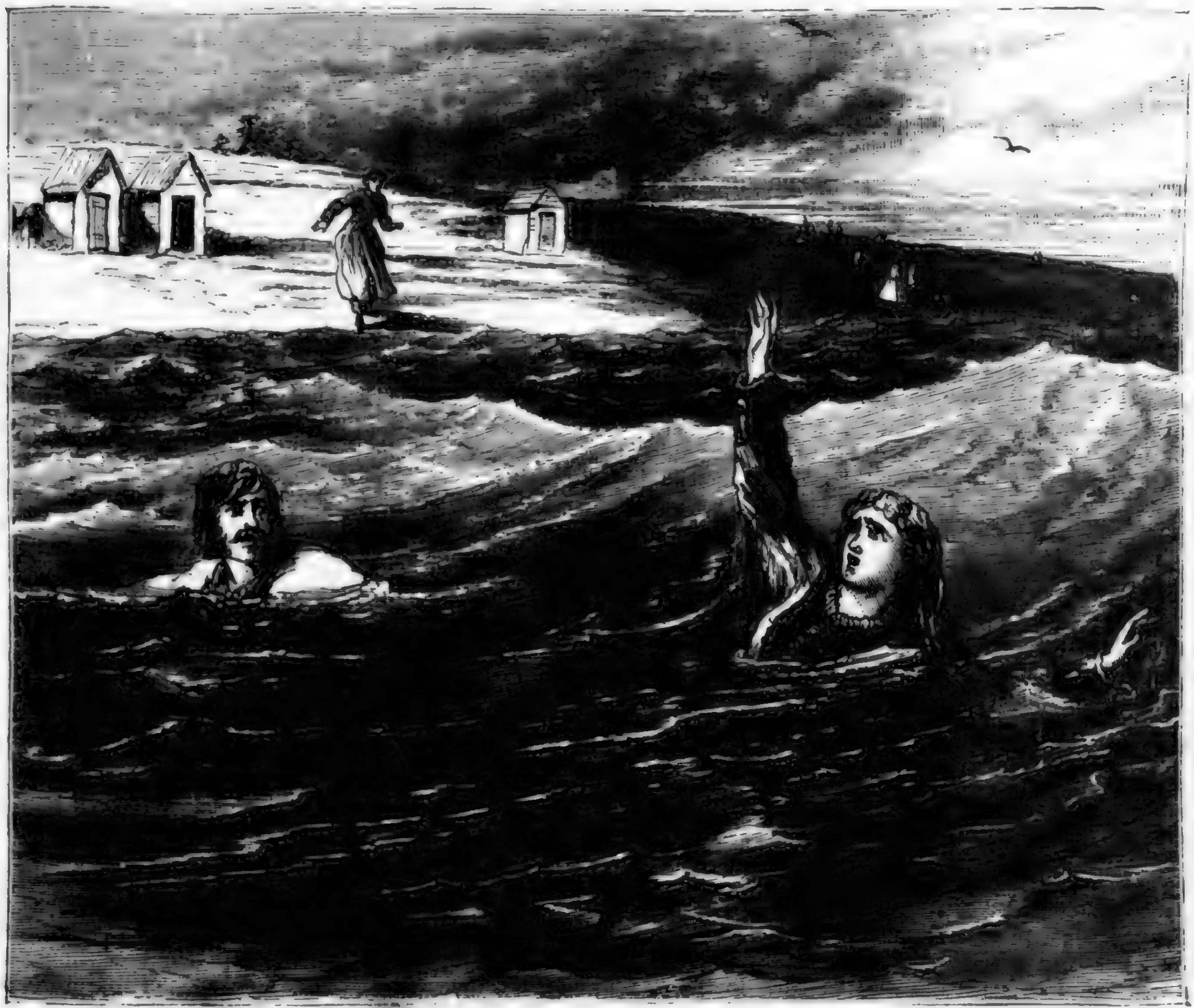
They have no pride of birth,
No choice of regal bower;
The humblest, lowliest spot on earth
May claim the fairest flower.

FLICK ET FLACK.

Chapter I.

The last notes of the galop were rising and falling through the perfumed air as Grace Errold and her partner, Philip Massey, left the circling throng and walked into the conservatory.

Mrs. Bonton's parties were always "a success." She understood to perfection the admirable art of inviting just the persons that one wishes to see. At her house you met with no *tohubohu*, no crowd of uninteresting people, no bores, and, *summum bonum*, no ancient young ladies. Wall-flowers, of course, were unavoidable, but as they were generally people who had something to say, they were endurable.



FLICK ET FLACK.—"SUDDENLY I SAW GRACE THROW UP HER ARM, AND HEARD A FAINT CRY OF 'HELP!' I SAW HER STRUGGLE FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AND THEN SINK."

Most women have a mission—that of Mrs. Bonton was to give parties. She had a fine house on Madison Avenue, rejoiced in the possession of two or three carriages, and in a husband whom every one declared to be "one of the best fellows that ever lived."

Mrs. Bonton was of the same opinion, for she let him smoke in the parlors, own a latch-key, go to supper-parties, and commit other enormities of a like kind. Her lady friends, after telling her what a model wife she was, calling next door, would declare, with mournful waggings of the head:

"Poor dear man, Mrs. Bonton is letting him go to ruin. Why, my love, do you know that he has been seen going home at three o'clock in the morning? Just think! *Three o'clock!*"

And Miss Trenteans would add:

"Well, I never! If *I* had a husband he should never," etc., etc.

Probably not, my dear young lady; but, as you have no husband, in spite of your most praiseworthy efforts to secure one, we will not discuss the point.

Strange to say, though, Mr. Bonton seemed to like his wife the better for being so culpably neglectful of her duties. He would spend four or five evenings every week at home with her, and never experienced that profane feeling which arises from the knowledge that all the buttons are off one's shirt, or found a "woman in white" waiting to greet him as he returned from some convivial entertainment.

In short, Mr. and Mrs. Bonton were a very happy and contented couple, rejoicing in each other's company, and never mutually bored. Mr. Bonton loved his wife, and was proud of her; Mrs. Bonton loved her husband, and was proud of him; and they were both proud of a hideous little squalling lump of red humanity that lay shrieking and bellowing up-stairs while the dancing was going on below.

I had been dancing with Mrs. Bonton. As we revolved about the room, I saw Grace Errold and Philip Massey enter the conservatory, and whispered to my partner:

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"They'll be engaged before they come out from there."

She looked up at me with a comical smile, and said:

"Don't be too sure of that."

And, indeed, before all the couples had taken their seats, I saw Massey come out of the conservatory, looking quite pale, and gnawing his mustache. But, like a true society-man, as he was, he soon overcame his emotion, and was laughing and chatting with Miss Dinero, the wealthy heiress.

I knew Massey very slightly, but the little I did know was enough to prejudice me against him. I had been introduced to him, had seen him at the club, the opera, Delmonico's, and at various places around the city, and had always been treated by him with the greatest politeness. But ugly stories concerning him were afloat—how the suicide of poor little Tommy West was owing to Massey's having won all his money at cards the night before; and it was whispered that, if he chose, he could throw some light upon a mysterious case of a young girl being "found drowned," with no wedding-ring upon her finger. But Massey kept his secrets well, and these uncertain rumors could be traced to no sure source. However, there was something in the man's face which inclined me to distrust him—an evil look which sometimes came into his eyes, a bad expression around the corners of his mouth.

I had been sorry to notice an *affaire* growing up between him and Grace. I knew her very intimately, and liked her exceedingly. She and I had been intimate friends in childhood, and now that childhood had passed away, the intimacy continued. She would tell me of her troubles, and I would advise and assist her to the best of my ability; while I would read my articles to her (I wrote then for "the weeklies") and invite her criticism. She was a little below the medium size, with a slender, lithe figure, as graceful as a willow when swayed by the wind. Her face was a little irregular in its outlines, but her finely shaped nose and mouth amply redeemed that defect, if defect it were. Her dark hair was long and thick, and when the sun shone on it, was of a rich bronze color. Her eyes—ah, how can I hope to describe them! Long as I had known her, I had not been able to find out their color. They were for ever changing and varying their expression. Now sad and pensive, with a melancholy look in them, and then lighting up with a gleam of merry mischief that puzzled the looker-on—

> "Where shadows dark and sunlight sheen
> Alternate come and go."

She was a complete Bohemienne, and regretted that she had not been a man, so that she could enjoy all the wild freedom of an artist's or a writer's life in the city. She used to say that "life to a woman was a stupendous bore." Poor Grace! you were not bored very long. Beautiful, wild, capricious, kind-hearted Grace!

A feeling of inexpressible sadness comes over me as I write these lines, when I think how suddenly her happy young life was cut short.

> "She's gone into the West,
> She took our daylight with her,
> The smiles that we love best"

Poor Grace! I think I can see her now as I saw her when, leaving Mrs. Bonton, I went to her in the conservatory. She stood there, with the point of a dainty little slipper thrust out beneath her dress, her head thrown back, and a gleam of light in her eyes that I had never seen there before. She looked as Jeanne d'Arc may have looked when told that the English were conquered.

The dark green leaves and vivid colors of the plants and flowers; the heavy, perfumed atmosphere; the mellow, subdued light; the distant strains of music—all seemed but a fit surrounding for this fair young queen of beauty.

"Why, Grace," I said, "what is the matter?"

Her look of triumph faded away, the gleam died out of her eyes, and she became herself—*La Moqueuse*, as I used to call her.

"I have tamed the lion. Hercules has laid himself and his club at the feet of Omphale, as an offering on her shrine. *Vive* M. Rarey!"

"What do you mean?"

"Philip Massey has proposed to me, and I have jilted him. *Voilà tout!*"

"Indeed! Do you know that he boasts he has only to offer himself to be accepted?"

"Know it?" she repeated, with accents of contempt. "Know it? I heard it three months ago, and I made up my mind from that moment that I would have him at my feet."

"And you have succeeded."

"Yes, I have succeeded. He left me, vowing vengeance, and swearing that I should be sorry. He reminded me of the mysterious person in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' who, wrapped in a long black cloak, appears at the back of the stage, and in a sepulchral voice says, 'Beware!'"

"But, seriously, Grace, you ought to look out for him. He may do you harm some day."

"Bah!" shrugging her shoulders. "What can he do? Hark!" she added; "do you hear that delightful Flick et Flack? The music is too tempting—I can't resist it. Come and dance."

CHAPTER II.

THE season was over. No one was in town—that is to say, no one but the poor husbands, fathers and brothers, who were hard at work in the counting-room or at desk, while their butterfly relatives were spreading their beautiful wings for the admiration of the idlers at Newport, Saratoga or Long Branch.

Mr. Bonton, his wife and Grace—she was a cousin of madam's—had gone down to Long Branch to pass the Summer there. That was all I knew of their movements, for at that time I was chained to the city, and could not get away.

One afternoon in August I left my office and walked leisurely up Broadway. I was going to take dinner with a friend, and then pass the evening at one of the theatres. On my way up I met Philip Massey. He looked a little wild and haggard, and there was a peculiar far-away look in his eyes, which I have often noticed in persons who have been laboring under a great excitement. I supposed that it was the consequence of a debauch of the previous night, and so thought nothing of it. He had a valise in his hand, and was walking as if he were in a hurry.

I met my friend, and we went to Pfaff's to get our dinner. While we were eating, a newsboy came in with the evening papers. I got a *Post*, and was glancing over it, when a notice in the "Deaths" caught my eye:

"ERROLD—Drowned, at Long Branch, on the 21st inst., Grace, only child of Henry and Mary Errold, in the eighteenth year of her age."

The paper dropped from my hand. Dead! Could it be true? No, there must be some mistake. It could not be possible. Why, I had talked and danced with her only a few weeks before. And now—to think that I should never see her again—never hear her laughing voice or listen to her merry words—oh, no, no, no! It could not be. And yet—"Grace Errold—in the eighteenth year of her age."

Almost mechanically I turned to the other page, to see if there was any notice of the sad event, and there I read, in the Long Branch correspondence:

> "MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—A most painful accident occurred here yesterday. As Miss Grace Errold was bathing, she unfortunately ventured out too far. She was caught in the undertow, and soon losing her strength, was drowned. The most heroic exertions were made by a gentleman to save her, but they were of no avail. We regret that we have not been able to learn his name. This melancholy event has thrown a damper upon the whole community.
>
> "We understand that, in spite of every effort, the body has not yet been recovered."

I looked at my watch. I had just time to catch the Long Branch boat. Running up the stairs, I was fortunate enough to find a carriage. I jumped into it, and was driven at full speed to the dock, and in a few minutes was on my way to Long Branch.

Arrived there, I went at once to the Surf Hotel, where I knew the Bontons were staying. I sent up my card, and was shown into the private parlor. Mrs. Bonton was sitting on the sofa alone, and dressed in deep mourning.

She arose and gave me her hand with a sad smile of welcome.

I felt a choking sensation in my throat, and it was with difficulty that I could pronounce the single word:

"Grace?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Bonton, the tears coming to her eyes, "you have heard, then?"

"Yes, I saw it in this afternoon's paper, and at once came out here. How did it happen? Tell me about it."

"Oh, Theodore, it's such a horrible story! I never could have believed that he was such a villain—that he *could* act as he did. You know when we came here, it was principally for Grace's benefit; the doctor said that sea-bathing would do her so much good. Well, before we had been here a week, Philip Massey came and took rooms at this house. I advised Grace to have nothing to do with him; I did not like the way he would sometimes look at her with those big, bold black eyes of his. It frightened me. And then Grace had told me that he had sworn to be revenged on her, so I wished her to avoid him as much as possible. She said she would, if I wished her to, but laughed at any fears I might have. She said that Massey could not injure her.

"At first, it was very easy to avoid him, for we saw very little of him; but after a while he seemed to meet us everywhere, and occasionally Grace would talk to him a little."

Here she paused to wipe away her tears.

There was a piano in the next room, and some one was playing the "Miserere," and the low, mournful music seemed to wail as if in unison with our feelings. The twilight shadows came creeping in at the window, and lay in huge, shapeless brown masses upon the floor, while the distant booming of the sea sounded like the solemn murmurings of a dirge.

Mrs. Bonton resumed:

"Yesterday Grace and I went down to the shore for a bath. There was no one in the water but Philip Massey. When I saw him I wanted to go back; an indefinable feeling made me wish that Grace would not go in. But she laughed at my ideas, and the day was so beautiful, and the water looked so inviting, that I chased away my fears and yielded. We had not been in long when Massey joined us, and after talking a few minutes, challenged Grace to swim. You know how proud Grace was of her swimming, and so she started. As they were going off I cried to Grace, 'Don't go out too far.' She made no answer, but swam on. I stood on the shore, looking at them. It seemed to me that Massey lagged behind, for Grace was quite a distance ahead. Suddenly I saw Grace throw up an arm, and heard a faint cry of 'Help!' I saw her struggle for a little while, and then sink. Oh, it was fearful! to stand there and see her drown, without being able to do anything to assist her. And then I saw Massey swimming back alone. I ran up to the house and told my husband what had happened. He rushed to the beach, and saw Massey. They had some high words, and Charley called Massey a coward and a poltroon. Massey merely said, 'You shall hear from me, sir,' and walked away. Charley came back and told what had occurred, and when Massey entered no one would speak to him or take the slightest notice of him."

She ceased, and as the sound of her voice died away there was dead silence in the room. The shadows were now black, and they gave a strange, weird appearance to the apartment. The sea kept up its sullen murmuring, and from the piano in the next room the wild, fantastic notes of "Flick et Flack" were rising and swelling and falling through the air.

My thoughts went back to the last time I had seen Grace, when her fair young head rested against my shoulder, and her glad voice bubbled forth merry words, as we whirled around the room to the swift tune of the galop. Oh, God! it almost maddened me to think of her delicate body being made the sport of the rude waves—to think of their tossing and hurling it about in their savage glee at having such a rare and lovely plaything; now drawing back and relinquishing their prey for a moment, and then darting on it again with renewed vigor. Oh, the cruel, hungry waves, heaving and throwing about that poor fragile piece of clay, as, boiling, hissing, seething, foaming, they hurry over ocean in their mad career!

And Philip Massey! As I thought of him I clinched my hand, and made a solemn vow that the time should come when I'd repay tenfold his dastardly murder of a young, defenseless girl.

And the wild, fantastic notes of "Flick et Flack" kept rising and falling through the air.

LETTERS ODDLY LOST AND FOUND.

SOME CASES WHICH SHOULD TEACH CAUTION IN MAKING CHARGES OF THEFT.

IN conversation lately with a reporter of the *Evening Post*, the veteran Charles Forrester, Sr., who has passed his life in the New York Post-office, recalled some curious instances of the loss and recovery of valuable letters, whose temporary disappearance was due to pure accident, but was attributed at the time to theft by some person in the mail service.

In 1833 a letter which contained money was received at the Post-office in this city, addressed to Samuel G. Starr, No. 205 Pearl Street. It was given, with others, to a carrier, but Mr. Starr reported soon after that the letter had not been delivered. An investigation was made, but without any satisfactory result. The next year, during the season of "Spring cleaning," the mystery was solved. The oilcloth in the hallway of No. 205 Pearl Street was taken up, and on the floor, close to the front door, was found the letter which had so long been missing. The place had been closed when visited by the carrier, and in thrusting the letter under the door he had pushed it beneath the floor-covering.

In the Autumn of 1838, a young man named Alfred Wright was appointed a clerk in the New York Post-office, on the recommendation of the postmaster of Hartford,

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Conn., who had discharged him from his own office the preceding Spring on suspicion of dishonesty. The suspicion arose from the unaccountable disappearance of some money letters from the box rented by an insurance company. When the cool weather of Autumn caused the president of this company again to wear the light overcoat which he had laid aside at the end of Spring, he found these letters in one of the pockets. Then he remembered that he must have taken them from the office one Sunday morning, on his way to church, afterward forgetting them, and putting away his overcoat for the season.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

Before the use of checks and drafts was as common as it is at present, it was a customary piece of caution in send-

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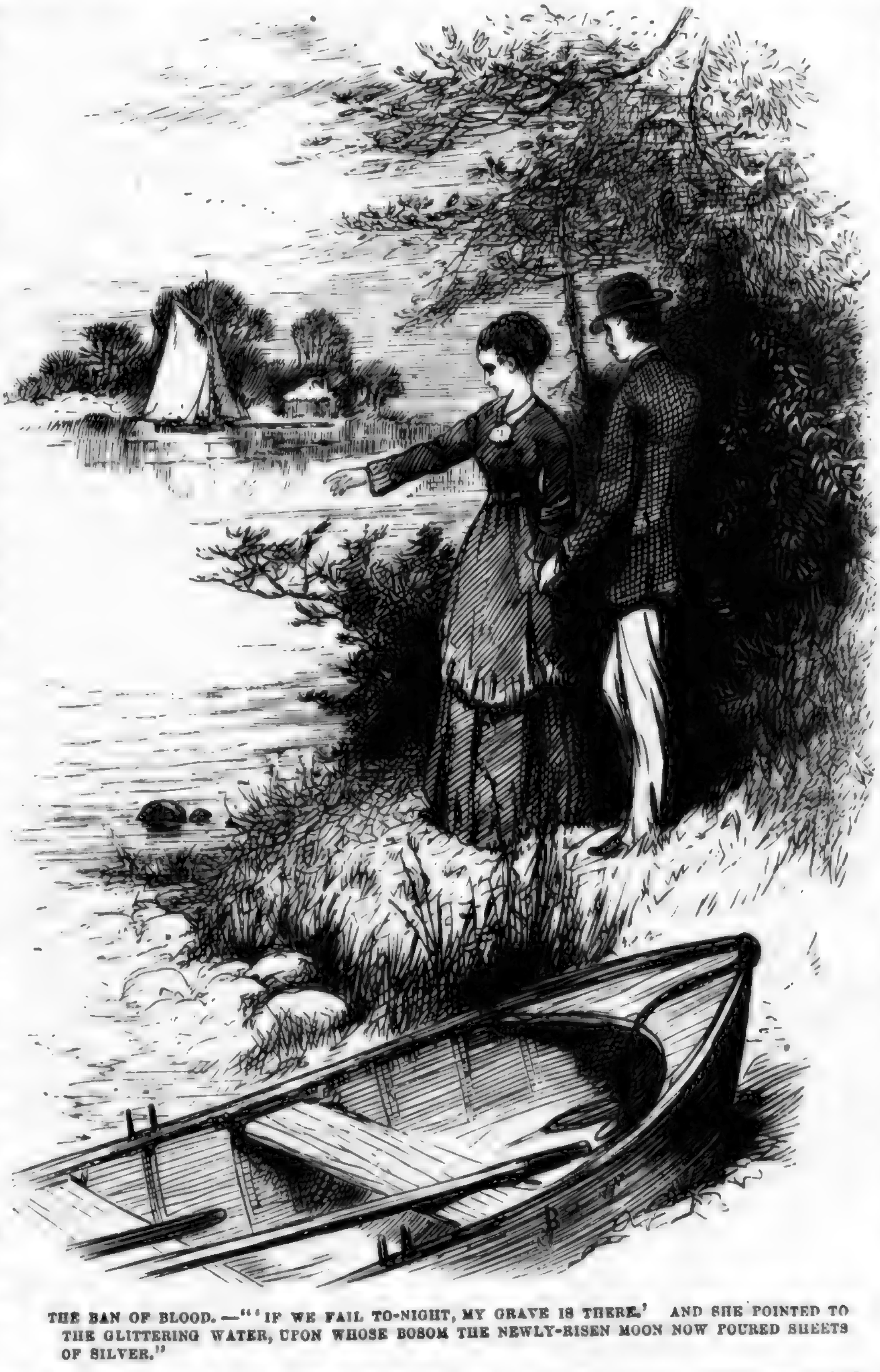
ing considerable sums by mail, to tear bank-notes in halves, and forward the pieces separately. Half of a $500 bill was sent, in 1839 or 1840, in a letter which reached the New York Post-office addressed to "William Warner, Fulton," while on the line beneath this inscription was written, "Market, 29." The letter was intended to reach stall No. 29, Fulton Market, but, owing to the peculiar form of the address, it was delivered at No. 29 Market Street, where, by a strange coincidence, there also lived a William Warner. The mistake was discovered the next day, and the carrier in this case, who was Mr. Forrester himself, hastened up to No. 29 Market Street, where he learned that Mr. Warner was to sail that morning for New Orleans, and had already gone aboard the *Tarolinta*, the vessel bound for that port. Hurrying down-town again, Mr. Forrester found that the *Tarolinta* was still lying out in the North River, and hired a boat to take him alongside. Mr. Warner immediately gave up the letter and contents, by which he had been much puzzled, and the carrier returned to shore with a light heart in consequence of his luck.



THE BAN OF BLOOD.—"'IF WE FAIL TO-NIGHT, MY GRAVE IS THERE.' AND SHE POINTED TO THE GLITTERING WATER, UPON WHOSE BOSOM THE NEWLY-RISEN MOON NOW POURED SHEETS OF SILVER."

THE BAN OF BLOOD.

In the great house where Maude Livingston's eyes had first opened upon the problem of life, there was a bustle of preparation that betokened some important event near at hand. Curtin Livingston, the stern old master of the largest income and handsomest estate in four counties, was setting his house in order for the wedding festivities of his only child and heiress, Maude, and had given orders that no expense was to be spared in making it an occasion worthy of the beauty of the bride, the position of the bridegroom, and the wealth of the host.

Miss Endopia, Mr. Livingston's maiden sister, was driving dressmakers and milliners frantic in the final touches of a trousseau, much of which was ordered from Paris, and held up as models for the like articles of home manufacture.

Carpenters and upholsterers were decorating the upper-room, ballroom and wide halls, and couriers were flying in in all directions, scattering snowy invitations amongst the aristocracy of the four counties, which held some of the bluest blood and proudest families of Virginia.

And in a grove back of the house, hidden from all curious eyes by the thick foliage of May, Maude Livingston watched the sun setting on the placid bosom of the Potomac, signing the death-warrant of one more day of liberty, drawing about her closer the net in which struggled all of life's hope and happiness.

Standing erect, her hands hanging loosely clasped before her, her large mournful eyes watching the sinking sun, her lips slightly parted, and her face pallid as that of a corpse, the young girl, whose costly trousseau was being made ready, looked more like a dumb statue of despair than a promised bride, whose maiden meditations might be presumed to be rose-tinted with brightest hopes.

For, looking at the matter as the aristocracy of four

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counties regarded it, what more could the heart of woman desire than was thrown at the feet of Maude Livingston? Young, beautiful, talented, educated in Paris, heiress of Livingston and all its grandeurs, she was betrothed to Hugh Delamore, whose wealth was undoubted, whose family was admitted into the innermost circles of Virginia aristocracy, and whose face was a very model of manly beauty. True, he was past forty, the bride but eighteen; but he was so gracefully courteous, so finished a gentleman, so learned a scholar, that no one could wish a year taken from a life molded to such rare perfection.

Looking out upon the broad water, knowing the friendly grove behind her screened her from all observers, Maude Livingston watched the sunset glow fade from the skies, the gray twilight creep slowly over the face of nature, till tiny stars, shooting like tongues of fire from the skies, proclaimed the reign of Night. She felt no fatigue, no impatience, as she watched; but a flush passed over her pale face, her eyes kindled to eager expectation as she heard a subdued fall of oars upon the still water at her feet. Nearer and nearer the sounds drew to her retreat, till a tiny boat shot out into sight from the opposite bank, rapidly approaching her.

There was but one occupant of the little bark—a man, young, tall and strong, with a face at once singularly devoid of regularity of feature or beauty, and instinct with expression. A man not more than twenty-five, with the stern gravity of fifty in his large eyes and on his broad white brow.

Lovers! Yes, true, faithful lovers, yet meeting with no rapturous joy, no caress, no fond words.

White as death, cold and still, the girl waited till the boat was made fast, and the man she loved sprang up the bank and stood beside her. Hand clasped hand no more, and then he spoke:

"I have seen her!"

"Well?"

"If she holds the proof she will give it only to you."

"To me? What can she know of me?"

"I was obliged to tell her you were Hugh Delamore's promised wife."

Maude Livingston's frame shook with a strong shudder. For a moment there was silence; then she said:

"If I go with you, can I return to-night?"

"You can be here again before daylight."

"I shall not be missed. Fearing you would not obtain the proof, I gave strict orders that I was not to be disturbed until it was time for me to dress. My father thinks I am weeping in my room; my aunt probably imagines I am packing my wedding finery. My room will not be entered before I return. Godfrey!"

There was a wonderful tenderness in her tone as the name passed her lips, though she did not move from her former rigid position.

"I am listening, Maude."

"If we fail to-night, my grave is there."

And she pointed to the glittering water, upon whose bosom the newly risen moon now poured sheets of silver.

The man made no protest. A firm clasp of the small hand he held assured her he heard and understood her, but he had no lover-like appeal ready against her decision. Wrapping her mantle closely around her, he led her to the boat, and in a moment more they were gliding along the silvery waters.

"Godfrey," the girl said, after a long silence, "there are few men who would work as you have worked to save me, when there is no hope for you, no hope for me! Our love is crossed by the ban of blood, yet you strive to save the life I do not value, the happiness I can never grasp."

"My own Maude!" Godfrey replied; "mine in death, if you can never be mine in life—though the ban of blood may cross our love, it can never wipe it out, can never make you less mine, nor my life's devotion less your own. But this marriage separates us, as even death itself cannot."

"I have been weak," she said, still looking mournfully across the glittering water. "When I swore an oath that my hand should never clasp yours in marriage, when my father told me the hideous secret that parted you and I for ever, I cared nothing for my future, and scarcely understood the words I spoke when I promised to be Hugh Delamore's wife. Godfrey, I was mad with misery. Cannot you understand what it was to stand before my father, loving you, with a letter in my hand full of hope and deep joy, knowing you loved me, and hear——"

She stopped, hiding her face, and shivering, as if with cold.

"And hear the story hidden from me, as well as from you," said Godfrey, in a dull, heart-broken tone. "Hear from your father's lips that his only son fell in a duel, shot through the heart by my brother, who fled the country, and died in exile. I was but a boy, you a mere baby, when it occurred, Maude, yet it was cruel to keep the truth from us until we met and loved."

"My father told me more," the girl continued. "I spared you the repetition, Godfrey, but to-night I must let you read my very heart, and know how I yielded to Hugh Delamore's suit. My father spoke no angry word, used no threat, but in his cold, stern voice, he described to me my mother's death-bed, drawing such a vivid picture of her agony that my heart almost ceased its own pulsations as I listened. He told me of my brother's arrival at the house, cold in death's embrace; of my mother's despair, illness and death; and when I was nearly maddened by grief he bade me swear I would never marry the brother of the man whose hand had made me motherless, while from him it took his only son. I swore, Godfrey, never to be your wife. Then the despair that must be like death crept over me! I prayed that I might lose the robust health that kept me yet alive. I hoped that I might find rest and peace beside my mother. While my heart was dull and dead, Hugh Delamore proposed for my hand, and was accepted by my father. I was listless, careless of life, hoping for death, and I submitted passively. I should have been married in my apathy of sorrow, had I not once more met you."

"Maude, I could not leave the country without once more looking upon your face. It was only to say farewell I met you in the grove where we had passed such happy hours."

"Only to say farewell, Godfrey; yet that interview showed me the misery I was preparing for my whole future life. Roused once more to suffering by your face, I knew that this marriage would be a living death, worse than the grave itself. I implored my father to save me, and he haughtily assured me that the word of a Livingston, once passed, could never be recalled. I sent for Hugh Delamore, and told him the truth. In his tender, even voice, he assured me he would wait patiently for the love he would make it the task of his life to gain. Then I turned to you. Only to save me from Hugh Delamore, to let me live alone, loving you! That was all I asked of father and promised husband, and that was denied me. You came. You held out to me a hope that I might yet be saved. If that hope fail, I will find a resting-place under the waters; but I will never be Hugh Delamore's wife."

"Shall I tell you all that gives me hope, Maude? We have parted after such brief meetings, that I could tell you but little. Will you hear all now ?"

She bowed her head in silence. Evidently every nerve was strained to its utmost tension, to keep up the forced calmness that was so cold and hard.

"When Hugh Delamore became my successor in your love, I was told, Maude. I watched him. It has been my impression for years that, behind the handsome mask of ice Hugh Delamore presents for a face to the world, the man carried some secret that would ruin him if discovered. We are old enemies, Maude. It is a fact I have had impressed upon me from a boy, that Hugh Delamore's influence led my brother Claude from innocent boyhood to the dissipations of youth—to gambling, deep drinking, and finally to the quarrel that stained his hand in blood. But, Maude, there was one part of the story hidden from you that gave me the clew we are now following. When Claude and Hugh Delamore were most intimate, and I a lad at boarding-school, there was a love-story enacted with the daughter of a tollgate-keeper on the Fairfax road, a girl of great beauty, low birth and mean education. These gentlemen, Maude, became rivals for smiles from the rustic beauty, and their rivalry became a struggle for life or death, the living to win the hand of the gate-keeper's daughter. I never knew all the details, but by some diabolical jugglery a quarrel was started between Claude and a third party, ending in a duel that exiled my brother. I never knew till your father answered my suit for your love, Maude, who the man was who fell by my brother's hand. Following this blow came the tidings of your engagement. I had allowed the old story to die in my mind, but when this news came every detail of the tale took a new significance. I had heard from some of the servants and neighbors that Hugh Delamore was in the habit of taking long, solitary rides to some unknown destination, often remaining absent for several days, always returning with a gloom upon his face, and often pacing the room all night, as if in troubled meditation. It occurred to me then that these mysterious journeys, this haunting secret, might have some connection with the duel of fifteen years ago. But I took no step while I believed you were to be his willing bride. I hurried my preparations to leave the country, to bury my despair in some far-away land, when there came upon me the unconquerable desire to look once more upon your face, to hear you say with your own lips that you had ceased to love me. I saw you, Maude, and you implored me to save you from a marriage forced upon you when you were scarcely conscious of your own consent. Then I resolved to watch Hugh Delamore, to find out his guilty secret, if he had one, and drag it to the light. For days I was his unsuspected shadow, till one night he started upon his mysterious ride, little guessing that he was followed."

Maude Livingston leaned forward, scarcely breathing, in her strained attention to every word.

"I followed him for miles on the turnpike, till he turned off at the crooked, narrow road leading to Herndon. Here he struck into footpaths, down the forest roads, into intricate labyrinths, always setting his face again in the direction of the river, returning on his own tracks, till he came to a small, mean house, after hours of hard riding, which he could have gained in half the time by following the river road, or coming in a boat. Evidently the circuitous route was to baffle any chance observers, but ill calculated to deceive any one steadily following his horse. I marked well the house he entered, struck into the river road, half a mile beyond, and rode directly home."

"You did not enter the house ?"

"Not then. I waited until Hugh Delamore was once more at home. Then I returned to the house, late in the evening, pretended to have lost my way, and begged shelter for the night. I was taken to an upper room by an old woman, and told there was a sick woman in the adjoining room, whom I must not disturb by any noise. The night passed without any revelation, and the morning favored me by a furious storm. I had come by boat to within a mile of the house, and walked from the river, so I had no horse. This I made the excuse for remaining another day, paying well for my accommodations. The old woman and the invalid were the only inmates of the house ; but I learned nothing, except that the sick lady had been out of her mind for years, and was under the care of the old woman. The gentleman who came to see her, and who paid her expenses, was her brother. Maude, you and I know well that Hugh Delamore has no sister. I feigned to be a doctor, and easily persuaded the old woman to allow me to see her charge. I found a wan, white woman, really under forty, apparently over sixty, sitting propped up in an easy-chair, playing with a doll. She fondled it, caressed it, called it by loving, tender names, hushed it to sleep, and seemed to see nothing else in the room.

"'She thinks it is her baby that died years ago,' the woman whispered to me.

"I sat beside her, and the woman left us.

"'How do you call your baby ?' I asked.

"She looked wonderingly at my strange face, but did not reply.

"'Hugh Delamore is a pretty name,' I said, after a moment.

"She turned her startled face to the door—then :

"'Hush !' she said ; 'he will kill me if he hears you.

"'Who ?' I asked.

"'My husband.'

"'Hugh Delamore ?' I persisted.

"'Hush ! hush !' she cried, in an agony of fear.

"'No one can hurt you,' I said to her. 'We are alone. Tell me—is not Hugh Delamore your husband ?'

"Then a cunning smile came over her face.

"'He has sent you to get it,' she said, adding, in a fierce tone, 'but I will die before I will tell you where it is ! I have told him I will never give it up, and I never will—never !'

"'Why not ?' I asked, on a venture.

"'Is it not the only proof that I am his true, lawful wife ? When he burns that he will be free, and I shall never see his face again ! I will not tell you where it is !'

"Then she broke into hysterical sobbing that brought up her nurse, and I was hustled out of the room in a hurry. After a time the old woman returned to me, and I resorted to bribery. By this means I obtained another interview, and found that the marriage-certificate was the treasure the poor demented woman hides, in spite of her husband's threats and coaxing. Finally, I told her of you, and won a promise that you should see the paper. Maude, its possession may be but a mad fancy, for the poor creature is insane, but it is the one hope of breaking off your marriage."

As Godfrey spoke he turned his boat to the shore, and rowed rapidly toward a spot where a road ran down to the river's edge. Here he assisted Maude to land, and leading her forward a short distance, called aloud :

"Cato !"

In a moment the sound of horses' feet and wheels were heard, and an open carriage drove rapidly to where they stood. Without speaking, Godfrey handed his companion to a seat, took his own place beside her, and told the coachman to dismount.

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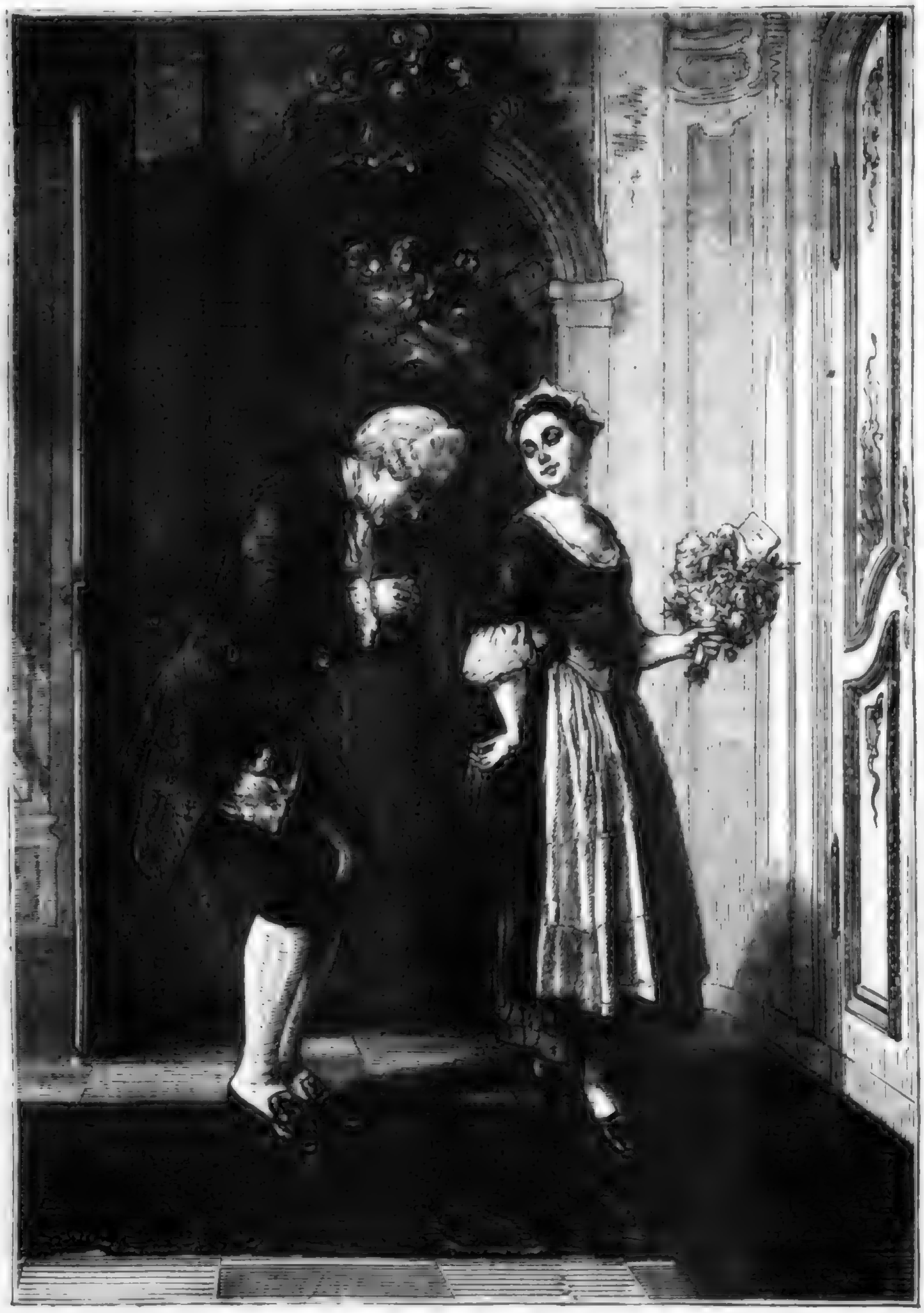


PROPITIATING HIS MISTRESS'S FAIR MAID.

"Wait here till we return," he said, briefly, to the negro, and drove rapidly up the road.

It seemed scarcely a moment to Maude before the house was reached, and Godfrey rapped on the door, which was opened by an old woman.

"*He* has been here to-day," she said, looking at Godfrey, "and the poor woman is very bad."

"Can we go up?"

"Yes; but do keep her as quiet as you can. Poor thing! *he's* 'most scared her to death."

Maude followed silently as Godfrey led the way to the small upper chamber. Lying outside of a miserable bed, fully dressed, and with wide-opened eyes, a white-haired, haggard woman, with a doll clasped in her arms, was watching the door. As Maude entered, she raised herself upon her elbow, and looked fixedly into her face.

The miserable light of a candle struck full upon the young girl, who came forward rapidly, her whole face filled with pity.

"You are very ill," she said, gently.

"He wants to marry you," the woman said, never moving her eyes from Maude's face. "Do you want to come to what I am? I was as young and as pretty as you are when he married *me*. Send them all away. I will tell you where it is."

Silently Godfrey withdrew, waiting within call.

"If you marry him I will curse you from my grave!" said the woman, fiercely. "I am his wife—his *wife*—though he denies me!"

"I shall never marry Hugh Delamore," Maude said, softly, "if you can prove you are his wife."

"Prove it! Yes, yes!"

She stood up as she spoke, and going to the window-seat, lifted the sill, from where it appeared to be firmly fastened. Moving back a board under this, she showed a small cavity, but as she leaned over it, her strength gave way, and with a groan she fell fainting to the ground.

Godfrey hurried in, lifted her to the bed, and Maude bent over her, fearing life was extinct in the motionless figure. While she worked over the unconscious woman, Godfrey hastily examined the cavity. There was a wedding-ring, a baby's sock, a curl of fair hair, and a marriage-certificate, dated fifteen years before, proving Amy Gartland the wife of Hugh Delamore.

Securing this, Godfrey replaced the window-sill, under which the most shrewd detective would have suspected no hiding-place, and turned to the bed again.

"Maude," he whispered, "it is there—the certificate that will save you."

"Send for my father—let him see this wreck!" the girl answered.

"Will he come?"

"Have you pencil and paper?"

A note-book was placed in her hands, and, hastily tearing out a leaf, she wrote:

> "Come to me at once. I am at the bedside of Hugh Delamore's *wife*.
> MAUDE."

Godfrey took the note, and in a moment the sound of horses' hoofs proved him hastening down the road.

By this time the woman on the bed was reviving under the exertions of her nurse, and when Maude again bent over her, the wild eyes were opened, and the poor pale lips trembling. But after a moment the startled look faded, and a mournful intentness came over the face, startling the nurse.

"She's herself," the woman said, in a tone of surprised sorrow—"she'll die! They always die if their mind comes back this way. Amy," she said, in a tender voice.

"Amy!" the dying woman repeated. "It is long since anybody called me Amy."

"Well, honey, you didn't like to have us," said the nurse, gently, "because——"

"I know. Because Hugh called me May. Is Hugh here?"

"No, honey; did you want him?"

"Hugh," the dying woman whispered—"Hugh, I am tired, so tired, darling!"

Even while she spoke her eyelids drooped, and she sank to sleep. Maude watched her, fearing to leave her for an instant, till the gray dawn crept in at the window, and her wedding-day was ushered in. While the day was still scarcely born, her father came, stern and cold, and Godfrey again entered the little room.

Before they spoke, the dying woman wakened. With the strange intention that comes with the approach of death, she seemed to feel no surprise as she saw the unfamiliar faces around her.

Looking at Curtin Livingston's iron features, she said:

"You are his father—I know you well! Often you have dropped me a piece of silver for myself when you paid toll at my father's gate. Do you know where the pretty face you praised brought me? There were three of them who courted me—Hugh Delamore, Claude Blackmere and Max Livingston. They said Claude Blackmere shot Max Livingston for the sake of my face. They lied! He was but a second in the duel where Hugh Delamore sent a bullet through Max Livingston's heart. They fled together, but *he* came back again, while Claude died abroad."

"Woman!" Curtin Livingston cried, "can you prove it?"

"I saw them! I can swear I saw them. For the love of Hugh Delamore I kept his secret, and the price of my silence was my marriage. He married me, and shut me up here till I grew mad. Then my baby came, and died! So long ago—so long ago!"

"Godfrey Blackmere," said the stern old man, turning to the companion of his long drive, "can you forget the wrong I have done you?"

"You were right, believing what you did."

There was a stir near the door as he spoke, and Hugh Delamore entered the room. Pale and agitated, he said:

"May I ask the meaning of this gathering?"

"Your wife is dying," Curtin Livingston replied; "we will intrude upon your privacy no longer. At a later day, I will call to account the murderer of my son."

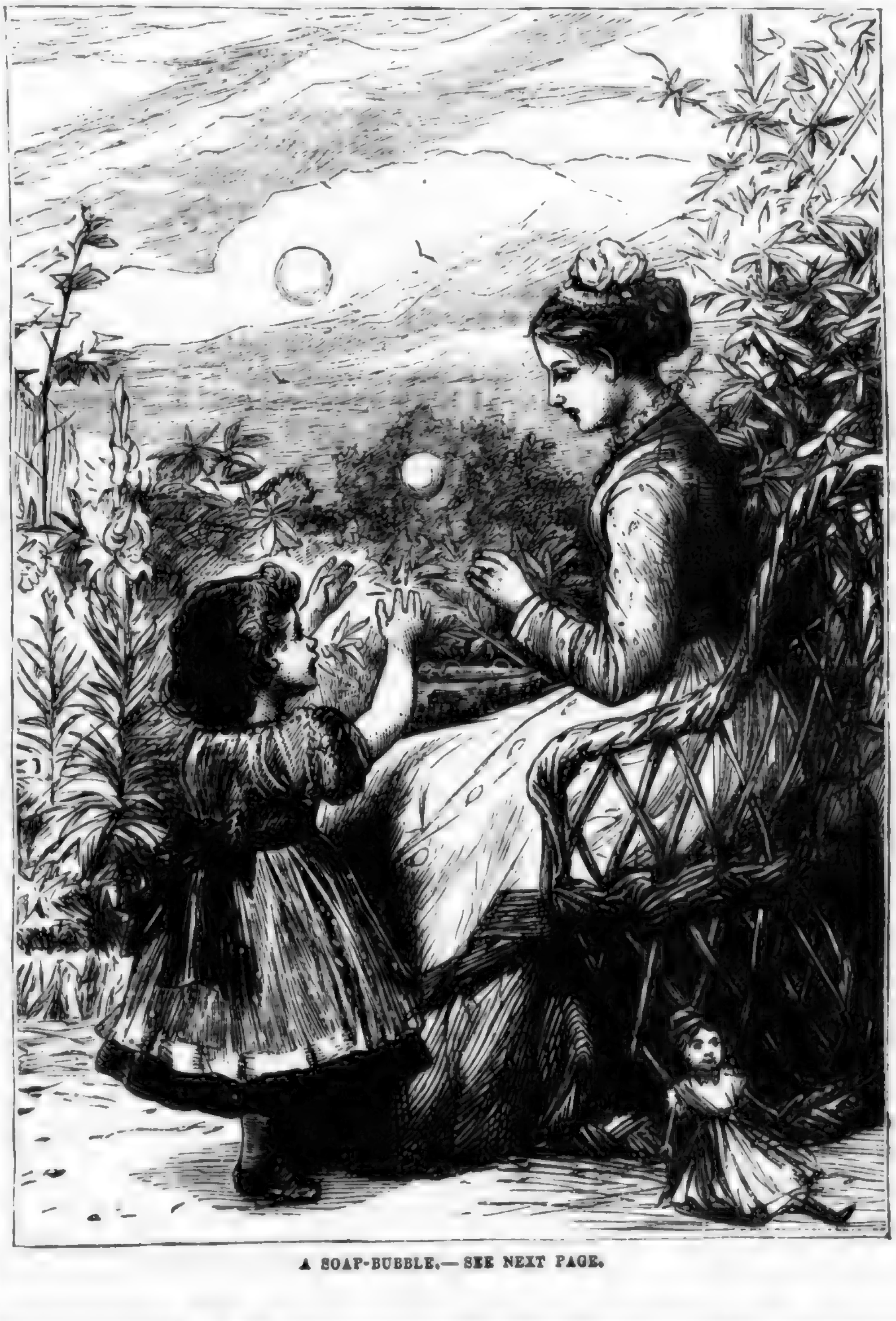
With a face of ashen horror, Hugh Delamore stood aside, while the father, with his arm supporting his daughter, passed from the room, Godfrey following them.

It was the last time their eyes ever rested upon his handsome features. When he left his home and country, no one ever knew. His estate was sold by his lawyer, who would say no more than that his client was "abroad." But he never returned.

A year passed before the wedding preparations were again renewed, but this time there was no postponement, and Maude became the willing bride of Godfrey Blackmere, knowing no ban of blood crossed their mutual love.

HOW THE KINGS TRAVELED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The King and his nobles generally made their journeys on horseback, but they also possessed carriages. Nothing gives a better idea of the rude, cumbrous luxury which was at that time the boast of civil life than the structure of these heavy machines. The best of them had four wheels, and three or four horses, harnessed in single file; one of them



A SOAP-BUBBLE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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was ridden by a postilion armed with a whip with a short handle and several thongs. Solid beams rested on the axles, and a truck with a round top like a tunnel was placed upon this frame; the unsightly effect of the whole can be imagined, although there was extreme elegance in details. The wheels were overlaid with ornament, and the spokes, as they approached the outer rim, took the form of a pointed arch; the wooden sides of the carriage were painted and gilded, and the inside was hung with the beautiful tapestry so common in that age. The seats were covered with embroidered cushions, on which it was possible to take a half-reclining posture; there were pillows in the angles, as if to provoke sleep, and square windows, hung with silken curtains, pierced the sides of the carriages.

It was thus that noble ladies traveled, their slender forms incased in tight dresses which defined all the movements of the body. The young noble, as closely confined in his *jupon*, regarded his companion with a complacent air, and if of good breeding, he laid bare his heart to her in the long, involved phrases we find in the romance literature. The lady, who, perhaps, after the coquettish fashion denounced in satires of the day, has extracted her eyebrows and stray hairs, listens with open countenance, and a smile which gleams like a ray of sunshine. Meanwhile, the axles creak, the horses' hoofs grate upon the stones, the machine moves on in a series of jolts, sticking fast in the ruts, or almost overturned in crossing a ditch, into which it falls back with a heavy thud. It is necessary to utter the long speeches from "Mort d'Arthur" in a loud voice, if they are to be heard. This trifling necessity suffices to destroy the charm of the finest sentiments; so many shocks affect the flower, and when presented by the knight it has lost its rare perfume.

The possession of such a vehicle was a princely luxury. It was bequeathed by will, and was esteemed a valuable gift. On September 25th, 1355, Elizabeth de Burgh, Lady Clare, wrote her last wishes, and left to her eldest daughter, "son grant char ove les houces, tapets et quissyns"—"her great coach with its hangings and cushions." In the twentieth year of the reign of Richard II., Roger Rouland received £400 for a carriage intended for Queen Isabella, and in the sixth year of Edward III.'s reign, Master la Zouche received £1,000 for the chariot of Queen Eleanor. Such sums were enormous, since in the fourteenth century the average price of an ox was 13s. 4d., of a sheep, 1s. 5d., and of a cow 9s. 5d.; while a fowl cost a penny. Compare this with the price of Queen Eleanor's chariot.

"GOOBERS."

THERE may be people who do not know what a "goober" is, but there are none who have not heard of the luscious and seductive peanut. The peanut and the goober are one and the same. There are seven counties in Virginia that make a specialty of growing the peanut. The crop year begins October 1st, and ends the following September. In 1879 the peanut crop amounted to 900,000 bushels. They sell down in Old Virginia for one dollar a bushel, which makes a pretty good item when rolled up together. The method by which the nuts are separated, cleaned and classed is somewhat as follows:

The third story of the building contains thousands of bushels of peas in bags. First, there is a large cylinder, in which all the nuts are placed, in order that the dust and dirt may be shaken off them. They pass from this cylinder into the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they pass through a sluice-way to the floor below, where they are dropped on an endless belt, about two and a half feet in width, and passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand eight colored girls, and, as the nuts fall from the sluice on the belt, the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor-looking nuts, and by the time the belt reaches the end two-thirds of the nuts are picked off, allowing only the finest to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop through another sluice and empty into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is taken away by hand, sewed up and branded, with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peas caught up by the girls are thrown to one side, placed in bags and carried into another room, where they are again picked over.

A SOAP-BUBBLE.

By John A. Bower.

A BEAUTIFUL but a fragile thing is a "soap-bubble." It is something, also, with which most of us have had to do. For in childhood, how many of us have spent hours and hours over this pretty, delicately colored toy, and wondered, perhaps, where the beauty of form and color came from; or, while passively blowing these balloons, enchanted by their beauty, we have, perhaps, been "castle-building," or thinking of all sorts of things not in the least connected with our bubble.

In this paper we are to discard the notion that a soap-bubble is a mere fleeting plaything of childhood; we are to look on it as something which can furnish us, if we study it, with the means of acquiring some important science-lessons.

Sir Isaac Newton said of the soap-bubble, that he who could blow a permanent one would confer a great benefit on mankind. The truth of this remark will be more apparent presently.

We cannot get a permanent soap-bubble, but by care we can get one to last some considerable time. The permanency will depend in a great measure on the "consistency" of the mixture from which the bubble is blown, and the care we take to protect it from draughts.

One general plan of making this mixture was to scrape a little ordinary soap; rub it up in a little warm water till it came into a foam. It is, however, a matter of importance that we should get a good mixture for the purpose, as many successors of Sir Isaac Newton have found. One of these recipes we find given in an old scientific treatise is as follows:

"Put into a common white bottle a quarter of a drachm of soap and two ounces of distilled water. Gradually heat the mixture till the soap dissolves."

Professor Dewar gives the following as a good mixture: Soap, 1½ oz.; water, 20 oz.; glycerine, 15 oz. This is very similar to Plateau's solution, which is made of castile soap, 1½ oz.; water, 1 pint; glycerine, ¾ pint.

We mention Plateau's solution because the results due to the researches of this philosopher are beautiful to contemplate, and all the more so from the fact that, being blind, he has himself only the pleasure of seeing them with the eyes of the mind, and many of the experiments which we shall be able to introduce are from the results of his researches.

Either of the two latter solutions will furnish us with a good material for blowing bubbles as objects of study, and we have been thus particular in quoting these various methods, because the film is all-important, though it be but for a bubble.

Having got the proper solution, we can use in the blowing either an ordinary tobacco pipe or a cleanly-cut glass tube; then, with a little practice, we shall be able to get bubbles a considerable size, nine or ten inches in diameter, or even bigger if necessary. To blow very large bubbles with the mouth is difficult; we may therefore attach our tube to a pair of ordinary bellows, or better still, to the double-bellows used in blow-pipe experiments.

A good support for our bubble can be made of a ring of wire, bent as shown in Fig. 1, having its stem fastened into a block of lead.

After making the ring, let it be heated and dipped into a block of paraffine, or let it be smeared over with this substance: it prevents the wire from cutting into the film. The bubble, supported on the stand, may be covered with a glass shade, and kept for a considerable time. In blowing bubbles, we repeat that they must be kept as free as possible from draughts of air. Thus protected, we may preserve the beautiful bubble as an object for study.

We will now inquire into some of the lessons our bubble can teach us. This we will do by first considering its substance, next its form, and lastly its properties.

First, then, let us examine its substance. The bubble itself consists of a portion of air inclosed by a film, which consists of soap and water. We know that a film of water cannot be produced sufficiently durable for our purpose, therefore the substance of the film depends equally on the soap. So that the bubble is a combination of the three well-known forms of matter, the *solid*, *liquid* and *gaseous*.

In this order we will consider them. The soap is formed from a fat, and a "metallic oxide." The best bubbles for experiments are made with the purest soap and the purest water. To these may be added pure glycerine.

Within this film we inclose a quantity of air. When small bubbles are blown from the mouth the air with which we fill them is warmer than the surrounding air, and consequently lighter, therefore they rise, and it is this added to their beauty that gives them such a charm as toys in childhood. When filled from bellows they have not this property of lightness, but are heavier, and have a tendency to fall rather than to rise; because, added to the weight of the air inclosed, there is the weight of the film. Even with our toy-bubble, with its tendency to rise or fall, we get to know something of the fluidity and pressure of the air. The very fact that a bubble of warm air floats in colder air shows the liquid property of buoyancy, for as soon as the bubble cools so that its temperature is the same as that of the surrounding air, then it falls. This air-pressure, which is the cause of any substance floating in it, and which we measure by the barometer, is equal to 15 pounds per square inch. This we call one atmosphere; a pressure of 30 pounds, two atmospheres; and so on. This can be substantially illustrated by a rod of lead having a sectional area of one square inch, and 36 inches long, for the weight of such a rod represents the weight of one atmosphere, or 15 pounds. Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be prettily demonstrated by taking a vessel of any description, *e. g.*, the glass shade with which we proposed to save our bubble from harm. Put into it a few pieces of chalk. Pour over them a little vinegar. A bubbling will be set up, and a gas set free, which we call carbonic acid gas. Its presence can be tested by putting in a lighted match, which this gas at once extinguishes. Fill a bubble with ordinary air, and let it fall into the vessel containing the carbonic acid. It will remain supported—apparently on nothing, for this air is invisible—as long as any of the gas is left (Fig. 2).

If you have any means at hand to fill a bubble with hydrogen, it will, as soon as released, bound upward at a great rate, for this air is much lighter, and the lightest known. The former gas is one and a half times as heavy, and the latter fourteen and a half times lighter than common air.

We have next to inquire into the form of the bubble. It is more or less that of a sphere, though, owing to the ease with which its form is changed and interfered with, it is never that of a perfect sphere. As it is being blown, or when it is suspended, its shape is more like that of a lemon; as it rests on the surface, or in the wire frame, it is more like that of an orange. Its form, therefore, is spheroidal. Why does it take this shape? We find all bubbles and drops assume the globular form, and such is the tendency of our soap-bubble. Rain-drops and dew-drops are spherical. In the manufacture of shot the liquid metal, as it falls from the various-sized sieves at the top of the tower, takes this same form. If a little water be dropped upon a greasy surface it takes the globular form; quicksilver will do the same when dropped upon any surface that it does not wet. Why is this globular form so persistently taken up by all liquids? If we dip our fingers into water we find, on withdrawing them, that drops remain suspended of this form. The drop is composed of tiny particles, of which each has an attractive force for the other, and this being the same for every particle, the forces are equal, and all tend to draw the particles to a central point, and as they balance, all particles are equally distributed about the centre, giving the drop its globular form. In the case of a bubble the force is reversed, for the air is driven into the midst of the film, so that it is spread out on all sides with an equal force, and every part is pushed out with an equal force from the centre, and under this force the bubble will keep increasing in size, till the tenacity of the soap solution is overcome, when it will burst.

The force that gives form to the drop is that universal one which we call "gravitation," and this not only draws masses toward each other, giving them form, but from this force they derive their *weight*.

The form of our bubble is due to the cohesion in the soap solution, and the combined elasticity of air and the solution. Cohesion, or the force with which one particle sticks to another, is, perhaps, more easily understood in the solid than in the liquid. In the liquid it does not exist in a large degree, the great difference between the liquid and the solid being, perhaps, determined by the amount of cohesion between the particles, for the particles of a liquid readily move about among each other—with such a very small amount of hindrance—while in the solid the particles are fixed, and so cannot be displaced, except by the use of force.

Directly we thicken a liquid, as we do water by the addition of soap, then we increase its cohesion.

This is noticeable in all thick liquids; oil, treacle, tar, are instances in which this property is apparent in different degrees. Such liquids form a sort of medium between the solid and liquid, and are said to exist in a "viscous" state.

When a quantity of the soap solution is taken at the end of the tube, previous to blowing, the mass is compact; into this the air is blown. It gradually spreads out, becoming globular in form and thinner in film. The very thinness to which it can be reduced and still keep its completeness is a good example of its cohesion. Its elasticity is exhibited in bursting, by the rapidity with which

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the film flies back into its original bulk. The elasticity of the confined air and film together form a very delicate thermoscope, for it readily detects any alteration in temperature. The following experiment proves this :

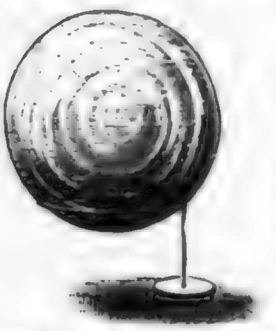


FIG. 1.—SUPPORT-STAND FOR THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

Take a bubble supported on one of the stands, as in Fig. 1. Bring any warm object near it; it at once increases in size. Frequently the hands held near it are sufficient to increase its size considerably. To show the delicacy with which the bubble detects a lowering of the temperature we need only put under a shade one of fair size, and with it a little ether, either in a spoon or small saucer. The air confined in the shade will have its temperature lowered so much by the evaporation of the ether as to diminish the bubble considerably in bulk. The force which the outer film exerts in the inclosed air is greater than we imagine, and is very much greater than that which it could exert in any other way.

This outside pressure may be roughly illustrated by taking one of the ordinary colored thin balloons so largely sold for toys. Let one of these be allowed to collapse, by cutting the string at the mouth. Then by means of a syringe refill the balloon with water, and let it be tied up. Now let the water-balloon be carefully pricked with a fine needle. This must be very carefully done, or the balloon will burst altogether. A little jet of water will spurt upward (Fig. 3), forming a pretty miniature fountain. This result is entirely due to the pressure exerted upon the inclosed liquid by the elastic force of the membrane forming the balloon. If a fine glass tube be inserted into the balloon the jet will rise still higher. The test of the pressure exerted by the film of soap is a little more elaborate, but none the less telling.

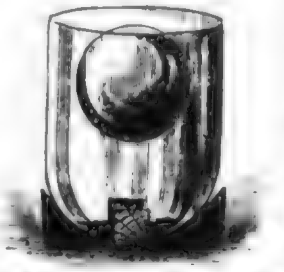


FIG. 2.— AIR BUBBLE FLOATING IN CARBONIC ACID.

Another example of the attraction that one body has for another of the same kind may be shown by putting two or three bubbles on a plate. They are attracted toward each other, this force increasing the nearer they approach, and at last they will frequently collapse, forming one large bubble.

If a bubble be pierced with a wire, the air escapes, and the bubble collapses ; but if a thread of unspun silk be woven in, as it were, with the film, and even puncture it, the thread floats in it without breaking it. With our soap solution we can also obtain very beautiful geometrical forms, as well as bubbles. If we make for ourselves some wire frames of aluminium, as shown in Fig. 4, we can obtain some interesting figures. By carefully using (*c*) one of them with our bubble, we can draw it into a cylinder form. The dark lines represent the frames, and the dotted those of the film.

With the frames *a* and *b*, in Fig. 4, we shall have films taken up by them on dipping them into the soap solution ; and by pricking some of the outer surfaces other forms are frequently produced.

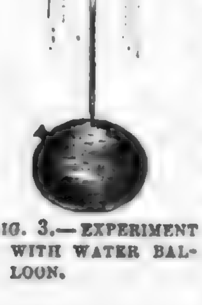


FIG. 3.—EXPERIMENT WITH WATER BALLOON.

In addition to the cohesive force at work in the formation of a bubble, we must not forget another very important force, and that is the attraction which takes place between a solid and a liquid when the former is wetted by the latter.

This can be readily illustrated by taking a fine glass tube, and dipping it into a small portion of quicksilver, as in Fig 5, *a*. The liquid does not rise in the tube at all, but is seen to stand below the level of that in the outer vessel. The liquid is repelled by the glass, and therefore does not *wet* it. Now immerse the glass tube in a little water, and it rises quickly in the tube, and stands at a much higher level than that in the vessel outside the tube, as in Fig. 5, *b*. The finer the bore of the tube employed, the higher will be the point to which the liquid will rise. If a series of tubes of different sizes be taken in this experiment, the liquid will rise to a different height in each, and highest in that of the finest bore. A still better way to illustrate this force is to take a pair of glass plates of three or four inches square ; put them face to face, let one edge of each piece be held tightly with an elastic strap, for example, while the other edges are kept slightly apart by a wedge of wood, as in Fig. 6. Now let these plates be placed in a little colored water : the liquid will rise above the level of that in the vessel, and will stand highest at the edges where they touch, so that a beautiful curve will be formed.

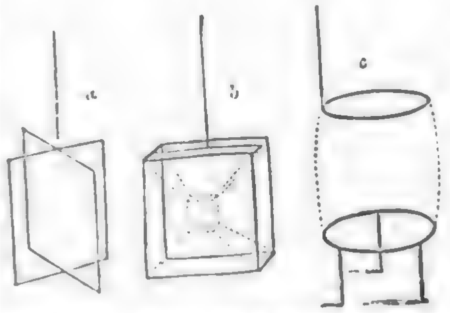


FIG. 4.— SOAP SOLUTION EXPERIMENTS WITH WIRE FRAMES.

The illustrious Faraday had a pretty experiment, which well illustrated this force. He took a bar of salt, neatly cut with a square base, and set it upright in a dish (Fig. 7), into which he poured colored liquid. The liquid rapidly rose in the pillar of salt, which after a time fell over in consequence of the base being dissolved away. This force we call *capillary attraction*, and it is at work not only in the supply of moisture to the growing plant, but in the wicks of our lamps and candles. We have known this force to demonstrate for itself when not required to do so. A friend of the writer's, after washing his hands, hastily threw down the towel on to the wash-table. A corner of it found its way into the water, which gradually spread itself upward from the corner, wetting the whole towel, and thus transferred, quietly but surely, every drop of water from the basin to the floor. By combining fibres of silk with the wire frames we can, by means of the capillary attraction—which induces the liquid to run even more readily along the silk than along the metal—get with the soap solution a still larger variety of very interesting and beautiful forms, which we can vary as our fancy may dictate.

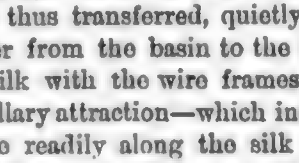


FIG. 5.— ATTRACTION EXPERIMENT WITH GLASS TUBE AND (*a*) MERCURY, AND WITH GLASS TUBE AND (*b*) WATER.

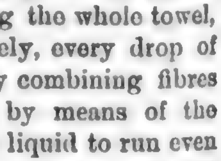


FIG. 6.— ATTRACTION EXPERIMENT WITH TWO GLASS PLATES.

We must now deal with its properties. These are principally dependent on its extreme thinness. The beautiful variety of color is owing to the varying thickness of the film; and here again we must refer to experiments of Sir Isaac Newton. When the bubble is first blown it is colorless, but as it spreads itself out its walls become thinner and thinner; various tints appear, till in a black spot it reaches its extreme thinness; then, if the blowing be continued, it bursts. All thin films reflect colors, as may be readily seen by pouring oil or turpentine into water, and even by inclosing a film of air between two dry plates of glass.

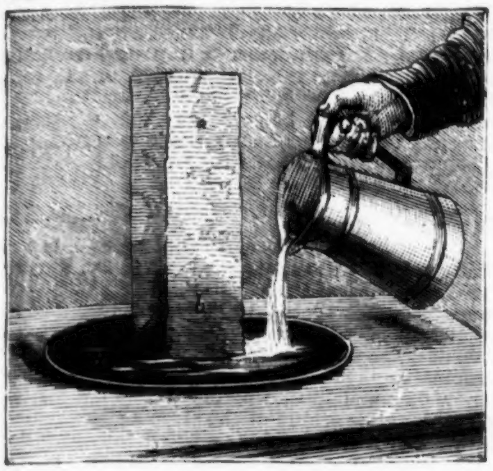


FIG. 7.—FARADAY'S EXPERIMENT ILLUSTRATING CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.

The colors in a bubble will be of a more brilliant variety when more glycerine is added to the solution; in fact, they then become perfectly gorgeous, and even the black spot does not appear.

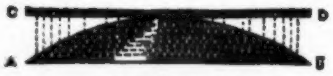


FIG. 8.—NEWTON'S PLAN FOR MEASURING THE THICKNESS OF A FILM OF AIR.

Sir Isaac Newton succeeded in measuring the thickness of the film by the color. He took a plano-convex lens (A, B), as in Fig. 8, on the curved surface of which he laid a plate of glass (C, D); thus he obtained a film of air of gradually increasing depth. On looking at this film by a "monochromatic" light, either directly through it or by reflection, he found that a number of bright rings surrounded the place of contact between the two glasses, and between each of these bright rings was a dark one, and that these rings were closer together as they were further from the point where the two glasses touched. When red light was employed, these rings had certain diameters—when blue light was employed the rings were less in diameter, and so on with the other tints. The effect is pretty when the glasses are passed through the spectrum from the red to the blue, for then the rings contract; while, when the passage is reversed, the rings expand. When white light passes through the glasses, iris-colored rings appear. Thus we get what is known as Newton's rings (Fig. 9). Newton compared the tints of the bubble-film in the same way, detecting the thickness of each part of the film by the color. By this means he arrived at the fact that the colorless or black spot was not more than a millionth part of an inch in thickness. How small must be the depth of water at this spot, and how much smaller still the particle of soap which it holds in solution!

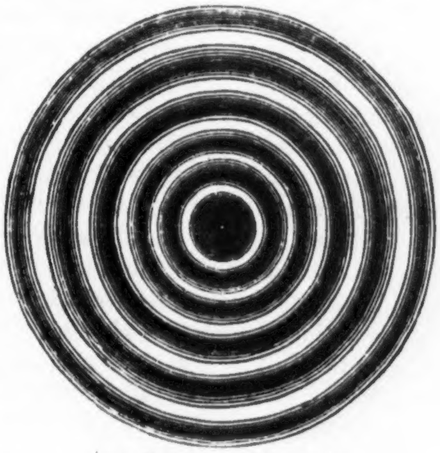


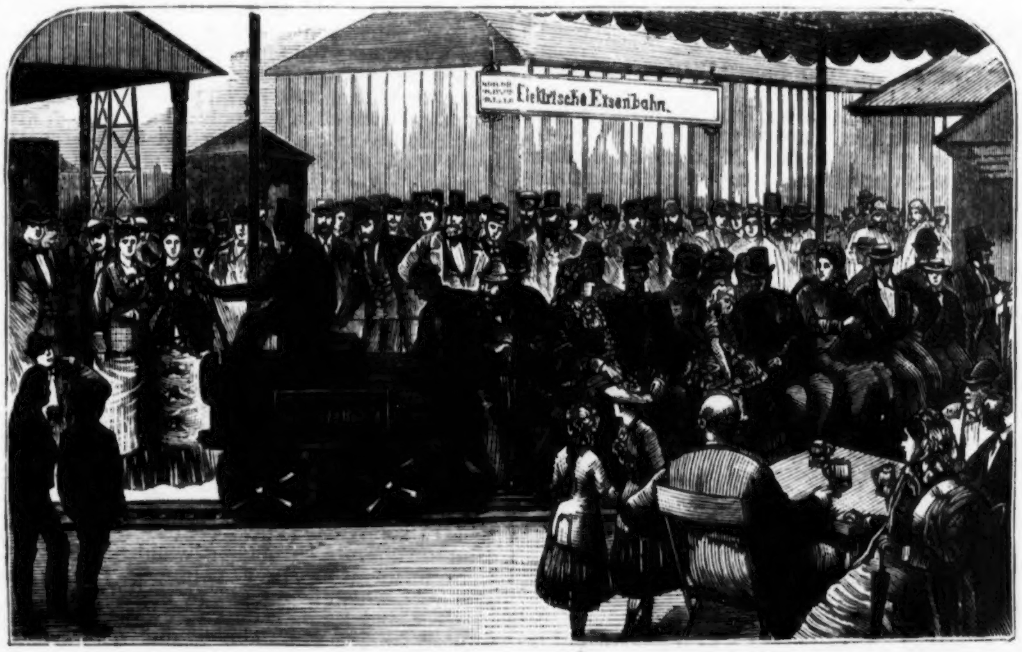
FIG. 9.—NEWTON'S RINGS.

From Newton's "Optics" we select a few of the thicknesses of the air-film to produce the accompanying colors, these being produced by reflected light:

	Of an Inch.
Sky-blue	$\frac{2}{1000000}$
Orange red	$\frac{8}{1000000}$
Geranium red	$\frac{2}{1000000}$
Violet	$\frac{11}{1000000}$
Sea-green	$\frac{15}{1000000}$
Purple	$\frac{21}{1000000}$
Pale yellow	$\frac{27}{1000000}$
Lemon yellow	$\frac{16}{1000000}$
Greenish blue	$\frac{31}{1000000}$
Pale rose red	$\frac{65}{1000000}$

The colors of the bubble change as its thicknesses vary by evaporation. As it is suspended in the air, watch it, and you will find that it does so.

Any film, we have said, will produce these same colors, and these colors will change with the alteration in the thickness of the film. Take a quantity of spirits of turpentine; pour some of it on a pond or river: a variety of colors start from the central spot. Let it be followed by a second quantity: the series of color is at once changed, and every ring, as it recedes from the centre, takes up a different color. A film of air between two plates of glass will change its color according to the tightness with which the plates are squeezed together. A piece of talc, which looks nearly transparent and colorless when of the


Elektrische Eisenbahn.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

thickness of ordinary window-glass, if split up into very thin plates, assumes all the colors of other films, varying with the thickness.

We have it on record that Boyle, the eminent natural philosopher, some sixteen or eighteen years before Newton, obtained these films with pitch, rosin, turpentine, solution of gum, glutinous liquors, spirits of wine, oil of turpentine, glair of snails, etc.

Now, why has the bubble color at all? We know that light gives color to all natural objects, and the bubble is colored in the same way. All light is either absorbed or reflected, and our bubble follows the same plan with the light that is diffused on all sides of it. We have the images of various surrounding objects reflected on its surface, as well as the variety of color.

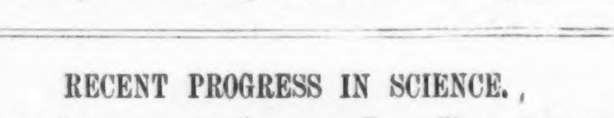
Let us trace, if we can, how this curved, beautiful bubble disposes of the light. Suppose we have one suspended in sunlight. The various beams of light strike on its outer surface; part of it is at once reflected, but a large portion goes through the film and travels on till it strikes the inner surface of the opposite side. Here a second reflection takes place, and a large portion of the light that struck its first surface passes through it altogether. As the varying thicknesses of the film alter the rate at which light travels through it, so it will alter the rate at which one set of waves will follow upon another.

The white light is composed of seven colors, with which we are familiar in the rainbow, and it is the manner in which these various colors are disposed that determines what color the object shall present to the eye. The absorbed colors do not effect this, but the reflected colors do. So it is with our bubble; the portion of the film that absorbs all the colors and reflects the blue appears blue, and so on with the others. And as we have seen that every condition of absorption and reflection is altered as the thickness of the film is altered, so it is that our bubble takes up the ever-varying series of bright and delicate tints.

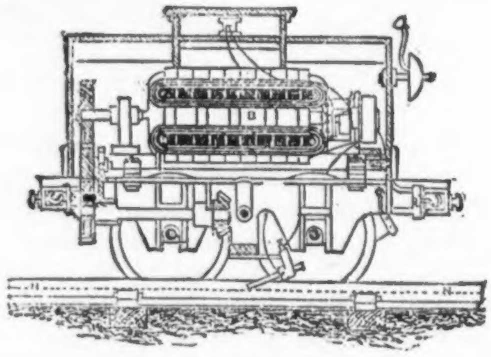
Having thus briefly discussed the natural laws that determine the form and beauty of a soap-bubble, we have a key to a much wider field, which is constantly presenting itself to us in the ordinary routine of daily life. It is the familiarity with common things that robs them of much of that thought that we might otherwise bestow upon them.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Simple Apparatus for Obtaining Fresh Water from the Salt Sea.—The object of this invention, which is shown in our illustration, is to change salt water into fresh. The poet will thus be no longer able to speak about there being "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." A A A is a shallow box, the exact size of which is immaterial; suppose it to be fourteen feet long, two feet broad, and about six inches deep. The sides should be an inch or so in thickness, and they must be well caulked. A sheet of glass B is laid over the top, at an inclination of an inch and a half. A channel C is added below the lower end of the glass. When the apparatus is in use, sea-water is poured into the box to the depth of an inch. It is then exposed to the rays of the sun. The water now evaporates, condenses on the under side of the glass, flows down into the channel C, and from thence into a vessel D placed to receive it. The water caught in the vessel D is quite fresh, of course. In fact, the whole invention is but the reproduction in miniature of one of the grand processes of nature. Thus the burning sun, which in other circumstances would add to the torments of the shipwrecked, is made to minister to their relief. It is stated that with a small apparatus two or three gallons of fresh water a day may easily be condensed under a hot sun. The various portions of the contrivance could easily be got together before abandoning the ship. The necessary pieces of glass might be obtained from the cabin-windows. But unhappily in a case of shipwreck everything is done in a hurry. People lose their heads then as easily as they often at other times lose their tempers.



An Electric Railway.—The idea of superseding the steam locomotive by an electric engine is at least twenty years old; but it was never practically realized until last year, when Dr. Werner Siemens, the famous German electrician, actually built and operated an electric tramway at the recent Industrial Exhibition in Berlin. During the course of the Summer 100,000 persons were conveyed by this line, at a speed of from three to four metres per second; and this conclusive success has so far emboldened the inventor, that he is now engaged in organizing a scheme for introducing the system on a public scale into the streets and squares of the German capital. The principle of the electric railway is the transmission of power to a distance by means of electricity. To carry out this principle, two dynamo-electric machines are employed. One of these is stationed at some point where there is a convenient source of mechanical power to drive it—say a steam or gas engine, or a fall of water—and the electric current generated in it by its rotation is led by means of metallic conductors to the second machine, which is mounted on a car upon the rails in front of the train. The current, on being passed through this auxiliary machine, communicates a rotary motion to its movable part or armature, and this motion is in turn communicated to the wheels of the car, the result being that the car travels along the line and draws the train after it. The conductors which Dr. Siemens employed were the rails themselves; a central one being provided to take the current from the stationary machine to the moving one, and the outer rails being utilized in completing the circuit back to the stationary machine again. On page 253 is a general view of the electric tramway at the Berlin Exhibition, and below is a diagram of the internal construction of the electric locomotive. Here, N is the central rail, from which



the current is let into the revolving bobbin of the machine by means of a brush of copper wires, T, which constantly sweeps against the rail; and the rotation of the bobbin, B, is communicated to the driving-wheels of the car by means of a gearing. The returning current passes from these wheels to the external rails, and by them back to the stationary machine. The machines employed are of the ordinary continuous current Siemens type. Another application of this ingenious system which is proposed by Dr. Siemens, is the formation of an "electric post," for the purpose of conveying mail-bags with great velocity to distances far exceeding the existing tubular pneumatic post. The railway would take the form of a long plate-iron box or tube, supported upon iron pillars. Light glass or wooden sleepers to carry the rails would be laid in the bottom of this, and fastened down. On these rails would run small four-wheeled carriages, each having an axle taking the form of a rotating bobbin in a small dynamo-electric machine attached to the front part of the carriage. The hinder part of the carriage would be fitted up to hold the mails and other parcels transported; and by means of stationary machines every twenty miles or so, a post could be sent off every ten minutes.

To Lessen Noise in Workshops.—In workshops of several stories it is sometimes desirable to check the noise transmitted through the floors to the apartments below; this may be done by the use of rubber cushions under the legs of the work-bench, or of kegs of sand or sawdust applied in the same way. A few inches of sand or sawdust is, as described by a contemporary, first poured into each keg; on this is laid a board or block upon which the leg rests, and around the leg and block is poured fine dry sand or sawdust. Noise and shock are prevented; and an ordinary anvil so mounted may be used in a dwelling-house without annoying the inhabitants.

M. Leon Tesserenc de Bort has ingeniously modified the common aneroid barometer by substituting for the train of clockwork terminating in a pointer a mirror mounted on a jeweled axis, which is rotated by the rise and fall of the exhausted receiver, and its indications read off by a small telescope by reflection from a graduated scale. The sensibility of the instrument is said to be much increased, and all errors due to a long train of wheelwork are eliminated.

XUM

The Recent Volcanic Eruption in Dominica.—M. Thomas Raine, of the Colonial Bank, Barbados, gives the following analysis of the volcanic dust which fell in Roseau, the capital of that island, and the surrounding country during the eruption from the crater of the "Boiling Lake" on January 11th, in the present year. The analysis was made in the Analytical Laboratory, Barbardos, on January 19th, by Mr. George Hughes, formerly senior assistant to Dr. A Voelker, F.R.S., the sample of volcanic dust having been collected during the eruption and forwarded immediately afterward to Barbados. Mr. Hughes thinks that the dust "has not been exposed directly to the action of fire to any extent, or the percentage of oxide of iron would have been higher and the pyrites less—oxide of iron being one of the products from the combustion of pyrites."

Aluminia	.64
Moisture	3.26
Oxide of iron	.45
Sulphate of iron	14.46
Sulphate of lime	1.42
Carbonate of lime	.39
Magnesia	.32
Alkaline salts, lost in analysis, etc.	.47
Insoluble siliceous matters	78.59

Sagacity of a Dog.—The other day I met with a very remarkable instance of the sagacity of the dog. I know it is true, and think it is worthy of notice. One of my parishioners, a farmer, who also has carts for drawing coals, was standing not long ago in the street of a neighboring town, having just delivered a load of coal. There were a good many people about him, and his empty cart with the dog near it was standing not far off; and while engaged in talking to his friends he was astonished by a sudden commotion, his dog barking most fiercely at some one on the other side of the dray. Going round to see what was the matter, he saw an old friend of his whom he had not seen for three years. "Why," he said, addressing the dog, "Gyp, what's the matter?" "Oh," said his friend, "I know what's the matter—she remembers me." It appears that when this man lived near the owner of Gyp, he had tried to pluck some hairs from the horse's tail. Now, this horse was a particular favorite of Gyp's, and she resented the act, and would have bitten the man had not some one interfered. Ever after she growled at him, and would not allow him to go near the horses; but after three years one would scarcely think she could have remembered him, but, as the story shows, she did.

Prevention of Explosions in Mines.—Messrs. Stephen Martin Rogers and Steven Rogers, of Truro and London, have patented a very curious idea for preventing explosions in fiery mines. They take steam down the pit from the surface and blow it into the headings or levels where gas is present. They say that in this way they can completely neutralize the explosive power of gas; also, by using the steam in small quantities during the day, the coal-dust, which at present so much assists in producing explosions, would be precipitated and kept so moist as to be incapable of floating in the air of the levels. The invention is also applicable for neutralizing or precipitating all gases or dust arising in the underground workings of mines from the blasting and breaking of rocks with gunpowder, dynamite, gun-cotton, or other explosive compounds, in which case the steam may be supplied by a portable boiler, movable to any point of the work where blasting is being carried on, or where an accumulation of gas or dust has taken place.

Parasitic Fungi on Insects.—Professor Hagen, of Harvard, describes some experiments that had been made by Mr. J. H. Burns and others, and comes to the following conclusions—1. That a common house-fly is often killed by a fungus, and that in epizootics, a large number of insects which live in the same locality are killed by the same fungus; 2. That the fungus of the house-fly works as well as yeast for baking and brewing purposes; 3. That the application of yeast on insects produces in them a fungus which becomes fatal to the insects; 4. That in the experiment made by Mr. J. H. Burns, all potato-beetles sprinkled with diluted yeast died from the eighth to the twelfth day, and that the fungus was found in the vessels of the wings.

Gold Varnish.—A permanent gold varnish, says a writer in the *Furniture Gazette*, which does not lose its color by exposure to air and light, may be prepared in the following manner: Two ounces of the best garancine or artificial alizarine are digested in a glass vessel with six ounces of alcohol of specific gravity 0·833 for twelve hours, pressed and filtered. A solution of clear orange-colored shellac in similar alcohol is also prepared, filtered, and evaporated until the lac has the consistence of a clear syrup; it is then colored with the tincture of garancine. Objects coated with this have a color which differs from that of gold only by a slight brownish tinge. The color may be more closely assimilated to that of gold by the addition of tincture of saffron.

Messrs Prescott profess to have discovered that underground currents of electricity, flowing in all directions, form the true "earths" of lightning discharges. They assert that all houses, trees, etc., struck by lightning are underflowed by these currents, and that no houses, etc., standing on spots where there are no currents, are ever struck. In protecting a house from lightning-stroke, therefore, their method is to test the ground underneath, and, if there are no earth-currents below, to take no further trouble; but, if these currents are present, to earth the rod which they erect in that part of the ground below which they are strongest.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"Six into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

A little boy recently said: "Christians are people who will not be punished for their crimes if they go to church."

When two women with new hats on pass each other in the street, there is a pair of back stares built immediately.

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

The young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket, said that she had no hand in it.

"After all," said the baker, as he walked home from an astronomical lecture—"after all, the world is only a big turnover."

"Sir, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment." "Ah, miss, why should I fear your arrows, when you never had a beau?"

A young lady was asked how she could possibly afford, in hard times, to take music lessons—"Oh, I confine myself to the low notes."

Improbable.—An Irishman, on seeing a very small coffin, exclaimed, "Is it possible that coffin was intended for any living creature?"

The interchangeable family ulster supplies a want long felt. In the possession of a young married couple, it can be worn by either party.

How men's tastes differ! One dropped into his seat at a restaurant and murmured, "Hot weather!" and his neighbor said, "Cold mutton!"

Why should every one try to make his own company as agreeable and valuable as possible? Because it is company that he can never avoid.

"Temper in a wife!" exclaimed old Colonel Firehawk; "I like temper in a wife. I like it so well that I hope my wife will never lose hers."

The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement-ring.

People who lock children in rooms where there is no fire, and then go away to spend the day, should be careful to take a coffin home with them.

The weight of a ton of ice depends upon how long it has been standing in the sun; the weight of a ton of coal is governed somewhat by the price.

The young man who wanted to be an angel says he is not particular about it just at this time, as he got acquainted with the young ladies across the way.

THE FOUR STAGES.

"What is life?" sang a maiden gay,
As she tossed her golden tresses.
"Why, life is only an hour of play,
With silks and satins and dresses."

"What is life?" sighed a mother gray,
Who had walked across the lea
"Good gracious, dear, I've waited all day
For a cup of strong, black tea!"

"What is life?" the small boy sang—
His book hung by his side—
When on the air a shrill voice rang,
"Now, boys, let's hook a ride!"

"What is life?" the old man said,
Whose age was growing ripe.
"Friends who don't wish to see me dead
Will pass me tobacco and pipe."

Her Choice.—A young lady was asked recently which she preferred of two brothers. She responded, "When I am with either of them I prefer the other."

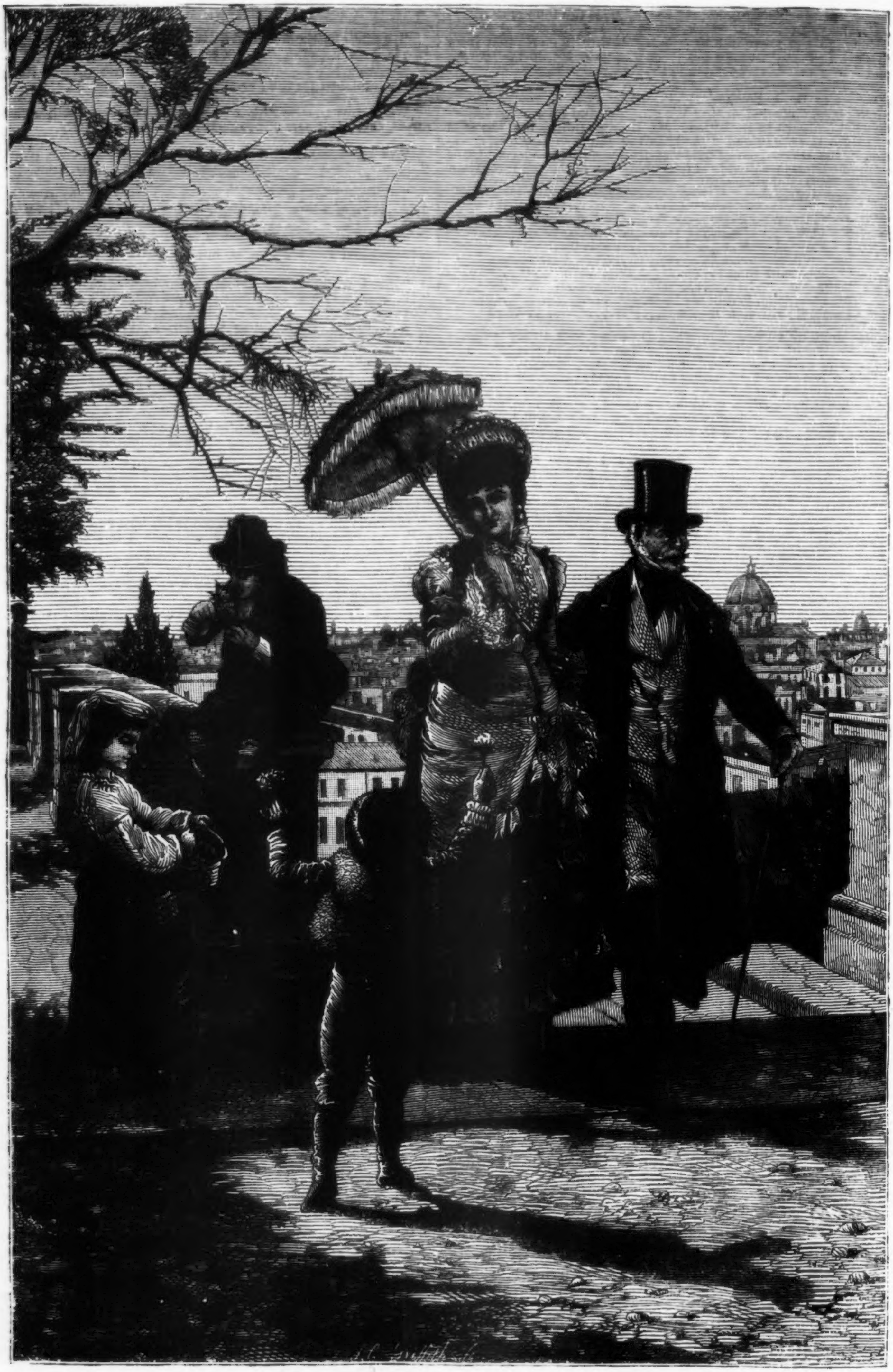
Native Talent.—A man asked a neighbor if his minister did not buy his sermons. The reply was in the form of another question: "Do you not wish yours did?"

Save Me from My Friends.—"Isn't that your friend, Mrs. S, who is dancing there?" "Yes." "That's a frightfully ill-made dress she has on." "Yes, but if it wasn't it wouldn't fit her."

Poor Brutes.—The brilliant Sophie Arnould, when she heard of a certain diplomatist that he had been eaten by the wolves, exclaimed, "Poor brutes! Hunger must indeed be a terrible thing!"

Too Clever.—A gentleman, who was given to boasting, and was apt to make critical comments on the company whenever he was invited out, said to Jerrold: "I dined at the marchioness's the other day, and, would you believe it, they had no fish!" Jerrold thought a moment, and then replied: "Ah, well, I suppose it was all eaten up-stairs."

XUM



ON MONTE PINCIO, OVERLOOKING ROME.